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THE

NARRATIVE

OF

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN, R.N.

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT

OF HIS

SHIPWRECK, CAPTIVITY,

AND

ESCAPE FROM FRANCE,

AFTER UNDERGOING A SERIES OF SUFFERINGS WHICH LASTED FOR NEARLY FIVE YEARS.

RE-PRINTED FROM

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TO

WILLIAM HOSTE, Esq.

CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. BACCHANTE.

DEAR SIR,

Impressed with sentiments of the most lively remembrance, I feel it to be my duty to dedicate this Narrative to you, as a tribute of gratitude and respect, for the many acts of kindness and attention which you have conferred upon me.

It has been read by the Biographer of Lord Nelson, the Rev. J. S. Clarke, Librarian to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, and also by several of my literary friends.

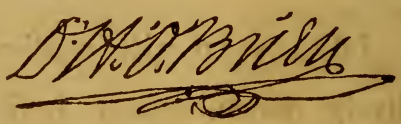
I have been induced to let it appear in the present form, in consequence of its having been published in the NAVAL CHRONICLE during my absence in the Mediterranean.

I have the honour to remain,

DEAR SIR,

With sincere esteem and respect,

Your obliged Friend,



INTRODUCTION.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN had, previously, served in the HUSSAR frigate, as Master's-mate,* in which capacity he was on board her, when that ship was lost on the Island of *Saints*, near *Brest*, February 8th, 1804. He drew up this interesting Narrative on board H.M.S. Warrior, on being appointed lieutenant to her; and had transmitted the whole, when finished, to his friend, Dr. DUNN, who lent it to Mr. WHIDBEY, Master-Attendant at Woolwich. This Gentleman placed it in the hands of an early friend to the NAVAL CHRONICLE, *with permission* to lay the whole account before its readers. Mr. WHIDBEY's opinion of this Narrative may be subjoined —"I think it is as curious a production as was ever read; it is admirably adapted for the materials of an after-piece for the stage; and would

* Senior Midshipman.

shew the friends of Buonaparte in England how their countrymen have been really treated by him."

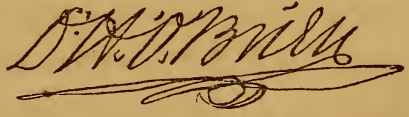
On receiving this valuable communication, the Editor of the NAVAL CHRONICLE requested others of his friends to peruse it; all of whom were highly gratified, and urged him to insert it, as the surest means of giving it immediate and extensive publicity. One of those friends, whose literary taste and abilities gave peculiar weight to his opinion, thus expressed himself:—" I thank you very-much for the perusal of the manuscript of Mr. O'Brien, it conveys so naturally the author's real feelings. The story is as interesting as that of Robinson Crusoe; which, perhaps from early prejudice, or, as I think, more probably from its own merit, is the most captivating history that was ever written. I feel convinced, that if Mr. O'Brien's account were published, it would be very generally read."

ADDRESS.

I BEG to observe, that it was never originally my intention to make the subsequent Narrative of my Shipwreck, Sufferings in Captivity, and Escape, public—however, the persuasion of friends prevailed; and I now offer it with the utmost humility and respect, devoid of embellishment and exaggeration, confined simply to facts. I trust the observing eye will abstain from criticism and censure, considering that I possess not the pen of a ready writer, having quitted both my parents and my studies at a very early period of life, impelled with an ardent desire to begin my career of duty on that element, where I have still the honour of serving my King and my Country.*

Should this Narrative afford the least entertainment to those who peruse it, or prove of the smallest benefit to my fellow creatures in captivity, I shall feel an ample recompence.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,
With the greatest respect,



*** Captain O'Brien wishes here to observe, that the publication of his Escape from, and Sufferings in France, which have appeared in the Naval Chronicle, had taken place without his immediate knowledge, during his absence in the Mediterranean. The following Narrative has, therefore, been revised, and its publication sanctioned by himself.

* Mr. O'Brien was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, March 29, 1809, and was advanced Commander, Jan. 22, 1813.

CAPTAIN D. H. O'BRIEN'S

NARRATIVE

OF HIS

CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS IN FRANCE.

SECTION I.

ON MONDAY the 6th of February, 1804, our ship, the HUSSAR, Capt. Wilkinson, (now an Admiral) made sail from *Ares* bay, in Spain, with despatches from Sir Edward Pellew, for England, with a fresh breeze from the S. W.—Tuesday, 7th, wind and weather nearly the same. At noon (to the best of my recollection), observed, in lat. 46° 50′ *Ushant* bearing N. 37° E. distance 113 or 114 miles. Wednesday, 8th, wind and weather the same, steering (as near as I can recollect) N. E. b. E. running nine knots an hour. Every heart elated with joy, expecting in a very few hours to be safe moored in the land of liberty; some employed writing to their friends and relatives: But, alas! how frail are the hopes of man! how different had our lot been decreed: that happy arrival has, with many, never yet taken place. The miseries and vicissitudes we were doomed to suffer, will amply appear in the subsequent pages.

At about 10. 45. steering the same course above-mentioned, and running about 7 knots an hour, in dark hazy weather, we struck on the southernmost part of the *Saints*; beat over an immense reef of rocks, carried away our tiller in several pieces,

unshipped the rudder, and from the violence of beating over, damaged the ship's bottom considerably, so that she made a great deal of water. At length we got into deep water, and let go our bower anchors to prevent being dashed to pieces on immense rocks a-head, on which we were fore-reaching.*—Sent top-gallant-yards and masts upon deck, and used every possible means to ease and lighten the ship; the major part of the crew were at the pumps. The remainder, with the officers, were employed as was most expedient--staving the water casks in the hold, and shoring the ship up, as the ebb tide was now making, and she was inclining to starboard. The carpenter reported the ship to be bilged, and we could distinctly hear the rocks grinding and working through her, as the tide fell.

At day-light Mr. Weymouth (Master) was sent to sound for a passage amongst the rocks, imagining we might be able to buoy the ship through; but he returned without success, though had he accomplished it, from the state the ship was in, there could have been little hope of getting her out. A division of the seamen and marines, with their respective officers, was then ordered to go and take possession of the island, that, in the last extremity, there might be an asylum secured for the crew and officers. The rest of the crew remained at the pumps, but with very little success, as the leak kept gaining upon them. The island was taken without any opposition, the only people on it being a few distressed fishermen, and their families.

About 11 A. M. began to land the crew, no hopes remaining of being able to save our ship. However, the remainder of the people kept still working at the pumps, waiting the return of the boats. At noon, the flood making strong and fore-reaching withal, Captain Wilkinson gave directions to let go the sheet anchor, which was immediately done. Strong gales from S. W.

* Drawing a-head.

FEBRUARY, 9*th* 1804. At about 1. P.M. every body was safe landed, with two or three pigs and some biscuit, which were the only subsistence we had secured. Captain Wilkinson and Mr. Weymouth came in the last boat. At about 1. 30. Lieutenant Pridham, Messrs. Carey, Simpson, and Thomas (three warrant officers), with myself, were ordered by the Captain to return to the ship, to cut her masts away, and destroy every thing we possibly could get at. On our arrival on board, the water was nearly square with the combings of the lower deck. At about 3. 30. quitted her, having executed with the greatest accuracy the duty we were ordered upon, the wind still increasing, which left us but little hopes of her hanging together for the night.

We joined the officers and crew in a little church, and this was the only place on the island where we could conveniently take up our residence. A regular watch being set, sentinels placed, patroles, &c. regulated, the rest of the crew endeavoured to repose themselves, being greatly fatigued. The weather was excessively inclement during the night. At day-light, discovering the ship still apparently whole, Captain Wilkinson despatched Mr. Pridham, and Mr. Mahoney,* master's-mate, with a party of men, to destroy her by fire. The other officers and people were employed equipping 13 fishing boats, which belonged to the inhabitants, for the purpose of transporting the ship's company, either to our fleet off *Brest*, or to England, as circumstances might admit. Mr. Pridham and party returned, and the report of the ship's guns announced the execution of the duty they had been sent upon.

On the 10*th*, at about 1. 30. P.M. our boats were in readiness, it then blowing hard from the S.W. We all embarked in them. I had the honour to command one, with 25 men; Captain Wilkinson, with the Master, leading in the barge, which

* These officers have remained prisoners in France ever since.

was the only ship's boat in company. We made sail out of the little creeks in which the boats had been moored, the sea running excessively high, and at about 2, the barge hauled up to the N.W. We all, of course, followed. At 2. 30. or 3 o'clock, we bore up again; several of the boats were in distress, being excessively badly found, having neither sails, rigging, nor ground tackling that could be at all trusted to. Lieutenants Pridham, Lutwidge (still a prisoner), and Barker (who afterwards was killed in a duel at *Verdun*), were to keep a-head, as no other boats had compasses. At about 5, in a very severe squall, with rain, we lost sight of the barge; every body was of opinion that she had overset, and at 5. 30. it blowing excessively hard, with a heavy shower of rain, we lost sight of all the boats. At about 6, observed *St. Matthew's* Light on the weather bow. The wind now chopped round to the N.W. in a very heavy squall, which carried away our main-mast in the step* and fore-tye,† and very near swamped us, having almost filled the boat with water. Chipped the heel of the main-mast, and rove the main-tye and halliards forward, which enabled us to set the fore-sail and keep scudding,‡ running towards *Rock Fort* with the expectation of falling in with some of the other boats, but were disappointed. At 11, determined to anchor in the bottom of *Bertheaume bay*, though with very little or no hopes of riding long, our only ground tackling being a small grappling and a few fathom of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

We fortunately succeeded in bringing up, though most miserably situated. The weather tide running strong against a violent gale from the N.W., occasioned such a sea, as to bury us frequently in its abyss.

At 2. A.M. the sea breaking in a most astonishing manner over us, and finding we were driving§ and almost touching

* Step, that part of the mast that fixes in the boat.

† Fore-tye, the rope which the fore-sail is hoisted up by.

‡ Scudding, running before the wind.

§ When the anchor does not hold.

abaft, expecting every second to be dashed on the rocks a-stern of us, we hauled in briskly on the grapnel rope, hoisted the fore-sail and wore round, paying out the grapnel rope just hauled in, until we brought it right over the quarter, which enabled us to get our grapnel on board with ease; while we stood over to the *Camaret* bay side,* in the hope of falling in with some little haven to shelter us, or with one of the other boats; but we were disappointed in each expectation.

At about 4. 30. finding we advanced towards *Brest* harbour considerably, we resolved to try the grapnel once more; although we were not in the smallest degree sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, and were placed immediately under a fort, which we distinguished by their lights, that enabled us to see the sentinels on their posts walking to and fro. We made, if possible, worse weather here, than at our former anchorage, with the exception that the grapnel held, At 7. 30. the wind and weather became more inclement than on the preceding night. Not a boat of ours in sight, every minute expecting to be hailed by the fort, and not a soul amongst us that could speak a word of French, almost perished and starved from the fatigue and sufferings of the night, the few provisions we had being totally destroyed by the salt water. Seeing no alternative, but the pain and mortification of delivering myself and boat's crew prisoners of war, I came at length to that resolution. Accordingly ordered all the small arms in my boat to be hove overboard, and at 8, cut the grapnel rope, and ran into *Brest* harbour under the fore-sail.

Imagining the boat's crew and myself might be better treated and received on board the Commander-in-Chief's ship, than in a private one, I went alongside the ALEXANDER, which ship bore his flag; where I was received with the utmost civility and

* This was the bay in which the Chevrette lay, when she was cut out; a most desperate and determined affair.

attention, and provided with a shift of dry clothes. They got me instantly a warm draught, and gave each of my men a glass of liquor, and ordered them breakfast and every thing that was necessary to recruit them. They informed me also, that the whole of the boats, except mine and another, from the violence of the weather, had arrived in the night; that they had been under the greatest apprehensions for our safety, as it was not supposed possible, from the size of the boats and the manner they were *found*,* that they could stand the severity of the night. Lieutenant Barker, Mr. Nepean,† midshipman, and Mr. Carey, boatswain, (who afterwards died at *Verdun*) who had been on board one of the other ships, came on board to congratulate me on our safe arrival; and we feared very much that Mr. Gordon,‡ midshipman, who commanded the boat missing, was no more.

At 2. P.M. on the 11th, we were all sent on shore to the Hospital at *Brest*, which was the place designed for us; each of us being more or less indisposed. I must here observe, to mark the character of the French seamen, that a small leather trunk, in which I had saved a shift of linen, &c. had been taken out of one of my men's hands, for the purpose of saving him trouble, and handed into one of the lower-deck ports; the marine, who remained on the ship's gangway, supposed it a piece of *kindness*, and imagined it was safely deposited in the boat that was to conduct us on shore, nor was it discovered until the trunk could not be found on our landing; when I immediately communicated the circumstance to the officers who conducted us, who instantly sent on board to have a search, and appeared excessively hurt at such a piece of villany being committed by one of their crew: they assured me the perpetrator should be severely punished, and that I should have my things safely returned; this I despaired of very much, though the former I thought might take place. In the

* Provided or supplied.

† Nephew to Sir Evan Nepean, still in prison.

‡ Afterwards with Capt. Duncan in the Mercury, and with Sir James Yeo in the Southampton, in America.

mean time, those officers conducted us to the hospital, insisted upon my wearing my sword all the way, which the captain had refused to receive on board, observing that I had been unfortunately wrecked and not taken in fight, and, consequently, had no right to lose my sword; and he further remarked, that in his opinion, we ought to be returned to our native country, and should not be considered as prisoners; but he added, that, the jailer on shore would deprive me of it, which was afterwards the case.

On our arrival at the hospital, or rather prison (as we were closely watched and guarded), the jailer took away my sword and appeared very much enraged at my not allowing him to take my belt—this, I observed to him, *could do no mischief*. I now had the inexpressible happiness of shaking hands with all the officers, excepting Mr. Thomas (carpenter), who was unfortunately drowned in attempting to land in *Bertheaume bay*, and Mr. Gordon, midshipman, who, I was very much pleased to hear, was safe at *Conquet*,* where he had effected a landing. We expected him and his boat's crew round to *Brest* the following day. On the 14th, we had the pleasure of seeing him and crew safe arrived; they spoke very handsomely of the treatment they received at *Conquet* and on the march. I now received part of the things that were in the trunk, and the thief I was informed had run the gauntlet.

We were very well used during our stay here, and were attended by *Religieuses*, or old nuns, which is a general custom in all the French hospitals. They were the most attentive nurses I ever beheld; constantly on the alert, visiting their patients, administering relief wherever it might be wanting, and solacing the dejected.

On the 18th, we received information, that we should commence our march towards our *dépôt* on the following

* A sea port town in *Passage du four*, about 12 miles west of *Brest*

morning; accordingly on the 19th, we were ordered to prepare, and to be ready at a moment's notice. At about 8, we were all drawn up in the hospital yard. Mr. Mahoney and myself placed ourselves, as we were wont, next to the lieutenants (being the senior midshipmen); but, to our great surprise, on calling the names over, we were moved and placed next to the people, together with Mr. Carey, boatswain, and Mr. Simpson, * gunner. They, at the same time, offered us a brown loaf of bread each, for our day's subsistence, which we declined. We demanded an explanation of this conduct; they informed us, we were of a class (masters's-mates) different from any in their navy; that we were ranked as adjutants, *sous officiers*,† and that they could not alter it. Lieut. Pridham now interfered; who, it appeared, on the preceding night had been acquainted that we should be thus ranked, but not being versed in military regulations, he supposed that an adjutant was between a midshipman and lieutenant, which he, of course, thought our proper place. After remonstrating a long time on the impropriety of our being placed in the ranks, among the people, the officer agreed to go to their Minister of Marine, to have the business, as he termed it, arranged. He shortly returned—the Minister of Marine was out, but his head clerk, or secretary, assured us that the mistake should be rectified the moment he returned, and that a courier would be despatched after us to the next stage, with another *fueille de route*, Thus far reconciled, we commenced our march, and as they informed us for *Verdun* in *Lorrain*.

At about 7 in the evening of the 19th, we arrived at our first stage, a village named *Landerneau*,‡ about 20 miles N. E. of *Brest*: I expected every moment the arrival of the courier, so little was I then acquainted with French promises, and with the French character. Here we were allowed to mix

* At present Gunner of the Valiant. He escaped with some other Naval officers from *Bitche*.

† Considered as serjeants, corporals, &c.

‡ A small poor village.

with the officers, though as a great favour. Our allowance was 11 sols per day, and the youngest mid. had fifty.

In the morning, at day-light of the 20th, commenced our march, rather more dejected than the day before ; in the evening we arrived at a small village, *Landivisiau*,* a distance of 5 or 6 leagues from *Landerneau*. Here we halted for the night, and the people were placed in stables, barns, &c. At day-light on the 21st commenced our march towards *Morlaix*. At about 2 in the afternoon, at 4 or 5 miles distance from the town, we were met by a captain of *gend'armerie* and two *gens d'armes*,† who, we understood afterwards, came out to escort us into that place. They had not long joined us, when I happened to discover one of our ship's boys lift his hand to strike a young midshipman. I immediately ran up and chastised the youngster with a switch I fortunately had in my hand ; but, mark my amazement! when I beheld this blustering captain of *gend'armerie* foaming at the mouth, and riding up towards me at full speed, with his sword drawn. He appeared to be in a very great rage, swore vehemently, and wielded his sword repeatedly over my head. As I did not understand a syllable that he spoke, but was certain it must be abusive language, from the passion he put himself into, I (parrot like) repeated his own expressions as well as I could ; which irritated him to such a degree, that had not the officer of infantry, who was escorting us, and our own officers, interfered, I do not know to what length he might have carried the business. The officer of infantry expostulated with him on the impropriety of drawing his sword upon a naked prisoner who could not even understand a word that he said— He declared and persisted, that I spoke as good French as he did, that we were all prisoners alike ; that we were now in a country where every man enjoyed liberty, and he would take

* A village much smaller than *Landerneau*.

† The *gend'armerie* of France consist of tried, experienced soldiers ; they have the internal regulation of the country, and form the best and most strict police in the universe.

care, that while with him, we should not tyrannize over one another. I observed there were some of the crew who understood him, and who explained his conversation to the others, which appeared to please them extremely.

We had not, however, marched more than a mile, when a circumstance took place which gave us all a specimen of the *liberty* just boasted of: A poor man, at least 70 years of age, happened to be conducting a cart along the road; and as he was approaching us, this *lover of liberty* called to him to turn his horses and cart aside, until we had passed; but the poor unfortunate old man not hearing and continuing his way, this brute rode up to him, and beat and mauled the poor old creature so unmercifully, that the seamen literally hissed him, and asked repeatedly if *That were the liberty he had so much vaunted about a few minutes before?*

At about 5, we arrived at *Morlaix.** The people were placed as usual; the officers were allowed to go to a tavern. On inquiry, I found this captain of *gend'armerie* had been a weaver before the Revolution, and had got advanced by his perfidy to the rank he then held. I was informed that he visited our people in the night, to induce them to turn traitors and enter into the French service; but found himself much disappointed, as every proposal he made was rejected with disdain. Mr. Mahoney and myself had the pleasure of waiting on three countrymen in the evening, who expected hourly to be permitted to return to their native country—A Colonel Macnamara, a Mr. Scot, and a Mr. Fiott. They had been detained before war was declared, and were so fortunate as to obtain passports. I availed myself of this opportunity of acquainting my friends with our misfortunes.

* *Morlaix*, a sea-port town in the department of *Finisterre*, with a castle and tide harbour: the cartels and flags of truce between England and France generally arrive at this port. It is a place of great resort for the Americans.

On the 22d about 8, we again commenced our route; and, after a long march, arrived at a small village (*Belleisle en terre)* where we remained for the night, disagreeably situated, the village being excessively poor, and small, the people imposing and extorting double price for every thing; however, this I have found since to be general all over France.

On the 23d, at the usual hour (about 8), we recommenced our route towards *Guingamp,** where we arrived tolerably early. It is a spacious town, and appeared well peopled. We rested here during 24 hours, and were pretty well used.

On the 25th, at day-light, we recommenced our march towards *St. Brieux,*† the last town on the sea coast that we had to touch at, and arrived about 4 o'clock. We were very closely guarded, which, certainly, was necessary, as it was the intention of a great number *to slip their fetters* at this town: however, it proved impossible. We had another guard ordered here, which we all regretted, as the officer who conducted us from *Brest* to this place, was a perfect gentleman, and preserved the utmost moderation towards the prisoners, who were not, by the bye, at all times very well behaved. I here planned my escape, but could not accomplish it.

At day-light, on the 26th, we recommenced our route with our new guard. About 10, in passing close to the sea, we were halted; the guard loaded their pieces, examined their locks, &c. They appeared to be rather alarmed, though they were nearly as many as their prisoners in number. It would have been a desperate business, and no vessels were near in which 300 men could be embarked; but the bare possibility of our escape, had

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* *Guingamp* is in the department *du Cote du Nord*; the country, though late in the season, appeared very fertile, the peasants excessively poor and distressed.

† *St. Brieux* is in the department of *Finisterre*, about a mile and a half from the sea.

again nearly induced us to make the attempt. About 5, we arrived at *Lamballe*, an ancient little town, the chief of the late Dutchy of *Penthievre*; and which gave the title of Princess to the unfortunate lady who was murdered at *Paris* for her inviolable attachment to the late Queen of France. *Rennes* is about 12 or 13 British leagues S.E. of this town.

On the 27th, at 8, began our march towards *Rennes*. We rested at *Broons*, and *Montauban*, and arrived at the city of *Rennes** the 29th. The *officers* were allowed to go to a tavern, and *we*, who were ranked *as adjutants*, were conducted with the ship's company to the common jail, where we remained, notwithstanding a number of representations to the General commanding there, until the 2d of March, having had what they styled, a day's *sejour*. I would much rather we had continued *en route*, as we were placed in this jail amongst criminals and malefactors of every denomination; and where we found ourselves covered with vermin, in spight of every effort used to avoid it. We had now another guard ordered—joined our officers, and were very much pleased to be once more in the pure air.

Marched on towards *Vitre*,† where we arrived about 8 o'clock at night, having gone over nearly 10 leagues this day. We had great difficulty to get admitted into any of the inns, still more to procure any refreshments. Upon remonstrating with the landlord at the miserable supper he provided us, and the very high price he charged—he called us, *English dogs! and told us, that we ought to have been glad to have got any thing, and that the officer was to blame for not placing us in a stable, or in some other place better appropriated for such brutes, than*

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* This is an ancient well-known city, in the department of *Isle* and *Vilaine*, of which it is the capital. The inhabitants are computed at 36,000; it is seated on the river *Vilaine*, which divides it into two parts. The streets are strait and broad; but they were very narrow before the fire in 1720, which is said to have consumed 850 houses.

† *Vitre* is in the department of *Isle* and *Vilaine*.

in an inn—if he had his will, he would very shortly treat us as such dogs merited, &c.—The river *Vilaine* runs through *Vitre*, and there appeared to be an abundance of fish in this town.

MARCH the 3d, at day-light, we quitted our *hospitable* host, and were marched on towards *Laval*,* a tolerably large town on the *Mayenne*, renowned for its linen manufactories. We arrived about 5 in the evening, and were kept some time in the market-place, as a *spectacle* for the inhabitants, before we were shown to our respective places for the night. Some of the people who could speak English came to inform us, that our gracious Sovereign had been dead several days and that the result would be a general peace. We spurned at their intelligence, and assured them we did not give it the smallest credit.

From *Laval* we passed through *Prez en paille*† to *Alençon*,‡ where we arrived on the evening of the 5th. We rested there 24 hours. Our lieutenants, midshipmen, &c. on the 7th in the morning, were marched the *Paris* route, and we, as *adjutants*, and half the ship's company towards *Rouen*, on the northern route to *Charlemont*, in the department of the *Ardennes*.

I confess this separation grieved me extremely.—Parting with my messmates and friends in a foreign country, together with the insult and injustice of being placed in an inferior rank to my brother officers, could not fail of producing that depression so natural to an honourable mind.----- From *Alençon* we passed through *Sees*, *Bernay*, and several small villages to *Rouen*,§ where we arrived at about 2 in the after-

* The inhabitants of *Laval* are computed at 25,000: the neighbouring quarries produce green marble, and black, veined with white.

† A small town.

‡ *Alençon* is a large town on the river *Sarte*, in the department *de L'Oire* in Normandy. *Paris* is about 90 miles British, N.E. of *Alençon*.

§ *Rouen* is a large city, the capital of the department of the Lower *Seine*, situated on that river; its linens, particularly what are called the

noon of the 12th. We were all put into the common jail: and I must not pass over a circumstance that had happened in the morning prior to our arrival; trivial as it was, it will give the reader an idea of French imposition: At about 9 in the morning, we had halted in a village on the banks of the *Seine*, to get some refreshment, and the only thing we could procure was bread and eggs, which were served up with *large pewter spoons*. I observed to the French officer, that a small spoon would be much more convenient; upon which he asked the old lady of the house if she had any. She replied in the affirmative, opened a large coffer and took out six silver tea spoons, which she placed on the table. We finished our repast, called for the bill, and found this parsimonious old wretch had charged us, though poor prisoners, a penny each for the use of her tea-spoons. The officer, quite amazed, asked her, what she could mean by such a demand? She replied, with *sang froid*,—"*You see those Englishmen are so particular, they cannot eat like other people. My spoons have not been out of my chest for a number of years; and I am determined they shall pay for the trouble they have put me to.*" We, of course, paid our pennies and wished her a good morning.

I observed a number of brigs, and small craft, laid up at *Rouen* in a dismantled and neglected state; and could not help expressing my astonishment to one of the Frenchmen, who were confined with us, that those vessels should not have been equipped and sent to sea, or have been employed on some commercial venture;—"*And where, Sir, would be the service of attempting it,*" replied the Frenchman, "*when the English would have the vessels before they had completed one voyage.*"

The prospect down the banks of the *Seine* was very striking

Siamoise, are much esteemed; the city and its 6 suburbs included, are said to contain between 74 and 75,000 inhabitants. There are also manufactories of cloth, oil of vitriol, &c.

and beautiful. However, the view was shortly of a different nature, for that delightful scenery was changed to the gloom which the inside of the common jail presented, with the keeper and his dear companion of a wife. They accosted us in no very pathetic terms, and assured us that unless we instantly paid for *two* nights' lodgings, we should be placed in cells with prisoners, whose society would not be over pleasant.

We well knew that what those *kind* people said, was a law: yet we still took the liberty of asking, Why they demanded payment for *two* nights? They replied, "*You are going to have a day's rest, and the officer who escorted you has assured us of the fact.*"

This French officer, whose name, to the best of my recollection, was Galway, lived with us in all the small towns we passed through, professing a great deal of friendship for us whilst we were paying his expences, and repeatedly declared, that he would prevent our being confined in the jail of *Rouen*; that he *himself* would be responsible for us and we should remain at an inn: But, alas! so shallow was this officer's memory, that he forgot to leave us one day's allowance (the last day), and did not recollect to give the officer who succeeded him, the certificates he had received from our officers, specifying that we were also officers, noticing the mistake at Brest, &c. which would have been of material service; nor do I suppose he *recollected*, that there was a jail in this city; for we never saw him after we had been placed under lock and key. We of course came into terms with our host and his rib, and paid them two shillings each for the two nights lodging; which pleased them so much, that they conducted us with a great deal of *politesse* to an apartment, in which were two prisoners and three beds; two were pointed out for us. Our room-mates we discovered were debtors. The landlady very charitably observed, that she was certain we were *faint* and wanted some refreshment—and she would send us a bottle of *good wine*, and some

bread for the present, and would procure us, *pauvres enfans !* a comfortable dinner in about an hour's time ; and then she and her husband after a thousand curtesies and bows withdrew, not forgetting to turn the key in the door and to take it with them. We all agreed that this was a considerate, charitable, good woman ; but much more did we extol her, when we saw the bottle of wine and bread appear.—The man who brought it was a smart active turnkey, who said, *Mistress is very busy cooking dinner for the English captains—I have had the pleasure of waiting very frequently on British officers in this prison—they were very extravagant, and liked to live very well, &c.* But this conversation did not by any means suit his present guests, so we made signs to the fellow to be off.—He quitted us, taking the same precaution that his master had done. Our finances were ebbing fast, and we began to fear the dinner which was preparing for us would not help them much. I have already observed, that we had $5\frac{1}{2}d$ *per diem* allowed us; but we were very frequently cheated even of that miserable pittance, and had we not each procured a little cash at *Morlaix,* on our private bills, we should certainly have perished for want. The table was now prepared with a cloth, a rare article in a common jail, and in a short time dinner appeared with two bottles of wine. It consisted of a little fresh fish, and a small joint of boiled mutton ; the dishes were cleared in a short time, without the smallest hope of a second course. We were anxious to ascertain what the generous good dame could or would demand for this *sumptuous* repast, and inquired of our active waiter ; who went to his mistress to know : She very kindly replied, not to make ourselves uneasy, it would be time enough the next day. We accordingly waited until the next day ; but were determined to have nothing more until we knew the prices.

Our fellow prisoners were particularly polite and attentive to us, and gave us a hint, that we were greatly deceived in our opinion of the landlady ; which we easily perceived the next morning, when we insisted upon hearing how much we had to

pay for what *she called dinner and wine*. She very coolly informed us, fifteen shillings! we imagined it might have been about seven. However it was in vain to attempt to explain, we paid the bill and were resolved to be more circumspect.

At about 11 o'clock, some French naval officers came to inspect our people, and gave some of them pieces of money with an intention to seduce them. This I saw, as it was publicly done in the jail yard, and I happened to be looking out of the window at the time. I desired them to be particular in what they were about. One man, a Dane (a very fine fellow who had been taken by us and had volunteered into our service) replied, "We will take what money they choose to give us, and that shall be all they will gain by coming here."

On the morning of the 14th, about 8 o'clock, a guard of cuirassiers rode into the yard. The jailer was very expeditious in giving us notice that they came to conduct us; so the bills were paid, and every thing settled to this man's and his good dame's satisfaction. We were then marched down into the yard, and joined by the people. The jailer observed to the French officer and cuirassiers, that we were *des bons garçons*. He appeared to be a very affable good kind of person, of the true old French school, before the character of the inhabitants had been demoralised by the Revolution; and informed us, that Mr. Galway, his predecessor, had left him no certificates; but he assured us, that with him, it should make no difference. All matters being arranged, we commenced our march towards *Amiens*,* where we arrived on the 16th.

Our humane officer was as good as his word. In the small villages between *Rouen* and *Amiens*, he always took us to an

* *Amiens* is a very ancient town, in the department *de La Somme*, in Picardie: three branches of the river *Somme* enter this city: it has manufactories in linen and woollen cloth (established by Colbert), which employ not less than 30,000 people.

inn and dined with us himself; but in the latter city he could not prevent our being put into the jail. He, however, came frequently to see us and remained with us some time. Understanding there was an Englishman (a Mr. S. Pratt) who kept an eating-house in this place, we sent to inform him, there were some countrymen of his who wished to speak with him, but it appeared, *He was busy*. However he sent Mrs. Pratt, who *shed tears* at seeing the distressed condition of her poor countrymen.—*If she had it in her power, she would give all the seamen shoes and stockings and a good dinner, that she would: but at all events she would go and get us dinner instantly—poor dear creatures! we must be famished!*—With a great many more tender expressions, that I cannot at this moment recollect. She took a *cordial leave* of each of us, and said, she would come again late in the evening, lest she might be noticed. But the dinner should be sent as soon as possible—*to her poor, dear, countrymen*. A small leg of roasted mutton arrived in about an hour, without any kind of vegetables, with a little salt in a piece of paper, two knives and forks, and two bottles of very inferior wine. We expected to have had an opportunity of explaining to the lady in person, the excellency of her dinner in the evening; but she never came near her *dear, dear countrymen*. —She only sent her man with the bill, which exceeded the jailer's wife's at Rouen.

On the 17th we commenced our route at about 8 in the morning, and at 5 we arrived at *Albert*,* where we halted for the night. The next morning our kind officer astonished us with a most elegant breakfast of every thing that small town could afford. We had made it a point never to allow him to pay when he brought us to an inn, and this was done (I believe) by way of return. Throughout Brittany and Normandy, we found an abundance of cyder, their fuel was principally wood: but as we advanced to the eastward, we had beer substituted for cyder, and turf and coals for wood.

* A small town; here we saw turf and coals used for the first time since our departure from *Brest*.

SECTION II.

FROM *Albert,* we marched to *Bapaume**, the road was excessively dirty and bad. Our men were so exceedingly weak this day, the weather being very bad, raining incessantly, that our good officer made some of his cuirassiers take three or four of their prisoners behind on their horses. It was about four in the afternoon when we arrived. The officer took us to a tavern—we were dripping wet. We were shewn into a spacious apartment, where a large table was laid out, and a number of genteel looking citizens were sitting round a stove that was fixed in the centre of the room. They did not appear to take the smallest notice of us, nor to make room even for the officer, who was wet to the skin: however, he took the liberty of requesting they would allow him to approach, which they did with seeming reluctance. We now endeavoured to dry ourselves, and get into the best plight we could; having ordered, at the same time, something for dinner or rather supper, as it was about 7 o'clock. We were given to understand, that it was the election day for a new mayor, in consequence of which the aldermen, &c. had ordered a dinner; which being served up, left us in full possession of the stove, a circumstance that pleased us greatly.

Those gentlemen did not, in point of appetite, appear to deviate from their namesakes in a certain great metropolis, although I could not perceive that they had any turtle soup; champagne appeared to be the only wine they relished. Our supper was placed on a small table near the stove, and those gents, as they became moistened with the generous juice of the grape

* A small fortified town in the department of *Pas de Calais*; the inhabitants boast that it has never been taken: the Duke of York, as they informed us, was very near it in 1793.

condescended to become more familiar with the English prisoners and their officer, insisted upon touching glasses and even on drinking champagne with them; and in the course of the evening, those very people, who on our arrival had not vouchsafed to treat us with common civility, became so excessively pressing and free, that they absolutely proved a great annoyance. They even lavished, in their cups, a number of encomiums on the *Noble Nation* we belonged to—"*What a great pity*" said they, "*it was, that Englishmen and Frenchmen were not unanimous; they would then carry every thing before them, and conquer the whole world.*"

Our friendly officer now informed us, that he was not allowed to conduct us any farther—that he had applied to go with us all the way, but without effect. He appeared very much hurt at being denied and took his leave of us for the night, declaring that he would see us in the morning before we parted. At day-light, on the 19th, a serjeant came to apprize us that he was come with a guard of dragoons to conduct us to *Cambray*; so we instantly got up and made every arrangement. Our old officer appeared and recommended us strongly to the serjeant; he took an affectionate farewell of each, and literally shed tears at quitting us. We regretted his loss very much—he was tender-hearted and compassionate, and reflected honour on the nation that gave him birth; our people were so much attached to him, that he had not the smallest trouble, they did exactly as he wished. At about half-past 8, in a most severe morning, the wind right in our teeth, hailing and raining without intermission, our poor crew being all ranged and miserably clad; we commenced our march towards *Cambray** under an escort of dragoons, where we arrived about four in the afternoon in a horrible state, all over mud and dirt. We were marched

* This was formerly a very renowned city: it has a fort and citadel, and was once strongly fortified, but at present the walls are decaying, and in ruins. It is seated on the *Scheldt*, famous for the manufacturing of Cambrics, which took their name from this city.

through the city, and placed in the citadel. The Captains, as they styled us, were permitted to stop at the Cantine, but our poor seamen were put into a *Souterrain*, where we endeavoured to procure them some fresh straw, which they rolled themselves up in, after refreshing themselves with a sort of soup which we also provided for them. This was what the French call *soupe grasse*, made in the following manner:—

They fill a large pot or *marmite* with water; when it begins to boil, they throw a handful or two of salt into it agreeably to the quantity of water, chop up some cabbage or herbs, which they also put in, and, last of all, a ball of hog's-lard, kitchen stuff, dripping, or any other grease they may have. They then allow this soup to boil until the herbs, &c. are well done; then they serve it up in soup-plates or dishes, having previously put bread cut into very thin slices in the said plates, and charge two-pence and sometimes more for each plateful. I have seen our landlady at *Sees*, a village near *Rouen*, after she had cooked us some beef-steaks, put all the gravy into the pan, fill it up with water, and after she had kept the pan boiling for some minutes, she poured the whole contents into a large pot of water which she had boiling on the fire, previously prepared with salt and herbs, as before observed; this she served out as soup to our poor seamen at a most exorbitant price.

We remained at *Cambray* until the 21st, when a severe frost, with snow, set in; and we had to march, with the wind and snow and hail at intervals right in our faces, to *Landrecy*,* at a distance of near six British leagues. Our people were there put into the jail, and we were allowed the *honour* of stopping at the *palais national* tavern. They were very fair here in their demands. At day-light, on the 22d, we commenced

* This town is in the north department, and late province of *Hainault*; the fortifications are very much neglected. It was taken by the allies, after a severe bombardment, in 1794, but was retaken in three months afterwards.

our route to *Avesnes*, where we arrived at about four, they put us all indiscriminately into the town jail. About 5 the town major came to speak with us, and obtained us permission to go to a certain inn, which he pointed out, and where we were egregiously imposed on. The 23d, we had another guard of dragoons, under the command of a serjeant, to escort us to our *dépôt*. At about 3 we arrived at a poor little village called *Hirson*, where, having no jail, they billeted the seamen and us upon the inhabitants. We were quartered at a collar-maker's house. The poor people were extremely civil, and procured us tolerably good beds; every other necessary that they provided us with we paid for.

Next morning, the 24th, we took our leave of the collar maker and his family, and in the afternoon, at about 4, arrived at a village named *Maubert Fontaine*, a place still more poor and miserable than *Hirson*, where we were also billeted; the people with whom we were placed were very great impostors, extorting double price for every thing. The next morning, however, we parted, and proceeded to *Rocroy*,* where we arrived early, it being a short march; our people were put into the jail. We made interest to be allowed an inn, and remained there 24 hours. Our landlord was a consummate scoundrel, he took every occasion of imposing on and insulting us. On the morning of our departure, he produced us a sum total of an extraordinary amount, without detailing the particular things supplied. We expostulated with him upon the enormity of the sum, and wished to know what such a demand could be occasioned by, as we were particularly economical, our funds being very low. He flatly refused any explanation, insisted upon payment, and used innumerable insulting and provoking epithets. We were obliged to comply, and recommenced our

* This town is in the department of *Ardennes*, tolerably well fortified; celebrated for the victory gained by the Prince of Conde (then Duke of Enghein) over the Spaniards, in 1643.

route to a small village called *Fumez*,* one stage from *Givet*,† or *Charlemont*, our *dépôt*. We arrived there early, and were billeted; the people extremely civil. Next morning, the 28th, at 8 o'clock, we commenced our last day's march. At about 3 (a short expedition) we arrived at our destination,

* Situated on the bank of the *Meuse*, there are famous slate quarries here.

† *Givet* is a fortified town in the department of *Ardennes*, and bishoprick of *Liege*, divided by the *Meuse*. That portion on the south side is called Little *Givet*: this town is commanded by a very strong fort and citadel (*Charlemont*) built upon an immense rock; the fortifications were constructed by Vauban, famous for his genius as an engineer. We never were allowed to enter the citadel, consequently were ignorant of the force or number of guns mounted on it. It was attacked by the Allies in 1794, from an eminence on the south side of the river, but without effect.

The communication between Great and Little *Givet* is kept up by means of a pontoon bridge; the centre boats are placed so as to be hauled out occasionally to admit vessels to pass up and down, which frequently happens. There are passage boats that sail regularly between this town and *Namur*, which is ten or twelve leagues N.E. of it. Little *Givet* is chiefly inhabited by tanners, who carry on an extensive trade in this part of the country; they are greatly at a loss in the currying part of their business. These people appeared very much disposed to be friendly with us; but we were kept so very close and strict that it was impossible to form any acquaintance. Every necessary of life is cheap in this town; their beer is tolerably good. Wine is rather dear as there are very few vineyards. We discovered a vast difference in the nature of the soil here, and that of the countries of the west, *viz.* Brittany, Normandy, and Picardie; this appearing much more barren and uncultivated. I have often observed with surprise how singularly neglectful they were of the fortifications of the town, and how particularly attentive with respect to *Charlemont*, the citadel. Our prisoners, at the commencement, were confined in this place; but when they became numerous, they were moved down to the horse barracks, from a dread, I suppose, of their revolting some day and taking possession of citadel, town, and all. Had they once possession of one, the other would be entirely at their mercy and disposal. During our stay at this *dépôt*, four of the seamen escaped from their prison, two of whom belonged to our late frigate. On their being missed the following morning, parties of *gens-d'armes* on horseback were despatched by the commandant to search for them in all directions; with strict orders to mutilate, *and in fact not to bring them back alive*;—"that it might prove an example (using his own expression) to the rest of the prisoners."—However, fortunately for those poor fellows, they escaped their pursuers, at least for that time. They were afterwards taken at *Dunkirk*, as they were about to embark in an open boat. The commandant was also frequently in the habit of riding

a distance of near seven hundred miles from *Brest*. We found the ship's company of H.M. frigates la Minerve, Captain Brenton, and Shannon, Captain Gower, with a number of men belonging to the merchants' service, there. A Mr. Bradshaw, one of Captain Brenton's clerks, visited us; he had permission to live in town, being acting in the situation of commissary to Captain Brenton; through him we were introduced to Captain Petervin of the *gendarmerie* who was commandant of the prisoners of war. Our names and descriptions were taken, a Jersey man, named Goree, was interpreter,—the commandant appeared at a loss what to do with us, we were sent on the footing of private sailors to him; he appeared to be unwilling to put us with the people—hesitated and remained undecided. However, at length, he agreed that we should go to *la Tête de Cerf* Tavern, as we were very much fatigued after so long a march. We accordingly proceeded, with Mr. Bradshaw, our guide, after returning Mons. le Commandant a thousand thanks for his condescension. This we found a very decent tavern, and the first in the town, which convinced us that this officer harboured *a good opinion of the adjutants*.—We ordered a tolerably good dinner. Mr. Bradshaw eat his mutton with us, and assured us that the commandant would permit us to lodge in the town. This intelligence exhilarated our drooping spirits prodigiously; we ordered an additional bottle of wine on the strength of it, and passed the evening as chearfully as circumstances would admit.

The next day we waited, with Mr. Bradshaw, on the commandant; he received us with that politeness which, at one time, was peculiar to his country.—We explained through the interpreter, the cruelty of being sent to the seamen's *dépôt* and treated differently from our brother officers: he agreed that our complaints were just, assured us he would immediately write to

into the prison yard, and taking his pistols out of the holsters, examining the priming, &c. This chiefly happened in the evening—the prisoners could not avoid laughing at such foolish conduct.

General Wirrion, at *Verdun* (who was commander-in-chief over the British prisoners), and state the case to him; at the same time he advised us to write to our commanding officer, and he would have our letter forwarded; desired us to remain quiet at our tavern, and he would do every thing in his power to alleviate our distresses. We returned him a thousand thanks, took our leave and returned *à la Tête de Cerf.*

Upon an overhauling of our finances, we had the mortification to find that we could not remain many days at a tavern — not having a farthing allowed us for our subsistence; the $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ ended the moment we arrived at the *dépôt.* Mr. Bradshaw could not render us any pecuniary assistance, without Captain Brenton's permission, consequently our situation was becoming every moment worse and worse. As lodgings, we were informed, were excessively cheap in the town, we concluded that we had better apply to the commandant for leave to hire a couple of rooms, with cooking utensils, &c. than to continue any longer as we were However, we dreaded that he might order us into the barracks with the people, if we began so early to demand favours. We, therefore, agreed to be extremely economical, and to wait a few days longer. Those days being expired, we made the intended application, and with success. He approved of our plan, and gave us a written permission to walk about the town. This he took entirely upon his own shoulders, and assured us, that he relied upon our honour, not to go without the limits of the town; if we abused this indulgence, he should be severely punished. We declared our intentions were not to cause him the smallest trouble or uneasiness, which we were particular in attending to.

This same day we hired two rooms at *Madame de Garde's,* the widow of a ci-devant general. She provided us with two beds for us four, cooking utensils, and every thing necessary for housekeeping, and at a very moderate price. We acquainted Mons. le Commandant of our success, he congratulated us

greatly, but appeared to be sorry that we lodged in this old lady's house, as he observed she was *une Jacobine*,* and of *the old school*. We liked the old dame the better for this information, but were extremely cautious in mentioning it. Our *ménage* commenced the following morning. We took it by rotation to cook for the day. This, however, was remedied in a short time, as we were allowed our captain's steward, whose name was Allen, an infirm elderly man, to live with us, and cook for us. Our dishes were not very exquisite—soup and *bouilli*, with vegetables, were our daily fare, and this we feared could not continue long.

April—June. No answer to the letters from *Verdun* —the month's rent due—finances extremely low. We solicited Mr. Bradshaw to allow us a pound of meat a day, as he did the private sailors; but he could not conform to this request without the sanction of Captain Brenton. He wrote instantly respecting it, and received a favourable answer by return of post; which proved of material service to *the poor adjutants*. We repeatedly desired to be removed to the officers *dépôt*, at *Verdun*, but did not receive any answer until the latter end of May. I am of opinion that a number of our letters never came to hand. Lieutenant Pridham, in his answer, gave us every expectation of our being shortly attended to, assured us that Captain Brenton and he were using every exertion to have us removed, and our rank rectified.

On the 4th of June, the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday, low as our pecuniary circumstances were, we contrived to give the commandant and pay-master of the *dépôt* a dinner. The latter, whose name was Payne, we had received many civilities from. The day passed very agreeably, until about sunset, the time settled for locking the seamen up in their different apartments; when they gave three cheers in commemoration of the day that gave their gracious Sovereign birth, and hauled in the colours of different nations, made by themselves, which they

* All those who were attached to the English, were so styled.

had kept all day streaming out of each window, taking care to have the French tri-coloured flag under all; which was never noticed by either commandant or guards. The cheers of nearly a thousand men made no little noise; they resounded hideously in our ears as we sat at table, our lodgings being contiguous. The commandant was greatly alarmed, imagined that the seamen had revolted and had actually got out of prison: so great was this officer's hurry, that he made but one step from the top of the stairs to the bottom. We had a little trouble in getting him on his legs again, and were greatly rejoiced in finding that he had received no injury from this step—assuring him there was no foundation whatever for his fears. However, he would be convinced in person; he, therefore, went to the prison, and was rejoiced to find every thing perfectly tranquil.

Being returned, he observed that the English were *des braves gens,* and he would drink another glass of wine in commemoration of King George's birth-day. The national dish, Roast Beef, with Plum Pudding, which we had made ourselves, was not forgotten upon this occasion. Monsieur liked the well-done, or outside part of the former, extremely; but the latter, neither of our guests would touch for a long time.—At last, by dint of persuasion, they condescended to taste it, and so sudden was the transition made upon them by that taste, that we had some pains to secure ourselves a part, though it was a pretty sizeable pudding. They exclaimed, as they gulped it down, "*Sacre bleu, comme il est bon!*"—"*Ma foi oui,*" repeated the other alternately. We felt highly pleased at the sight, and laughed heartily.

At a late hour, or rather in regard to the morning, an early one, *Messieurs* took their leave, evidently in great spirits, and we retired to rest.

Since our arrival at this *dépôt,* several of the stoutest, and, apparently, most healthy of our men, had died of a fever, suppo-

sed to have been caught in some of the jails on the road: our poor servant Allen was seized with it, and expired in a few days.... In the latter part of June, the commandant appeared much altered, and became extremely distant; we were at a loss to know the cause of so sudden a change. Mr. Bradshaw informed us he had once observed to him, "*That the English officers* (as he was kind enough to style us) *were excessively proud.* "*I never meet them,*" said he, "*but I take my hat off, whilst they only lift theirs.*" Admitting this to have been the case, we had a better opinion of him than to suppose that so trivial a matter could cause so great an alteration in his behaviour.

He one night sent a guard of *gend'armes* to take us from our lodgings to the guard-house, for being in the streets after nine o'clock, when it was scarcely dark at that season of the year; although we had no regular time prescribed by him to be in doors: there we remained, on a cold pavement all night, at a loss to know what we had been guilty of. Our guards assured us it was merely the caprice of the commandant. At noon Mr. Bradshaw visited us, without giving us any hopes of release. The commandant informed him, that we were confined for not answering a sentinel on his post who had hailed us: this we denied, as we had not passed one that night. Mons. Brasseur, the second in command, then came to visit us and expressed great sorrow at seeing us confined without cause; he waited on the commandant, became responsible for our conduct, and had us moved to our lodgings, where we were ordered to continue without stirring out until further orders.

Our excellent landlady received us with the greatest joy imaginable, bathed us with her tears, and had some refreshments ready, although she had sent us a very good breakfast to the guard-house, and was herself poor. In three days we were once more liberated; but were always confined whenever a religious procession, or any occurrence, took place, which, at that parti-

cular time, was very frequent. Our chief amusement was a game at billiards and a walk round the ramparts, or rather ruins. We frequently met with military officers at the billiard table, who always behaved with the strictest politeness, and made us an offer of the table the moment we entered the room; which, of course, was declined until they had finished,

I purchased a grammar and dictionary, with an idea of learning French, and also begged of the lady at the library, to choose me an easy French book, that I might begin translating, which she had the kindness to do; but to my surprise her choice was a collection of horrid obscenity, which obliged me to return it, to have it changed. She then gave me a novel, and laughed heartily at my disapproving of her book, as she termed it.

We were constantly, from the commandant's conduct of late, under apprehensions of being close confined with the people; he appeared more inveterate against me, than any of the rest. However, about the 10th, or 12th of July, we received a letter from our commanding officer at *Verdun*, stating that General Wirrion had, at last, sent an order for Mr. Mahoney and myself, to be conducted to the *Verdun dépôt*; but not a word about either the boatswain or gunner.* The commandant received the order by the same post. Mr. Bradshaw had also directions from Captain Brenton, to supply us with cash to enable us to proceed. All this intelligence arriving at the same

* Those poor fellows, we had the inexpressible sorrow of seeing pass through *Verdun*, in less than three months after we quitted them, together with two of our seamen, that I observed had escaped from *Givet* prison; they were arrested close to the water side, near *Dunkirk*, as already mentioned, and were on their way to *Bitche* to be punished. Goree, the Jersey man, who acted as interpreter, through some picque, informed the commandant, that the boatswain and gunner had an idea of making their escape; he gave him credit for this information, and despatched these poor fellows to a *dépôt* of punishment, where they remained for two years and a half, which caused the death of the boatswain Mr. Carey, as noticed in a preceding page. This very scoundrel, the informer, a few days after their departure, made his escape, and arrived safe at Jersey.

time, nearly overwhelmed us with joy; but the other poor fellows, who were to remain, were disconsolate, fearing much the commandant's severity when we quitted them.

JULY, the 16th was the day appointed for our departure. Mr. Mahoney had a bad foot; in consequence of this a cart was ordered, which carried us both. Every thing *was now* settled; and we had previously been permitted to see our ship's company, a pleasure we had been deprived of for some weeks. We took an affectionate farewell of our shipmates and landlady, and began our route under the escort of two *gend'armes*.

SECTION III.

JULY 16, 1804. We arrived early at *Fiumez*,* a village of which I have already made mention. We were allowed to do as we pleased on our arrival, and to go to any inn we liked. Our guard informed us that the commandant of *Givet* had inserted in our *feuille de route*, that we should be considered as officers of rank on parole and be treated accordingly. This was a circumstance that greatly surpassed our expectations. In the course of the day, we were joined by some British sailors, who also had a cart, some of them being ill. The next morning we were all marched together towards *Rocroy*; only one cart was allowed, and my brother officer was obliged to mount with the other sick. We took care not to go to the scoundrel's house at *Rocroy*, where we had been recently so ill used; and found another more preferable.

From *Rocroy* we were marched to *Mezieres*;† and put up at a tavern, *being now officers of rank* which our landlady appeared to have been informed of. This old lady was, if possible, more extortionate than any we had yet met with. We found that unless we previously made an agreement, particularly specifying what we wished and regulating the price of every article, we should be liable to the greatest imposition; and this, indeed, is the case throughout France. From *Mezieres* we passed through *Sedan*,‡ *Stenay*§,

* An old woman doing the duty of crier attracted my notice. At a corner of one of the streets she began her preamble. She had a small bar of iron in one hand and a large key in the other as a substitute for a bell.

† The head town of the department of *Ardennes*, seated on the *Meuse*; the town of *Charleville* is within two miles of it. *Mezieres* has a strong citadel, and good fortifications.

‡ A strong fortified town, 12 miles from *Mezieres*; it has a strong castle, in which the famous Marshal Turenne was born; it is renowned for its cloth manufactories.

§ *Stenay*, an open town on the *Meuse*, about 10 leagues N. b. W. of *Verdun*.

a small village, *Sivry*, and on the 23d arrived at *Verdun*,* where we so long had desired to be; and we were received by Captain Brenton, our officers and countrymen, in the most handsome manner. We were billeted at the Three Moors for two nights, until we could procure lodgings. Two or three days after our arrival, Mr. Pridham introduced us to General Wirrion, who gave us permission to walk in the suburbs. In the course of a few days I procured lodgings with a Mr. Ashworth, midshipman, who had been messmate of mine in the late ship. He died lately at *Minorca*, in consequence of the wounds he received off *Tarragona*. I met a number of old acquaintances here, and passed the time amongst them, considering we were in a state of captivity, tolerably well.

As soon as I found myself a little settled, my friend and I employed a French master and studied with the greatest attention, never quitting the town except on race days,† or days of other amusements. We engaged also a fencing and an Italian master, as soon as we were tolerably perfect in the French language. Our studies amused us greatly and made

* This town, I have no doubt, has been frequently described by several persons this war, having been the *dépôt* for upwards of 800 British prisoners nearly six years; however, I shall observe, that it is an ancient fortified town, with a citadel, seated on the *Meuse*. It is the second principal town in this department; the chief is *Bar le Duc*.—It is divided into two parts by the *Meuse*; one is called *La Ville Haute*, the other, *La Ville Basse*. Its fortifications were constructed by the Chevalier de Ville, and Marshal de Vauban; the latter was a native of this place. It was taken by the Prussians in 1792—but retaken soon after—every necessary of life is remarkably cheap here, the country abounds with vineyards, owing to which wines are excessively cheap.

† Races, and all species of amusements that can deprive an Englishman of his property, or divert his attention for a moment, were allowed by the general who commands the prisoners. I have been informed that there are fixed prices for all these indulgences. The hazard table, and *rouge et noir*, have been the destruction of many of our countrymen. Every kind of debauchery and libertinism, I am sorry to add, was permitted and practised in this town. Latterly, from the principal people of fashion and men of property being dispersed, horse racing ceased, as has gambling also in a great degree.

the time pass lightly over; and did away with that *ennui* which is the inseparable attendant of sloth and idleness.

In a few months after my arrival, a Mr. M'Grath (a near

When war was declared between the Austrians and French, and the *Boulogne* camp was broken up, one division of the army was marched through this town. Their conduct, though frequently several thousands together, was exemplary; they attracted our notice greatly. I never perceived that they got intoxicated, or were insolent to the prisoners of war. In the Prussian war, also, we saw a number of troops pass through. They were chiefly conducted in carriages of every description (post haste). They sometimes stopped a few minutes to refresh; and I heard some of them observe, that it was the *sacre* English guineas that bred discord on the continent. I got into conversation with one who had been lately in *Brest*, and asked him if they had a strong fleet lying there: he replied, with an oath, taking me for one of his countrymen, *Only two or three rotten ships, that were not sea worthy—the English took all the rest, as fast as they quitted the harbour;* and *if the government was of his opinion* (he added), *they would not put the country to the expence of building any more:* I plainly discovered that this soldier took me for one of the citizens, for he was extremely communicative. Buonaparte passed through twice; the last time was after the treaty of *Tilsit*. The inhabitants had triumphal arches, &c. erected for him. Prince Murat was with him in his carriage. His guard was his favourite Mameluke, and the *gend'armes* and young men of the town that met him to escort him through. I observed him bow with seeming complaisance to the prisoners of war, who took their hats off as he passed. The ever-memorable Action of Trafalgar was reported to us to have been gained by the French; they boasted of killing the only hero England had, and of taking the *Prince de York*, a British three-decked ship, and another, whose name I now forget; which we were certain to be a falsehood, as those were names that we had not in our navy. The truth very soon transpired, although they endeavoured as much as possible to stop all communication between both countries. We had private letters—and a Frenchman shewed me the copy of a letter from a captain in the French army, who had served as a marine officer on board of one of their ships on that day, and was dreadfully wounded in several places; it reflected, the greatest honor upon him; it was addressed to his brother, at *Nancy* near *Verdun*. His account was impartial and corresponded with the English report. He stated the length of time they were employed in forming the line-of-battle, the superiority that, it appeared to him (though a landman), the enemy's fleet had over theirs; to use his own words, " *They came down upon us in two columns, without attending to any of our arrangements, and threw us into the utmost confusion—it was in vain to resist—Nelson commanded.*

relation of mine) was escorted to this *dépôt*, with a Mr. Wills, Master's mate, and a boat's crew of the frigate Acasta. Mr. M'Grath was surgeon's-assistant. They had been made prisoners on the island of *Beniget*, near *Brest*. Mr. Wills had been ordered early in the morning to land on that island, and load his boat with sand for scouring the decks; and Mr. M'Grath had received permission to accompany him, merely for the purpose of taking a walk, and amusing himself while the men were loading the boat; but they had no sooner landed, than they were surrounded by a number of French troops, who were lying in ambush for them, and had been disembarked the night before for the express purpose of surprising some of the English boats, that were daily in the habit of coming on shore. Our poor fellows were immediately secured, embarked and conducted to the continent. The frigate instantly, on discovering they were captured, despatched boats in pursuit of them, but to no purpose. From the cruel treatment which they received on their march; being put into stables, barns, common jails, &c.—allowed nothing but seamen's fare, with not a farthing of money in their pockets, they were so exhausted on their arrival at *Verdun*, that both the officers were seized with a violent fever: Mr. Wills recovered in a short time; but the other lost the use of his limbs, and was confined to his bed, with little or no intermission, until July, 1808; when he burst a blood vessel and expired without a groan. He lived with me the greater part of that time.

But to return to the thread of my own Narrative. We continued, at *Verdun* from July, 1804, amusing ourselves by study; and in the winter, by skaiting, &c. until August, 1807; when I began to consider my situation minutely, and to deliberate upon my unfortunate captivity, and those deliberations had the effect of making me very uncomfortable and dissatisfied: I could not afterwards reconcile myself to study, or to any amusement. I reasoned with myself, that I was losing the prime of my youth in captivity. I saw no prospect of peace, or an ex-

change of prisoners; no hope of being promoted in my present state, nor of recommending myself through any personal exertions to the notice of the Admiralty; deprived, while in France, of being able to afford my country, my friends, or myself, the least assistance.

In this horrible state, almost of stupefaction, I remained for some days; when my poor friend Ashworth observed to me, that, he and a Mr. Tuthill, a particular friend of mine, and a midshipman also, had been canvassing the cruelty and hardships they laboured under; and had, in consequence, formed the intention, if I would join them, of transgressing, and getting deprived of their permission to go out of town (what the French deemed parole), and making their escape to their Native Country. This was to me the most flattering intelligence—it was what I had been revolving in my own brain for some days. We accordingly met at an appointed place to deliberate upon the best method of putting in execution the business we were about to commence; and agreed it was necessary to procure knapsacks, provisions, bladders to contain water, &c. prior to our getting close confined; as we should be under the necessity of travelling by night, and concealing ourselves in the woods during the day-time.

The requisite materials having been provided, *viz.* files, gimlets saws, with articles which are needless to mention; that, in case of being taken, we might be able to break our fetters and to escape from the slavery and punishment we were well aware would await us,* we commenced by missing one *appel*; but to our great astonishment this breach of conduct was overlooked and forgiven. We next remained out of town very late; this was also forgiven, though we got into the guard-house, &c. In short it was several days before we succeeded in being

* They make midshipmen attend two *appels* or musters per day; the not being at the exact time was formerly 3 livres (2s. 6d.) fine but at present the offenders are sent to *St. Louis*, or *Bitche*, the *dépôts* of punishment.

deprived of our passports or permissions; and we now felt confident, from the lenity shewn us, that they suspected our intentions. However, August 28th, 1807, having found, from the opinion of several officers whom we consulted, that no tie of honour could, under our present circumstances, retain us, being literally in close confinement, and that perhaps we might never have so good an opportunity again, we determined to take French leave that night, having an excellent rope provided to scale the ramparts.

We accordingly separated, having fixed a rendezvous at 11 o'clock, which was the appointed hour.

I returned to my lodgings: but must observe, that, on my way, I happened to meet with a friend, a Lieutenant Essel, of the navy; who, with the greatest frankness, communicated to me his intention to quit France, and that he should like very much if I would accompany him. I declined giving him a direct answer at that moment and could not help suspecting, that he was aware of what we had in contemplation: however his not mentioning the other two, gave me hopes. I quitted him, waited on my comrades, and informed them of the conversation that had passed. They agreed, provided he was not in debt, and could quit the town in an honourable manner, that they had no objection to his being of our party. He gave us every assurance of what we asked; as also that he had been deprived of his passport or permission that he had settled all his affairs, and that he had 50*l.* sterling to proceed with.

At eleven, we came to the appointed spot; but found, though late, that the sentinels were on the alert and a number of people were passing and repassing, which made us put it off until the following night. We took different routes, and returned to our respective places for the night; inspired with the greatest desire of revisiting our Native Country, and elated with the hope of regaining that which predominates so much in a Bri-

ton's breast, *Liberty*. I confess, I felt the greatest regret at quitting my poor sick relative, Mr. M'Grath; nor could I make him acquainted with the step I was about to take, without experiencing an emotion impossible to be described.

The Sea Coast was the place fixed upon for us to make for; and we agreed, that about *Estaples* was the most likely part to procure a boat. The anxiety and uneasiness which we felt the next day, were beyond description. Some of our countrymen, who called to see us, *en passant*, threw out such insinuations and made such remarks upon our conduct of late, that we were under the most serious apprehensions of being shackled, and on the road to *Bitche*, before the much desired hour, 11 at night: Being well aware, *that there were several Englishmen employed and paid regularly, for conveying the most trivial occurrence that might take place amongst the prisoners, to the French general*. I have frequently known prisoners of war, through malice, to be taken out of their beds in the night, fettered and conducted under an escort of *gend'armes*, to the *dépôts* of punishment, without ever being informed of the crime or fault they had been accused of, from some of those rascals giving false information to be revenged for any private animosity they might have had against the person so treated. These spies were so numerous (I repeat it with regret) that it was morally impossible to know them all; consequently, the most watchful and cautious amongst us were liable to be entrapped. We fortunately, however, escaped their unnatural and detested snares.

The desired and long wished for moment at length arrived. We met agreeably to appointment. Every thing was favourable and quiet; and in a few seconds, with the assistance of our rope and a friend, we got down the ramparts about 72 feet high with very little damage, except losing some of the skin of our hands. Our course was N. W. which we carefully followed, each having his knapsack, &c. regularly placed.

August 30th, 1807. About 3 o'clock, the day began to dawn, and having ran during most of the time since we quitted our miserable abode, we conjectured we were at least five British leagues from it. We determined not to approach any houses, nor to expose ourselves during the day-time, except in the greatest necessity. We were fortunately close to the very wood which we had pricked off on our map for the first halt; it was in the vicinity of *Varennes.** We instantly entered this Wood, and after searching for a good thick part, at last succeeded, though it was contiguous to a path-way. However we placed ourselves so well, that unless information had been given of us, and people had come on purpose to search, we could not be discovered. We lay tolerably comfortable until about nine, when we found that this path-way was very much frequented; the voices of people passing to and fro, of children, it being Sunday, nutting, &c. was a great annoyance: However, we had no nut-trees immediately close to us, and at noon they all returned to their homes, being their dinner hour. We also took a little refreshment, destroyed our hats, and replaced them with caps *á la Française*, which we had procured. At 7, it being tolerably dusk, we again placed our knapsacks, arranged every thing and commenced our march N.W. making a direct course through the country, over ploughed fields, mountains, and marshes—nothing intercepted or retarded our progress. The happiness we even at this moment felt, was inexpressible; we considered ourselves literally as regenerated creatures.

Before day-light on the 31st it began to rain heavily. We discovered a convenient wood, although contiguous to a farm-house; where, after deliberately considering, we resolved to secrete ourselves lest we might not have another near enough—I, at this moment, perfectly recollect the spot we were placed in, and seem again to behold all that passed

* Here Louis XVI. his queen, sister and two children, were arrested, in their flight from the *Thuilleries*, in 1791, and were conducted back to *Paris*. I have seen the *gen-d'arme* who arrested them; he is now an officer and is much noticed by the present government.

before us. We provided ourselves, after a long search, the wood being excessively thin, with a tolerable sort of hiding place; and we could distinctly hear the people in the farm-yard conversing, which caused us some alarm. Our situation all this day was very deplorable. On entering our hiding-place we were wet to the skin, and it continued raining without ceasing until late in the evening; the wet we received from the branches and leaves was much worse than if we had been in an open field without a tree. Our chief employment was squeezing the water out of our clothes and stockings. Our stock of provisions, which principally consisted of light biscuit and *sausages*, was very much damaged. At dusk, about the usual hour, 7, after taking a little refreshment, we bundled on our knapsacks and accoutrements, and proceeded the old course, N. W. We walked a good distance this night, the weather being more favourable.

September 1. Just before day-light we entered a most excellent thick wood, admirably well calculated for night-walkers; took some refreshment and endeavoured to sleep a little after the fatigues of the night, and after congratulating one another at being thus far successful. At about ten, we were alarmed by the voices of people apparently close to us. We found that they were passing on an adjacent path-way, which we had not before discovered; but we were too well placed to be under any dread of being perceived. The number of squirrels, rats, mice, &c. about us this day was very great. Having made our customary preparations, at 7 we got out of our lurking hole, and proceeded to the border of the wood, on that side towards which we had to direct our course. On our arrival we discovered some labourers, still at work, in a field close to the outside of the wood, which occasioned us to halt until they disappeared. We then proceeded with some anxiety, as we saw a village exactly in our track, and which we could not avoid without making a very great circuit In about two hours after we had quitted the wood, we found our course suddenly

impeded by a ditch or moat, which, upon sounding with our clubs (that were by the bye of a tolerably good length), we found very deep; in fact it surpassed any conception we could form of it. We surveyed it, marching first in one direction, then in another, without coming to any resolution: however it was evident, that we must cross it. I at length discovered one part which appeared narrower than the rest, which made me resolve to try and leap over it. I accordingly gave myself room for a run to that narrow part, and landed on the opposite side some feet from the edge of the bank. It was not near so broad as it appeared; and knowing that it was excessively deep, made me the more anxious to secure a good landing, lest I might fall back into it: the consequence was, the opposite bank being extremely sandy and hard, and the knapsack on my shoulders lifting and coming with a sudden jerk—the moment I touched on it I was thrown on my side, and my right knee twisted in the joint to that degree, that I absolutely thought it was snapped in two: in this condition I remained extended in the most excruciating pain, recommending to my companions to be more cautious, until Lieutenant Essel and the other two joined me. They examined, and found, to my inexpressible joy, that the bone was not broken; but this unfortunate business, at the moment, deprived me of every hope of being able to prosecute my intended journey. My mind was distressed—my ideas distracted beyond conception—I was not more than fifteen or twenty leagues from the miserable Prison which I had felicitated myself at so happily escaping from—abandoned by my comrades, and who, of course, I could not expect to remain—left in an open field in this miserable state—In one word, instant death, as I then thought, would have been a thousand times more preferable. However DIVINE PROVIDENCE always ready to assist those who repose confidence in it, deigned to interpose its clemency. My comrades began to chafe and rub the part affected with spirits, a small portion of which each of us carried. I found instant relief from this remedy, and, in a short time, with their assistance, I was able to stand up.

To their repeated inquiries about my knee, I replied, that I felt much better, though in fact I had little hopes of being able to continue with them; but I feared discouraging these brave fellows, who declared their determination not to quit me.

This noble declaration inspired me with enthusiasm, and gave me fresh vigour and courage. I made an effort to step out, but was under the necessity of requesting that one would assist me on each side, which they did. Thus we moved on slowly, and passed the village that we were so anxious about. My knee, I was happy to feel, was gradually getting better; and we managed to get on in this state about three leagues, when we discovered a very fine commodious wood.

It was about two o'clock on the 2d, my comrades proposed that we should rest in this wood during the ensuing day, they would not on my account proceed farther; besides it was uncertain whether they might fall in with another wood before day-light.

No intelligence could be more congenial to my feelings than this. I was excessively weary and fatigued. So having found a proper part of the wood, each took his position and a little refreshment, and then endeavoured to take rest: but so violently did my knee pain me, that I was obliged to have two of my friends lying with their whole weight on my leg, thigh, and right side. They fell fast asleep in a very short time, yet I could not close an eye. The distressing and melancholy reflection of being left behind in consequence of my illness still recurred. The thought of being picked up and conducted to some dreadful dungeon, or some other ignominious habitation, was constantly present; replete with such ideas, what mortal could think of sleeping? Thus occupied in thought, wavering between hope and despair, I remained nearly two hours—my friends in a sound sleep the whole time. At last finding their weight on my side troublesome, I extricated myself from them

without awaking or causing them the least disturbance. I now imagined I had an excellent opportunity of trying whether I could move by myself, without alarming or discouraging my fellow-travellers. I accordingly made an effort to stand up, which I accomplished with some difficulty and then attempted to walk; but I immediately tumbled backwards, owing to the excessive pain and weakness of my knee. I afterwards made several similar essays in the course of the ensuing day, when my companions were asleep, but with no better success: I encouraged them, notwithstanding, by saying I was much better. At the usual hour, all arrangements having been made, we stole to the edge of the wood, which I never expected to be able to leave. I was assisted by two, similar to the preceding night. We found it was too early to quit the wood. There was a very high tree at the border where we came to, and it was proposed that Mr. Tuthil should climb up it, to discover what kind of country lay in our course, which he immediately did; and, to my great satisfaction, stated it to be a beautiful plain, without woods, river, or any thing to impede us. From the excessive height of the tree, we had no doubt but he could extend his view several leagues.

We now proceeded, and I insisted upon their leaving me in the rear, to hop on and struggle for myself. I felt excessively dejected, but determined not to expose it. At first the pain I endured was terrible; however I, at length, brought my leg to the ground, and limped on with the assistance of my club. We had not advanced above a league, when we perceived a beautiful vineyard right in our way. They halted to taste the grapes, which was a most heavenly relief to me, as I was almost knocked up. The grapes, though sour, we found of great service, and they revived our spirits amazingly. After eating a great many, we loaded our pockets with them. I found my knee much better, the gloom that hung over me was dispersing fast; in short, I proceeded with very good spirits, and in about an hour afterwards we providentially arrived at an orchard; found its apples delicious,

cleared our pockets of the grapes, and replaced them with this most exquisite fruit. We then proceeded with great joy, each congratulating me on my getting on so well. Indeed I never was more surprised than at the sudden change in my frame altogether, my knee improving every mile I walked.

At day-light on the 3d, we were much alarmed, not being able to make out a wood in any direction. At last, to our unspeakable delight, we perceived at a small distance a kind of little forest, not more than three or four acres in circumference. We repaired to it without hesitation, and found it thick and well adapted for our reception. Having pitched upon a convenient spot, we deposited our knapsacks, disburdened ourselves of our apples, &c, and after refreshing ourselves with a little biscuit and sausage, together with a dessert of fruit which we could now afford we betook ourselves to rest. I had not closed an eye before since I had received the hurt; but at that moment I no sooner extended my weary limbs upon the ground, than I was in a profound sleep; nor did I awake until roused by my comrades, who were alarmed by the voices of two men, who came to work adjacent to our concealment. We could hear them so very distinctly, that we were of opinion they could not be distant more than fifty paces; their conversation was chiefly respecting the towns of *Charleville* and and *Mezieres;* they continued their work until sun-set.

From hearing them mention those towns so repeatedly, in addition to other parts of the conversation, we were convinced of our being too far to the northward of our proper course. Travelling by night, frequently extremely dark, though we had an excellent compass, it was impossible to avoid sometimes erring a little, more especially whenever a river turned us out of our proper direction. Those labourers being gone, which we did not regret as the reader may suppose, we commenced our preparations as we were accustomed, and at the usual time proceeded

forward; my knee rather painful and stiff, which in a great measure gradually decreased by exercising it.

At midnight we came directly on a small town, situated in a valley, without perceiving it until it was too late to return. As it was an open town we did not apprehend any danger, particularly at so late an hour. We however passed through it as quick as possible, without meeting a soul until we got into the Faux-bourg, where we met a peasant on horseback. Mr. Ashworth asked him the name of the small town or village we had just passed; he replied *Neuville*. We thanked him, and continued our route. We travelled a considerable distance this night, having fruit to abate our thirst which was in general very great; we often experienced a dreadful scarcity of water.

At about three o'clock on the 4th, finding a convenient wood, we halted, and refreshed ourselves with a small quantity of our biscuit, &c. which, by the bye, notwithstanding the greatest œconomy, was getting very low; provided some heath, small branches, grass, &c. to lie upon, the dew being very heavy on the ground, and then went to rest. I found myself happy beyond expression, in consequence of my knee getting better daily. At the usual hour we quitted our covert; our fruit out, not a drop of water in our possession. We moved forward perishing with drought, but in momentary expectation of finding some brook or rivulet to relieve our anguish.

We travelled nearly seven hours in this horrible situation, without being able to discover any water except in one place, a large ditch, in which flax was deposited. I had much pain to prevent myself from drinking some of this stinking water, my thirst was so intolerable; but my companions assuring me the consequence would be immediate death, I proceeded without attempting to taste it. I have been in all climates, almost in all parts of the universe—have suffered excessive thirst at different

periods of my life—have drank vinegar, salt water, and even sucked the tarred sails on board a ship to endeavour to assuage that agony, but I solemnly declare, that I never felt any thing equal to what I suffered during this night from thirst.

Finding no chance of getting water feasible, at least in our direct course, we unanimously agreed to approach the first village we should discover, for the purpose of procuring a supply from some of the inhabitants' wells. An opportunity soon occurred, and we directed our steps with the greatest eagerness to this much desired spot; but previously to our arrival at the village we descried a small orchard. My friend Tuthill, always on the alert and naturally active and expert, scaled the orchard wall in a very short time, notwithstanding the constant barking of a dog in the orchard, and returned with a supply of apples; they were very small and of the wilding kind, but they answered our purpose and alleviated our distressed state. We passed through one extremity of the village, got a supply of what we stood so much in need of, and proceeded; keeping more to the westward than we had lately done, in consequence of the discovery respecting *Charleville*, &c. We now got on apace, having plenty of water.

SECTION IV.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1807.—Nothing particular occurred. At day-light, having found a convenient wood, we concealed ourselves, as usual, during the day.—At night, we again resumed our peregrination, and, at about 11 o'clock, we arrived on an immense broad road: Imagining it led to *Castelet la Capelle*,* we agreed to keep the road some time, as it was nearly in our direction, and the night was beautiful and serene. About midnight, we were all of a sudden in a street, the buildings large, and the town had the appearance of a place of some respectability. This discovery astonished us the more, as it had neither rampart nor fortification of any description; and hitherto we had been of opinion, that there was no town of this magnitude in France, without being well fortified. We perceived lights in several of the houses: however, we had very little time to consider—since we heard men's voices in different directions, dogs barking, &c. &c. At that moment we happily observed an opening, which we instantly made towards, and found it a bye lane, which we followed, and which conducted us clear out of the town, but we had several canals, mills, &c. to pass in the suburbs, before we got into a direct track. However, we at last succeeded, and had the felicity of congratulating each other on so fortunate an escape; but still were entirely ignorant what town this was; which made us determine to inquire at the first house we should approach, and in a few minutes an opportunity offered.

We perceived several huts on the road side. Mr. Ashworth and myself advanced, leaving the others concealed; and knocking at the door of one of the huts, a man (as we supposed in

* A small town in *Laounois*.

bed) asked what we wanted? We answered, we were poor distressed travellers, quite hungry and faint, and should be glad to know what distance we were from the next town. He told us, not above a mile from *Moncornet*.* We asked, if he would have the goodness to sell or give us a little bread, as we had travelled a long way and were quite weary. He and a woman, replied, they would if we could call in the morning—they were determined not to open the door at night; so we marched off and joined our companions, having made the discovery we wished. We then proceeded anxiously wishing for day-light, that we might discover on the map whereabouts *Moncornet* was situated.

Sunday, the 6th. A little before day-light having crossed an inconsiderable river called the *Serre*, we halted in a wood not more than three leagues from this town—it was very thin; and we shifted and changed many times, before we could find any part calculated to conceal us. At last we pitched upon a spot, which we made tolerably comfortable by breaking branches, and placing them all round us. We were very much disappointed on inspecting our map, to find we were not near so far advanced as we had supposed; notwithstanding, we considered ourselves to have been very fortunate. The weather was hazy, with drizzling rain, which made us uncomfortable—but we managed to sleep a little.

At about 2 in the afternoon we were alarmed by a fowler and his pointer; the dog approached us very near, and as soon as he perceived us began to bark and yell. The master came also close to us, and kept whistling and calling to his dog, who at this time was a great distance from him, having retired precipitately on discovering us. The man kept on in a direct line, in pursuit of the pointer, we perceived his legs and feet distinctly, as he passed; but, from our position, were certain he

* This Town is seated on the banks of the river *Serre*, in *Laonnois*. We learned since that it is famous for serge manufactories.

did not see us. This person being gone, we exclaimed, *We are fortunate fellows! we certainly shall get clear off.* The joy felt at this hair-breadth escape, can only be conceived by people who have been in a similar situation. At the usual hour we quitted this place, and had the happiness to find that some apple trees, just outside the wood, were covered with very excellent fruit—I need not observe, that we filled our pockets and knapsacks with them. What little biscuit we had now remaining was literally crumbled to dust; which made this supply the more welcome. It was excessively dark all this night, and we had a vast number of falls. Lieut. Essel was now getting very much fatigued, and could not keep up with us. We apprehended, from the great alteration in his appearance for the two or three last days, that he would be under the necessity of stopping on the way: however, we were resolved to continue with him as long as it appeared prudent. We crossed the *Oise*, a tolerably sized river, this night in two different places. The *Oise* is very serpentine, and is divided into several branches which perplexed us greatly. Our comrade, Essel, getting worse, we halted early in a very commodious wood.

Monday, the 7th. We surveyed our stock of provisions, and found it truly miserable, not having a pound of biscuit or rather dust, and not much *sausage*. What to do in this critical situation, we were very much at a loss to know. It was evident that we could not exist long without provisions, consequently our plan of keeping away from houses, &c. could not be adhered to much longer; it remained, therefore, to be considered, which was the best method of acting. After a long discussion, we concluded that, Messrs. Tuthill and Ashworth, being the most meagre looking amongst us, and of course the most like Frenchmen, should endeavour to procure some bread at the first retired lonely habitation we should see early in the night; fearing, if we waited for a later hour, that our reception might be equally inhospitable with that in the vicinity of *Moncornet*. All matters being thus settled, away we went.

At about 9, o'clock we perceived a house which appeared to answer the description required, directly in our course.—The two *Frenchified gentlemen* advanced to try their address; Lieutenant Essel and myself remained seated close to a thickset hedge. We continued in that position some time, waiting the result of our friends' embassy—my poor companion complaining grievously of the alteration in his health. Finding they did not return, we imagined that they had perhaps, met with a good reception, and were enjoying themselves; and we agreed as the house was directly in our way, to pass by carelessly—Accordingly walked on: Just as we had passed the door, they made their appearance, with a young man dressed like a peasant. They joined and informed us, they could procure no relief at that house; but that there was a small village within a few hundred yards of us, and that this young man was going to shew them a public house in it, where they could get supplied with every thing. I was decidedly of opinion that this was a great deal too kind on his part; and I advised them, therefore, to send this guide back, as we certainly could find the house without his assistance: but he insisted on conducting us—inquired, if we were also of the party, and presently the village appeared; it was very small—at which I rejoiced greatly. Numbers of people were moving about, and our guide informed us it was a *fête* day.

The public-house now opened upon us; and the young man pointed to it, saying, *you may enter without fear,* and quitted us. I did not like this last observation. However, we were by this time on the threshold—a number of people were in the doorway—no alternative—so in we went. The house was crowded with both sexes, dancing and amusing themselves. The dancing ceased immediately after we entered; every eye was fixed upon us. We called for a place where we could sit and refresh ourselves, and were shewn into a room. We asked for some bread, cheese, and wine; got it and ate heartily, although we could not boast of much comfort. Several of the peasants and their wives came and seated themselves close to our table,

pressing us to take some of their *gateaux*: from our appearance, caps, knapsacks, &c. we saw they took us for conscripts, going to the army. We told them we were going to *Guise*, and were obliged to travel day and night, in consequence of our regiment being ordered away, and our having remained at home too long. We then called for our bill, and desired them to bring us a large loaf of bread and a bottle of brandy, as we might want them before our arrival at the before-mentioned town. This being done, they all wished us success, and we parted from them.

My God! how delightful did the fields (when clear of this village) appear to us once more! We now proceeded, amusing ourselves with the conversation we had supported with the old farmers and their wives—and the different sensations each of us had experienced at the time, &c. Poor Essel complained greatly of fatigue and weakness; and my knee affected me a little every night when we commenced our route, but soon wore off. At day-light we stopped at a wood joining a farm-house, on the banks of the *Oise*.

Tuesday, the 8th, we commenced our march about 7 in the evening, after being greatly alarmed by a genteel dressed woman and two children, who had passed us, a servant going before her shaking the brambles and knocking the wet off the trees; they were so close as to touch the very bush that covered us. About half-past eight we crossed the *Oise* in two places, and again were obliged to pass through a small village, to get to the bridge that led over that river.

On the 9th, at day-light, after a tedious march, having traversed a number of deep-ploughed and stubble-fields, crossing hills and vales, we found ourselves again in the open fields; poor Essel scarcely able to move. This was the worst situation we had been placed in since we began our journey. On surveying with the utmost attention all around, we thought we could descry the trees at a considerable distance, yet out of our

course. We, nevertheless, made towards them. It commenced raining very fast; and, when we had reached the much-desired spot, it proved to be only a thin orchard, with a few scattered apple-trees. We still kept walking on, being well assured there was no shelter for us in our rear, at least close at hand. We soon discovered a little village in the very direction we were going, and near it appeared a small wood. We advanced tolerably fast; poor Essel a great way behind—Met an old peasant and enquired the name of the village (*Petit Essigny*). He told us there was a path-way on the right of it, if we wished to avoid passing through. We were, he said, five leagues from *St. Quentin.** This old man's remarks appeared to us very singular: he took his leave, and we walked on. It rained and the morning was advancing, now nearly 8 o'clock. What we imagined to be a wood, adjacent to the village, proved, upon approaching it, to be only a few shrubs. We arrived at these shrubs, and we found they were pretty thick and the grass very high, surrounded by a quick-set hedge. We instantly got through the hedge, and lay close down. Our situation was very unpleasant; the grass, which was excessively wet, added to our having been wet nearly to the skin before we entered it—The rain came literally upon our poor bodies in sluices, off the bushes. Poor Essel was now hardly able to move or speak; however, this was preferable, we thought, to the risk of going into the village, where we suspected that *gens d'armes* might be lurking, being so near a large town. We continued in this miserable plight until about four o'clock, when Mr. Essel became quite weak and feeble, and the rest of our little party were not much better; which induced us to quit this wretched place and endeavour to get shelter in a house, let the consequence be what it might. Accordingly we approached a single hut at a short distance from the village—entered it, and found in it a poor old peasant and two lads, who

* This town was formerly called *Augusta Veromandorum*, a strong and famous town, seated on an eminence, by the River *Somme*. It is 22 miles south of *Cambray*.

proved to be his sons: they were shivering over a few cinders and appeared very miserable. We requested they would make a fire, and allow us to dry our things and warm ourselves; which they did, upon our promising payment; they seemed to be very much astonished at our appearance and greatly at a loss, to know who and what we were. The fire being now made we proceeded to wring the water out of our clothes, and to endeavour to get them dry. We made the old peasant bring us some bread; he also gave us a little butter, which by chance he had in the house, the old dame, his wife, having taken all the rest that morning to *St. Quentin's* market. We imagined we should do extremely well, if the old man would allow us to remain all night even by the fire-side; as it was impossible to attempt to travel, it rained so excessively hard. This we intimated to our venerable host; but he without hesitation, assured us it was out of his power. There was a public house in the village, he observed, where we could get supplied with every thing we might want; and as it was so very near, there could be no great difficulty attending our getting there. At that moment two peasants were passing his door, and he added, "those two men belong to the village, they will point out the house to you." He then called the two men; they appeared very civil—there was no alternative, so we paid the old man for his fire, bread, butter, &c. and accepted of the offer of these men—The figure of this said host of ours, is still before me. He was a tall, thin, squinting fellow, with an iron countenance that gave the unfortunate but little to expect. We soon arrived at the village, and to our inexpressible joy found it to be a very miserable one. Our guides shewed us the public house, and went away. We entered it, and found the good landlady had nothing to give us but bread and eggs; and no bed, but a loft full of clean hay. This was the only inn (as they termed it) in the village. We appeared to hesitate, whether we should remain here or proceed to the next considerable town *St. Quentin*; inquiring what distance it might be. Our hostess replied, *not above three or four miles to a tolerably large village.* It rained too hard, we told her, to

go that distance, and inconvenient as it was, we would remain with her and sleep in the hay-loft that night, in preference to being exposed any longer to the inclemency of the weather. This was indeed the kind of tavern and lodgings that suited us; I was never more pleased than at this reception. We got a good fire made, completed the drying of our clothes, got some supper and retired to the hay loft. The good woman gave us two blankets to cover us. We found this accommodation sufficiently good, and we very soon fell fast asleep.

The next day, fortunately for us, (as it kept us under cover) was very bad, raining without intermission. We kept in our loft, except one who went to procure breakfast, and to inform the landlady, (who we found was a widow) that we would stay until evening, in hopes that the rain might cease. We sent her our trowsers, stockings, &c. to mend for us. We could move about without much fear in this place, and found they were utter strangers to the sight of a *gend'arme*. The good lady took us for conscripts, and commiserated our situation. She had a brother in the army, then in Prussia; and she brought us a letter to read that she had lately received from him.—*I had served in the same regiment*: She was very much pleased to hear it. At about seven we paid this worthy old hostess, and took our leave. The night was clear star-light and promised favourably; but the ground was so excessively slippery and muddy, that we could scarcely prevent ourselves from falling every step we took. At about ten Mr. Essel was seized with a violent bleeding of the nose and mouth. We feared that he had burst a blood-vessel. This, together with a dysentery, which he had been troubled with some time, rendered him so excessively weak, that he could not move a step. We were greatly affected at this misfortune, and agreed to convey him to the next house we should find. Fortunately the village alluded to by our landlady, when we first arrived at her house, was in sight, and the view of it gave our sick friend fresh courage; but we were apprehensive it was too large, however, we were resolved

at all events, to procure him a lodging there; and, if we perceived any danger, to be off instantly. About half past 11, we arrived at this village, which proved to be far inferior to what we had expected. Mr. Ashworth went into a public house to reconnoitre, and to enquire if our friend could be supplied: he returned shortly, and said he had succeeded, and assured us, from every appearance therein, that there was not the smallest risk attending our remaining there for the night, and even the next day. We wished very much to continue if possible together; indeed, from their very great attention to me, when scarcely able to move, I was determined not to desert or abandon any of them that might be indisposed, unless impelled by the greatest necessity. We accordingly agreed to remain with our friend, sincerely hoping that he might, by the next night, recruit his strength. The bleeding had ceased, which was a great deal in his favour: we accordingly went into the public house, the sick gentleman and myself last. We were very civilly received by the landlord, who was a young decent man; he shewed us into a nice, clean, back room, where we had beds for each of us: he assured us we were perfectly safe with him.—*I have been situated in a similar manner once myself,* said he, *and shall ever have a fellow-feeling for others: when I quitted the army as a conscript, I travelled several hundred miles by night, and concealed myself in woods in the day time.* We gave him nods of approbation, took some refreshment; found our friend was already better, and each retired (happy as any creature could be) to his bed.—My God! what a paradise! It is not in my power to express, or to give any idea of the delight and happiness I felt, at being once more in a comfortable bed; with every thing neat and clean about me. This was our thirteenth night without stripping or resting, except the preceding one in the hay-loft. I need not observe, that we remained in bed most part of the next day.

Friday 11th. Being under no apprehension, and our landlord, from the observations made by him on our arrival, being aware

that we travelled by night; made us perfectly reconciled. At dusk we paid our bill with gratitude, took leave of our kind host and proceeded. Essel was greatly refreshed; we found ourselves quite strong and well, from the last night's repose. This night was exceedingly dark, and we had a great number of ploughed fields to go through, which fatigued our poor friend greatly: we were frequently under the necessity of resting and waiting for him during the night.

At day-light on the 12th, it began raining incessantly; we were then very near a small village—Our late success made us more bold than we were at our first setting out, and having no wood to shelter us, we resolved to go into the village: We found it very well calculated for us, and got admitted into a public house; where, after procuring something to eat, we requested to be allowed to lie down somewhere to rest a little, expecting to be shewn into a hay-loft,—but were agreeably surprised; for our good old landlady put sheets on the only two beds she had, and told us we might rest ourselves on them until night: we perceived that she also supposed we were conscripts. She also got Mr. Essel something warm, and appeared very attentive. At dusk, as usual, we paid the good dame, and began our march—poor Essel complained a good deal, and my feet began to swell; although they did not pain me, I feared some bad consequence from their swelling. About 10, our friend declared he could not advance a step farther; consequently, we sat down to allow him time to rest. We were greatly mortified at this, and did not know how to act; and were certain if he continued thus indisposed, we should be a long time before we arrived at our destined spot. He began himself to think he should be obliged to stop at some house, and had therefore better let us proceed, as he clearly saw the risk we ran in approaching houses and villages; but this was repugnant to our feelings. We agreed to wait with him a day or two longer, to see if he should improve, but were greatly at a loss where to take him for the night. We were thus meditating, when we were joined by

a man going exactly our road: he saluted us very kindly, expressed some sorrow at seeing our comrade ill; informed us he was a baker and was returning from the place where he had been at work the whole week, to his little family in a village about two miles farther on; his wife had recently died, and had left him three orphans: he had two beds, which should be prepared for us, and he would procure us every thing we might want for the night. The village was small and he hinted that there was no danger whatever in our entering it. He took us to be what the others had imagined. We accepted of his kind offer; and returned our sincerest thanks to Divine Providence for its bounty and goodness, in thus sending such a person in our way. We soon arrived at this poor man's dwelling. He made a good fire for us and ordered his children to get up and prepare the beds for our reception.—They retired into a loft. We found ourselves particularly safe with this poor hospitable stranger; got well warmed and went to bed. He procured us every thing we wanted the next day. Nothing could be more kind and liberal than the conduct of this man, as the reader will afterwards perceive.

On Sunday the 13th, as we had promised Essel we waited until dusk and paid our host handsomely for his trouble. He escorted us a mile or two on our road, and took his leave, full of gratitude and greatly pleased. We were indeed much indebted to this man for his attention and civility. Our companion found himself a little better, and in tolerably good spirits. About 11, we passed close in sight of *Bapaume*, where I had been about three years before.

At a little before day-light on the 14th, we entered a wood, and found a convenient place to conceal ourselves. We conjectured we were nearly five leagues from *Arras** At about

* *Arras* is the chief town of the department *du pas de Calais*, province of *Artois*; it is remarkable for its fine church, and well furnished library. A great part of its fortifications were built by Vauban. It is seated on the

eleven, we were alarmed by the noise and whistling of a fowler with a dog, and in a few minutes we heard the report of his piece; the shot rattled through the bushes in which we lay, and a partridge perched close to us. This circumstance alarmed us prodigiously, as we could hear the man and dog advancing towards the very spot. To move would have been imprudent, since he was so very close, that it was impossible to avoid being discovered. We waited the event, without the smallest hope of escaping from being seen--the dog advanced—flushed the partridge nearly at our feet— the fowler close to us: fortunately the bird took an opposite direction to the spot, where we remained concealed, and the master and dog followed; and in a few minutes relieved us from the consternation they had thrown us into.

This was the second providential escape we had from a fowler, or poacher: it is not in my power to give the reader a just idea of our feelings, they are much easier conceived than described.

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river *Scarp* 22 miles N.W. of *Cambray*: it is at present a *dépôt* for British prisoners of war; they are all (with few exceptions) confined in the citadel; they amounted to about 3,000.

SECTION V.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1807. At the usual hour we commenced our nightly peregrinations, and were happy to find that our sick friend was recovering. We walked a great distance this night, to endeavour to make up for the number of times we had been obliged to stop; and this was very near proving dangerous.—At day-light, Tuesday, the 15th, we found ourselves in an open plain. Two or three villages were in sight, but not the least appearance of a wood. We were determined, as our comrade found himself much better, not to approach any of those places: accordingly, we proceeded forward, avoiding the villages as much as possible. We perceived, when we had passed the first, a shrubbery, or young wood, adjoining the second village; advanced quickly, and entered it at the most remote part. It proved to be a nursery, and very thin; however, after searching some time, we discovered a tolerably good place, where we remained until the usual time to make a sortie, about 11. As we were passing a small village, being excessively thirsty and not able to discover any watering place, we agreed *to border close*, in hopes of being able to procure some water at one of the wells, with which these villages abound. Messrs. Ashworth and our sick comrade were employed in getting some, while Mr. Tuthill and myself retired to a small distance, under cover of a quickset hedge. Two women and a man passed close by us; the women continued to walk on, but the latter halted and turned on his heel.—I was next to him; he eyed me closely, and exclaimed—"*Vous êtes Anglois!*" To which I replied, "*Je suis aussi bon François que vous, je l'espère.*" This was the only time in the whole course of my life that I had felt afraid to acknowledge my country; but since that period, I have been frequently under the necessity of being of different countries, and of assuming different names. The wo-

men hearing the conversation, called to the fellow *to come along, and mind his own business.* He appeared to wish to remain; but, on their repeatedly calling to him, he left us. Had we not been contiguous to a house, his curiosity might have procured him a good drubbing at least. Having been joined by our companions, we proceeded. At break of day, Wednesday, the 16th, we got into an excellent thick wood, and found a material change in the weather as we advanced to the northward; sometimes a sort of grey frost, which made us extremely cold, before the rising of the sun; nor could we at all times receive the benefit of that heavenly body until noon, owing to the thickness of the part of the wood that we were (when practicable) obliged to occupy. We found an abundance of filberts, filled our pockets with them, and felt particularly happy at succeeding thus far. This was the last wood we expected to inhabit prior to our seeing the sea-coast; and we were, at times, replete with the idea of its being the last night we should remain in the land of tyrants. At the usual time we commenced our route, and left the town of *St. Paul** about two miles on our left hand side. At about 10, our progress was impeded by the river *Canche*; after examining it in several directions without success, we agreed to send Mr. Ashworth to a farm-house hard by, to inquire the nearest place that we could cross; he returned in a few minutes, with one of the farmer's men, who had been desired to direct him, and assured us the people were extremely civil. It appeared to him to be a good place to get a supply of provision—we were excessively hungry—and, as the passage across the river was immediately at the end of the farm-house, and they had already discovered our number, we mutually consented to put the farmer's hospitality to the test, and, if possible, to procure a supply. We advanced with the man, who shewed us in; were very kindly received by the master of the house and conducted into a decent back room. The kitchen, when we first entered, was full of peasantry, at supper.

* A small town, in the department *du pas de Calais*, province of *Artois*, about 15 miles from *Arras*, and 22 from *St. Omer's*.

His harvest had been that day finished, and he was giving his labourers a feast on the occasion; an old custom in that part of the country, throughout which many things reminded us of our own. Nothing could surpass the attention and goodness of this man, he supplied us with every thing his house could afford. It is certain he took us for Frenchmen and conscripts. As he would not accept of any payment, we made the servant who attended a present, and took our leave of this good man full of gratitude for his kindness.

We conjectured that we were not more than seven leagues from *Estaples*,* and, as we were all in tolerably good spirits, even Mr. Essel, we determined to go that distance before day-light; therefore set out at a quick pace. Passed *Hesdin*† at midnight, at a very respectful distance; and, at day-light on Thursday, the 17th, to our great mortification, we found ourselves at least three leagues from our intended place, the journey being much more than we had supposed on quitting the farmer's house. A bourg, or municipal town, called *Nieuville*, lay immediately in our track, without our having any means of avoiding it on account of the serpentine course of the river. No wood, or place to shelter us, was in sight—a most critical situation—and we had no alternative but to pass this town: we, therefore, pushed forward to get through, before many of the inhabitants were up, which we happily accomplished. However we found the road was getting too full, after we had advanced a little; consequently, as soon as we possibly could, we struck across the fields—still no appearance of any wood. Several people were moving in different directions, and amongst others military men. We resolved to go into a small village contiguous, ima-

* This town is seated on the mouth of the river *Canche*; it has a tolerably good harbour for small vessels; and is said, by some, to be the *Portus Itius* mentioned by Cæsar.

† A strong town, seated also on the *Canche*. Philibert Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, and General to the Emperor Charles V. built this fortress in 1554, after demolishing old *Hesdin*.

gining that it would be less dangerous than to remain straying and wandering about in the open fields. We arrived about 8 o'clock, at a hut in the village; avoiding the public house, as there are in general police officers, or *gens d'armes*, lurking about such places, when in the vicinity of large towns; and we were at that moment surrounded by dangerous spots; *viz. Montreuil*,* and *Estaples*, and were on the route to *Boulogne* which was about ten or twelve leagues distant. We asked the inhabitants if they could provide us breakfast? they replied, *Yes, we can give you some milk-soup and bread.* We approved of this repast very much; and, after paying them, we requested they would have the goodness to allow us to repose ourselves for a few hours in some convenient place: but this they refused—hinting, that they suspected we were deserters from the camp at *Boulogne*. We assured them upon our word of honour, they were very much mistaken; that, on the contrary, we were going that way, but were so very much fatigued and having a sick comrade, we wanted a little rest. After importuning them a long time, and promising to reward them, they allowed us to go into a barn-loft full of straw; we were particularly obliged to them, and perfectly contented with this apartment: but, when nearly settled, and each had got covered over with straw, to our great mortification and annoyance, the owner came, having repented of his granting permission to enter it, and insisted upon our instantly quitting his premises. All rhetoric with this fellow was in vain. So we were obliged to quit our habitation about 11 o'clock, and walk towards another more respectable village. We now advanced boldly, verifying the old proverb, that "Necessity has no law." We inquired of a shepherd, on entering the village, if he could direct us to a public house? and he pointed us out one. We proceeded, but with little hopes of escaping from being discovered; however we determined to call for a private room the moment we arrived at the cabaret, being in hopes (if we could avoid police officers in passing to

* This town is seated on a hill, at a small distance from the *Canche*; it has a castle, and is in a very strong position.

a private apartment) we might stand a chance to remain unnoticed until night. We succeeded in being supplied with some refreshments, and were provided with a suitable apartment immediately. The only person in the house was a girl, about 18 years of age, she made us a comfortable fire and shook up two beds that were in the room, for us to rest a little if we wished. We pretended to be quite careless (seeing there was no danger), and asked her where her father and mother were? She replied, *the former was watching sheep outside of the village; the latter was gone to Estaples.* We found, by the description the daughter gave of him, that our landlord was the very man who directed us there. She asked us, if we were not conscripts going to the camp near *Boulogne*? We answered in the affirmative; and told her to be particular in preventing any person whatever from coming into our room, as we had a few things to settle. She promised she would—and informed us, there was then a *gend'arme* in peasant's attire, in the kitchen, who had just come from *Boulogne* with a party of people, to procure forage for the *gens d'armese* horses quartered there. We informed her, we had not the least desire to see any body except her father, with whom we wished to have some conversation. She promised to send for him, as soon as her guest in the kitchen had quitted it. I must confess, I did not much approve of this fellow's being under the same roof with us.—We were all a little uneasy; however, he soon parted. The girl sent for her father, and the mother also returned. We were in great hopes that as these were very poor people, we might be able to procure a boat through their acquaintance with some fishermen on the coast and the influence of a few *Louis d'ors.*—Convinced that nothing could be accomplished without this all-powerful metal, each began to search in the different parts of his garments, for his quantum. We had been obliged to take the precaution of stitching it in the seams, to prevent losing it in case of being arrested. To our great sorrow, and I may add *astonishment*, Mr. Essel discovered, that his money, to the amount of 45*l.* had slipped out of a pad made for the purpose, which he declared he had kept in his neck

handkerchief; nor could he recollect having untied it, but once since we set out, and that was at the worthy baker's cottage, where he suspected he had left it. This baker had appeared to be an honest man, and as I before observed had behaved excessively kind to us. The loss was to us, at that moment, very considerable, but not irreparable, as we still had a tolerably good sum and two gold watches; sufficient, as we trusted, to inspirit the shepherd and induce him to assist us. He at length arrived; when, after taking every feasible means of enjoining secrecy, relying upon this fellow's honesty and good principles, we disclosed our situation, who we were, &c, and promised to reward him very liberally, provided he could procure us a conveyance across the Channel. We were certain (as we observed), that he must have a number of seafaring acquaintances on the sea coast, and we would make it well worth their trouble to assist us. He hesitated very much at first; but having shewn him a purse, and repeating our promises of reward, he assured us he would try every possible means; and that at all events, he declared, we were perfectly safe under his roof and he would proceed to see what he could accomplish. We were greatly elated, and were almost certain of succeeding, from his not raising any obstacles. Our anxiety for this fellow's return is not to be described; every individual that passed appeared to be some body he had sent, or was about to bring, to agree with us for our passage. The much wished-for moment at length arrived. The Old Shepherd, with a demure countenance, opened our door; and having closed it again with the utmost caution, began to inform us, That all his search to procure a boat had been fruitless; that the fishermen along the coast were obliged to bring their boats to *Estaples* and lay them up there, whence they dared not move without a passport from the commandant of the town, and a soldier as a guard in each boat, to prevent their having communication with the English cruisers, or going without the limits. They were also under the necessity of going out and returning in the day-time only.

He added, that we could not remain in his house any longer than the dusk of the evening, as he was obliged to return an account to the mayor of the village, of every stranger that might be in his house after dark, taking their passports at the same time for the mayor's inspection; and he concluded by observing with a grave face, lifting his hat and scratching his head, *I hope gentlemen you will reward me for my pains, and for keeping counsel.* The relation of this specious rascal was so unexpected, and so contrary to what we had every reason to hope from his previous promises, that we were absolutely confounded. We stood amazed, staring at one another, and could not help observing, "That it was the fault of his better half, who appeared to be a bitter, detestable creature—She, no doubt, had been consulted," and her sour looks and conduct upon all occasions, convinced us our opinion was well founded.

Having nothing to expect from this couple, we paid them for every thing in a very handsome manner, and when dark left them. They had repeatedly threatened to bring the mayor to us, if we remained a moment longer; but all their threats were in vain, we were resolved not to move until dark lest we might have been arrested, or some plot have been laid by this inhospitable pair. We were now puzzled to know how to act, and imagined that the account given, with respect to the fishing boats, was partly true. Sometimes we supposed it would be better to proceed towards *Rotterdam*, at others we thought of crossing the *Canche*, and directing our course towards *St. Vallery*; but at last we all agreed unanimously to cross the river, as the safest method for that night, and then to proceed to some villages that were close down on the Sea Coast. We were thus consulting, when the Shepherd's daughter appeared, and told us, "That her father had sent her to shew us a house, where we were certain of finding a person that would be of service to us, and who would put us across the river, which was by far the safest side." We thanked the girl, who appeared the whole evening very much

affected at the conduct of her parents; and she returned, begging us not to mention, at this house, who had directed us there—which, of course, we promised, and observed. One was now deputed to go to reconnoitre the house; it was about 10 o'clock—the house was on the side of the road—and a number of soldiers were passing on their route to the Camp; this circumstance retarded our project, as we were obliged to keep within a hedge, until those fellows had passed, which was 11 o'clock. Then Mr. Tuthill (the deputed person) advanced; and in a short time returned and informed us, that he had seen a man who had given him some hopes. That he would rejoin us shortly—this was most welcome news. The person made his appearance, and told us he would direct us to a friend's house on the other side, who would, he believed, do what we wished.—My God! what joyful intelligence! His boat would put us across as soon as she should be afloat, the tide of flood was then making, and he would return again to where we were in an hour, by which time he supposed the boat would be afloat; We were now in wonderful spirits.—We changed our situation, lest this stranger might have been a scoundrel sent to deceive us, and placed ourselves where we could easily discover, whether he had any people with him when he returned. At the appointed time he came to where he expected to find us, by himself, which convinced us his intentions were more honest than we supposed. In a few minutes we were carried to the opposite side, where he secured his boat and guided us to the house above mentioned; assuring us, that they were people we could depend upon, and who had many friends, fishermen, on the water side. He would not enter the cottage, or hut, but quitted us at the threshold, having received a sufficient recompense for the trouble we had given. We knocked repeatedly at the door—It began to rain very heavily—nor could we gain admittance, until we had given repeated assurances that we were particular friends, who only wished to be sheltered a few minutes from the inclemency of the weather. These protestations at length gained us permission to enter.

The man and woman of the house stared at us with great amazement; and finding that we were utter strangers to them, they begged to know our wishes. We requested they would make themselves quite easy upon that head—that we were absolutely come as friends in distress, to solicit their assistance and protection, and not to do them the smallest injury. We then informed them, that we were Frenchmen, who anxiously wished to be conveyed, as quickly as possible, into some part of Normandy or Brittany. We made them handsome offers to encourage them, but without effect. The woman observed, that it was true she had a brother, a fisherman, in a village on the sea coast, but his boat had been taken round to *Estaples*, and he was obliged, when he wished to go out to fish, to embark at that town, going through the forms already observed; and this induced us to credit, in a great measure, what the Shepherd had already stated. The same history was also affirmed by the husband. They informed us, that on our arrival, they suspected us to be *gens d'armes* in disguise.—Those scoundrels, it appears, were frequently in the habit of imposing upon their poor countrymen in that manner. These good folks soon insisted upon our quitting the house: we pleaded the badness of the weather, begged of them to allow us a barn, cow-house, or even a hog-stye, sooner than be compelled to proceed any further in such inclement weather; they were, however, positive, and we were under the necessity of proceeding literally in a deluge. They, however, had the charity to point out a direction to us, which led to a barn at some distance from a farm-house; this barn, they observed, was full of hay, and was very seldom visited, therefore, we could very safely remain concealed in it until the following night: they advised us also to proceed towards *Dieppe*, or *St. Vallery*, as the most probable places for finding a boat. We were now once more in a perplexing situation, and found there was no confidence to be placed in any thing scarcely that these wretches said. The weather, however, and the approach of day, obliged us to put the veracity of their last information to trial. We shortly dis-

covered the barn and farm-house, and had the good fortune to arrive at the former a little before day-light; found it full of hay, as they had stated, a most timely relief for us, being quite drenched with the incessant rain and all over mud and dirt. Each soon found, or made, a convenient hole for himself through the hay, taking the precaution to work a good way down, and to cover himself well over, lest our steps into this place should lead to suspicion and we might be discovered; indeed we were suspicious even of the very people who had directed us hither, so bad was our opinion now of the folks we had to deal with. We fell into a most profound sleep, nor did I awake until 9 o'clock (Friday, Sept. 18th), when I heard my name called repeatedly by Mr. Tuthill: He proposed, that we should quit that place immediately, and get down to the sea-side, as the day was the only time to succeed in procuring a boat, from the method they had taken of securing them at night. To me this proposition appeared replete with temerity, the others did not approve of it, but they did not take much pains to oppose it. I used the most forcible arguments I was master of, to dissuade them from so rash a proceeding—and pointed out the caution we had observed in the inland parts of the country, as the only thing that had insured our success in arriving where we then were; although there had been much less danger in the interior, than on the sea coast, where there would be of course a strict look-out kept by Custom-house officers, *gardes de côte,* &c. My observations gave rise to a number of arguments; and, if I recollect right, Mr. Tuthill observed, that he would quit the barn and proceed by himself, if we persevered in remaining any longer there. I then suggested as the better plan, to wait until night; we could in the event of not succeeding always make this our rendezvous, and could arrive at it before day-light—procuring subsistence at some lonely cottage during the night. All my rhetoric was in vain, they appeared to be desirous to try their fortune by day-light. I then requested, at any rate, that they would wait until noon, the usual time for the country people to dine—as we might with the more ease get away unnoticed

this was agreed to, so at noon we made a sortie, and got on the high road leading in the direction we intended to take, without being seen by any body. We proceeded along it apparently with great intrepidity—although, I confess, I had the greatest dread of being stopped each moment. It proved to be market day at *Estaples*, and the road was sometimes very much crowded with country people, going to and returning from the ferry boat. We passed so many without experiencing any thing disagreeable, that I began to think we might succeed in getting to the sand-hills,* without interruption, where we could remain until night in perfect security; and if we were thus fortunate, I considered it would be owing to every one being of opinion, that no suspicious people would attempt to pass so public a road in the middle of the day. But alas, these hopes were too sanguine, as the reader will soon discover, and my apprehensions appeared to have been too well founded.

We kept advancing towards the Sand-Hills with great celerity little suspecting that the moment was near at hand, when all hope of regaining our Native Soil would be destroyed.—Every pleasure which we had anticipated on our arrival there, the visiting of our friends, our advancement in our profession—in fact, every thing pleasing to the human mind which we had indulged and cherished during our long and fatiguing journey was soon to be frustrated. But to proceed. We had now a poor sorry village to pass; and, at the very last house, Mr. Ashworth expressed a desire to ask for a draught of water, as he felt excessively low: On these occasions every one was consulted—none of us saw any danger at that moment arising from this circumstance, having passed through the village and by a number of people, without the smallest inconvenience. He accordingly entered the house, and we advanced slowly, waiting his return. He appeared to be

* There are a great number of these hills close down to the water side in the vicinity of *Estaples*.

a long time absent. Mr. Tuthill wished to go and see what detained him. Mr. Essel and myself remained on the side of the road, anxiously looking out. They very soon appeared; and, to our inexpressible grief and mortification, were conducted by two armed men in an uniform entirely foreign to us.* I clearly perceived that these fellows had taken them into custody, from the manner in which they approached. When they had joined us, Mr. Ashworth introduced me to them, as Captain Cox, of the Ship Favourite, of New York—This had been the story fixed upon in case of being stopped.—*We had been cast away near Marseilles and all hands had perished, except Florence Heath (Mr. Ashworth), mate, William Dixon (Mr. Tuthill) supercargo, and Mr. Essell, whose new name I now forget (passenger). We were bound to Barcelona. Cargo—slaves and cotton. Only the supercargo, and mate could speak French:* Consequently, I had an opportunity of disclosing my sentiments more freely, to those who stood interpreters. They appeared to commiserate our situation, and had not the least doubt but what we alleged was true: *But they must take us to the Mayor of the Town, who would (no doubt) grant us passports to proceed to some sea-port, whence we could take shipping for America, or any other place we pleased.* We expressed our warmest thanks for this mark of their attention; but (if they pleased) we did not wish to put them to the inconvenience of going out of their way on our account.—*It was entirely in their way, and it was impossible we could proceed along the coast without papers—they were only astonished how we had crossed the kingdom of France;* or, more properly speaking, the Empire, *without being arrested. We had been much to blame in not having procured passports prior to our quitting Marseilles.* We assured them, *We were ignorant of its being in the smallest degree necessary—We had been born in a Country where nothing of the kind was required, and*

* They were Douaniers or Custom-house officers—the sea-coast abounds with them.

where it would be deemed a very great insult, to ask any person where he came from, or whither he was going. They gave a shrug at this—and declared it was *bien different dans ce pays ci.* We regretted that we had not been more enlightened with respect to the laws of their Country, &c. &c; and by that time we arrived at the ferry boat, and in a few minutes were in the Town of *Estaples.* We had a number of articles in our possession that we wished to get rid of; so I desired *my Mate* to mention to them, that I wished to take a little refreshment at some convenient inn, before we waited on the Mayor. They consented, without hesitation, and we arrived at a small cabaret; called for some bread and wine, and, one at a time had occasion to withdraw for a few minutes—Thus, we got clear of several things, that might have produced disagreeable consequences.

We now cheerfully accompanied (at least in appearance) our conductors. They were under the necessity of waiting upon their Captain, before they went to the Mayor's. He received us with politeness, and sent for the Mayor to be present at our examination. His Worship arrived, and with him an American gentlemen: They interrogated us very strictly and minutely. We repeated our former story. The American gave us to understand, that as they suspected we were English, which we had no possible means of disproving, we should be sent to *Boulogne* prison until they heard from our consul, at *Paris*, or until they were well convinced of the veracity of our statement. Accordingly we were conducted to the town prison, and given in charge to the *gend'armerie.* Their Brigadier, who was commanding officer, after surveying us with one of the eyes of Argus, inquired if we had been searched—they replied, no. "Search them instantly," cried he, "they are Englishmen, depend on it, who have escaped from one of the *dépôts.*"—His orders were readily obeyed. I was first rummaged. They opened my pocket book, in which were several English letters, &c. I asserted that the pocket-book belonged

to a cousin of mine, who had perished with the wreck.—But any thing I could affirm was rendered useless for on the others were found maps of the departments that we had gone through, with several other papers which identified us to be what they suspected.

However, we still persisted in being Americans: They remonstrated on the folly of such conduct, and ordered us in to a dungeon, assuring us we should be now very roughly treated, and considered as dangerous people; whereas, a frank confession might cause some mitigation. After a little deliberation, we clearly perceived the inutility of holding out; so acknowledged at once, who and what we were. The Brigadier assured us, he had been confident from the moment he first saw us, that we were English—and he would now do every thing in his power to comfort us under our present embarrassments —but he had no superior officer of his Corps nearer than *Boulogne,* where he should send us the next day; and, for that night, he would allow us to go to an inn to get ourselves a little in order; but with a strong escort and we should be obliged to find it in every necessary, and to pay them six *livres* (five shillings) each for the night. This we readily agreed to—Our situation, and state of mind were truly miserable.

At the inn we bought a new shirt and pair of stockings each, and got our old ones washed and mended. They supplied us with tolerably good beds, which we were extremely anxious to take possession of. After supper, we were in the act of going to bed, when an order came from the Commanding officer of a Camp adjacent, to conduct us to his tent—which was quickly put in execution. He appeared, in manners, the reverse of the general character of the French, perused all my letters, which were of no consequence to any one existing, except myself, and which have never been returned unto me—and declared, he was certain we had emissaries on the Coast, other-

wise we should never have attempted so perilous a journey. We assured him, it was no such thing. "Ah!" said he, "the fishermen on our Coast, unfortunately, are too much attached to the English."

Our conversation terminated, and we were re-conducted to the inn; where we very soon retired to rest our weary limbs, and to take that refreshment, of which our bodies and minds both stood so much in need.

SECTION VI.

SATURDAY, Sept. 19th, 1807.—At 8 o'clock the next morning, we were placed in a cart and escorted to *Boulogne ;* where we arrived about 2 in the afternoon, and were given in charge to the jailer, who sent one of his expert turnkeys to shew us our lodgings which were certainly *extensive* enough; two small sheafs of straw and a bucket of water were shortly after sent us to supply the places of beds and refreshments, after about twelve leagues journey, as well as to strengthen us for a most fatiguing march back into the interior.

This day's excursion had afforded us a view of that formidable flotilla (which had so frequently threatened to hurl destruction upon our little island), as well as a view of the white cliffs of Dover. A frigate and lugger were also cruising off the French coast—how pleasing even was this sight after an absence of nearly four years.—Notwithstanding our unhappy situation, the agitation which that sight produced, the distracted state of my mind; and the thoughts that revolved within me, are not to be described. However I had one consolation in contemplating the folly of the French nation; had they possessed a thousand times as many flat-bottom boats as I then saw, they could not have made any impression on that happy country which has kept them at bay for ages, and continues daily to strike terror into its enemies, and to give security to its friends.

The keenness of our appetites soon suggested to us the necessity of becoming acquainted with our *good* host; we therefore began to supplicate, through the iron grates, for some relief. After repeated solicitations, during which we never omitted mentioning that we would pay any thing he demanded—this

man of iron thought proper, at last, to pay us a visit. He promised to afford us relief, and we soon got supplied tolerably well, and had two mattresses brought us, still keeping our promise to pay whatever was demanded. It appeared that this villain was a great acquisition to Buonaparte's government: he had been originally a convict sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in chains; he therefore resided in a jail and wore small silver chains round his wrists and ancles, and thus literally conformed to his sentence, whilst he was placed in a situation under government. This jail, similar to all the others that I have seen in France was full of deserters from the army, who were very cruelly used.

On Monday, the 21st, we were conducted to the captain of *gens d'armes* to undergo another examination, he behaved very like a gentleman. We were interrogated separately. He said, that our attempt to regain our liberty was very laudable, he felt for our misfortunes, and asssured me he would return me my letters if he possibly could; but added, that I might get them from General Wirrion at *Verdun*, to whom he was then forwarding them. Our march back was to commence the next morning; he exhorted us to have fortitude and patience, and dwelt very much on the cruelty of not having an exchange of prisoners. We returned him many thanks for his goodness, and were escorted back to our prison, where we made every necessary arrangement for the next day.

Tuesday 22d, we were called betimes by the guard, and in a few minutes were once more *en route*. The day was excessively wet and the roads heavy, which prevented them from chaining us, more especially as we had a very long march to *Montreuil*, which was 12 or 13 leagues distant. About five in the afternoon, we were placed in the common jail, which we found a tolerably good one; but the jailer and his wife imposed upon us in a shameful manner. They told us, that a Mr. Kemp, an Englishman, resided at the mayor's, and was considered a prisoner on his parole. We sent him a note,

which he answered, by declaring, *he would willingly come and see us, but he was afraid of compromising himself*—I leave the reader to imagine what opinion this reply gave us of our countryman. Here we remained several days waiting, for what they styled *correspondence*.* As they had received orders to transport us from brigade to brigade, that we might experience the comforts of every dungeon between *Estaples* and *Verdun*, and also form acquaintances in them, we did not despair even then of being able to escape on our return, as we frequently contrived to slip our hands out of the hand-cuffs and chains, without being noticed; but we never found a cover or convenient place to run for when these occasions offered.

Our route was through *Hesdin*, and *St. Paul* to *Arras*, where we saw several of our countrymen, who were not so extremely cautious as Mr. Kemp, although we were conducted through the main street, loaded with chains. The jailer here behaved with kindness and civility to us, and (with the exception of one), was the most humane man in that situation I ever knew. The commandant was also extremely civil, and allowed us at our own request a chaise with an escort to *Cambray*. Having passed through *Bapaume*, we called at the baker's, where Mr. Essel supposed he had lost his money. He and his children were severally examined; but we could not discover the smallest trace that might lead us to suppose he had it: And I must confess I believed the baker to be innocent. At *Cambray* we dismissed or rather the *Arras* escort quitted us; and we were conducted to *Chateau Cambressi*, where we were put into a most horrible dungeon under ground, nor could any thing in our power have the smallest effect on the flint-hearted keeper of it. We fortunately remained but 24 hours at this place; thence we were conducted to *Landreci* which I have already

* The *gend'armes* in France are formed into brigades throughout the different departments; and they term the days for transporting prisoners from one brigade to the other, *Les jours de correspondence*, which days occur seldom when they have but few prisoners.

mentioned, being now on the same road that we were formerly marched along; however, my situation then was very different, I was not encumbered with fetters, handcuffs, and chains. We stopped here to breakfast, our landlady shed tears at seeing us fettered in so cruel a manner yet our guards would not unshackle even one hand during the time, the people of the house were literally obliged to feed us.

At about 5 o'clock on the 29th, we arrived at *Avesnes* jail, and were placed amongst criminals of every denomination, by order (they observed) of General Wirrion; who it appeared had sent express to all those places, to desire that we should be treated as severely as possible. The report here was, that we were going to be shot as spies, who had been inspecting the naval armaments along the coast. One of our companions in this horrible prison was a wretch condemned to perpetual irons for having murdered his father and mother; he had cut them in quarters and had buried them in a pit—it appeared that he was insane. I shuddered and felt the most unpleasant sensation imaginable at the sight of this monster. We all felt inexpressible joy at quitting this vile place, which was at day-break the next day.

About 5 o'clock on the 30th, we halted at *Hirson*. We had passed through this village formerly with the frigate's crew the Hussar, and were then billeted on the inhabitants, as they had no jail. I was in great hopes we should escape the horrors of a dungeon for one night at least, but found myself mistaken. They placed us in a small *cachot*,* calculated to contain about our number (four), and gave us a little straw to lie on.

A brigadier of *gend'armerie*, with two *gend'armes*, constituted the police of this village. The former spoke to us through a hole in the dungeon door, and informed us, that the jailer's wife would procure us some refreshments, by giving her money in

* A dungeon.

advance, which we readily agreed to, returning him many thanks at the same time for his goodness and condescension.

We were soon informed that there was a kind of repast prepared for us, and that we should have permission to go out into the jailer's house during the few minutes necessary to refresh ourselves. This intelligence threw us into great confusion, as we had been unaccustomed to such an indulgence, and, in consequence, had neglected to conceal in some secret hole a number of small articles, such as files, gimlets, &c. which we fortunately had hitherto kept in our possession: the moment they were about to open our door, one preferred keeping what tools he had about him, another slipt his in amongst the straw, and in this perplexed state the dungeon was opened and we were ordered out — I protest I thought the things left in the straw were best secured, as the place was excessively dark. We were now seated at table with some soup and *bouillie*, in great consternation, surrounded by the *gensd'armes* and jailer. In a few minutes, the latter procured a candle and lanthorn, and informed their brigadier he was ready to attend him—He accordingly rose, and they proceeded to the miserable abode we had just quitted. An opinion of our feelings at that moment, can only be formed by those unfortunate people who have experienced similar sufferings and anxiety. I can only say, that our relish for the soup was not very great; we were well assured that every thing left in the straw would inevitably be discovered, which most certainly would lead to a general search of our persons. I felt particularly concerned on account of a certain *article*, which I kept upon me contrary to the general wish. The brigadier's generosity was now sufficiently accounted for: He and his companion returned; and, as we expected, they had found every single tool, together with the stock of a double-barrelled pistol; he had made very diligent search for the barrels, but without effect. We assured him we threw them away prior to our quitting *Verdun*; and that we had taken the stock and lock to use occasionally instead of a tinder box, which we had no possibility of providing. They began to search us separately: a few things were found upon my

comrades; but, fortunately for me, they did not discover another substitute for striking a light, which I had, and which was more complete than the one found. From poor Ashworth were taken a couple of files out of the seam of his great coat; they cut open every covered button, thinking that money might have been concealed.—The brigadier could be hardly convinced that my walking stick had not a small sword in it; he kept twirling and screwing it about, and was not satisfied after all but that it was a sword cane—he therefore kept it for the night, and we were reconducted to our den. After the door was secured, and the jailer had departed, we began to discuss what had recently passed. Each of my friends congratulated me upon my success with respect to my second substitute for a tinder box, and after some minutes we endeavoured to take a little repose.

Awaking about midnight, I deliberated upon the consequence of having so *dangerous a tinder-box*, with the *necessary materials*, in my possession; and having found a convenient place, I deposited a part of them, reserving the stock and lock. At day-light we were again *en route*, chained and handcuffed. The day was very rainy and the roads prodigiously heavy, our march long and fatiguing. I cannot omit observing, that one of the party, having occasion to be unchained from his comrades, could not obtain permission before one of the guard had pinioned him with a strong cord, which the *gens d'armes* carry for that purpose, and which the guard held.

October 1st. About 6 we arrived at *Maubertfontaine*, in a most miserable plight, covered with mud and dirt. We found a new dungeon in this village just built, where we were very soon deposited. A boy, about 16 years old, had been confined there six or seven days, he belonged to *Lisle*, not many leagues distant; his crime was, having no passport.—He had nothing but black bread and water during his confinement, and informed us, that we had been expected to arrive two or three days before—that they were going to search us very strictly. This boy was of the

greatest service to me; and I contrived, with his assistance, to place my *tinder-box* in safety, just at the moment when a guard was entering to search us. We had nothing about us, now, but our money, which had hitherto been respected and left; but these rapacious animals very quickly deprived us of it, promising to pay our expences to *Verdun*, and leave the remainder with General Wirrion, at that *dépôt*—the reader may suppose how far this promise was adhered to: however, we got a kind of supper, some straw and blankets as a substitute for beds, in consequence of it, and they paid themselves. The poor French boy felt himself perfectly happy at having *something good* (as he termed it) to eat. We gave him a share of every thing that was brought us, and the guards were astonished at our generosity.

I observed one fellow amongst them, who began to exclaim against the English nation and its subjects, with great vehemence. He wished our country at the bottom of the sea; and, if he had his will, he would behead every British prisoner in France; he declared he could never desire better employment than to stand executioner, with many more *humane* remarks too tedious to mention. I could not refrain from a smile of contempt, which only added to the fury of this sanguinary monster.

The excessive passion he appeared to be in during these exclamations, induced me to enquire from one of the set, the cause of so much inveteracy; when I was informed, that he had been only two days liberated from *Mezieres* jail, where he had been confined two months by the sentence of a court martial, for allowing two English prisoners to escape; his government supposing they had bribed him.

On the 2d, the guards visited us in our dungeon every hour during the night; yet, notwithstanding, I found an opportunity of making away with the remainder of my dangerous tinder-box. At day-break, we were chained to a cart and hand-cuffed, the roads, from the late fall of rain, being too heavy to proceed

on foot. In the evening we arrived at *Mezieres* jail, and were put into the yard, after being strictly searched; nor could we procure even a dungeon, until we had agreed to a most exorbitant price which the jailer charged for some refreshments that he had procured for us. He very laconically observed, "I know the *gensd'armes* have plenty of money, which they took from you. You may as well let me have part, as to let them have all; *You will not stand in need of any in a few days.*" Thus intimating that we should be shot as spies, which was the general opinion every where.

Our treatment was pretty nearly the same throughout unto *Verdun*, where we arrived at the latter end of October. I was then separated from my companions, being considered as the *chef du complot*, and was thrown into a miserable dungeon, wherein was another prisoner supposed to have been a spy, and who expected to be brought to trial in a few days.

Being thus dragged from my brothers in adversity, affected me much more than any punishment they could inflict. I was certain that if only one of the party should suffer death, I should be the person; as the oldest is generally declared ringleader, agreeably to the French laws; and from the number of times it had been hinted to me on the road, I expected it and was perfectly resigned, being unconscious of having committed any crime that merited such a punishment.

I passed a most unpleasant night. My fellow prisoner was very inquisitive, and anxious to know what I had been guilty of. I gratified him in some measure, but was not in a communicative mood.

At day-break, a guard came to conduct me to the place of examination. Here I found Lieutenant *Demangeoit*, of the *gend'armerie*, a scrivener, and Mr. Galliers, interpreter. My examination continued two or three hours; every question and

answer was noted down. I was minutely cross-examined with respect to the pistol-stock found with us; and was interrogated particularly about where I had been, on the day Buonaparte had passed through *Verdun*—what company I was in—who I breakfasted with—in short, questions that entirely puzzled me to know their motives for asking them: However they implied, I conceived, a good opinion of my address, and a wish, if possible, to implicate me. I was shewn my letters; but was informed they would be transmitted to *Paris*, for the minister of war's inspection. Upon remonstrating at the cruelty of being parted from my comrades, I was conducted to their prison; they having previously been moved to the place of examination.—We were not allowed to see each other, until each had been examined; however, our questions and answers were nearly the same. We amused ourselves all the ensuing night in talking over the particulars of different questions, answers, &c.—for it had long been our practice to suggest every possible question and answer that could be made, in order that our replies might agree in case of being taken. The jailer supplied us with what nourishment we were allowed, having the remainder of our cash in his possession. We had neither fire nor candle-light. Some days had thus elapsed, when we were again conducted separately to be examined, myself first. The lieutenant informed me, "There were questions transmitted from *Paris* which would be put to us."—They were certain we could not have kept so direct a course for *Estaples*, without guides, having neither compass nor chart.—The former indeed, we had destroyed. I replied that mariners always steered sufficiently correct by the stars; when we could see them, we were never at a loss. They wished to be informed, *If I knew any thing of the coast of France?—If I had ever been stationed off there?*—I could not help smiling, and made answer "That every British naval officer was better acquainted with that coast, than with his own—We could hardly go up or down channel, without acquiring a knowledge of the French coast: in short I left no doubt on their minds, with respect to our local knowledge of it. The ques-

tions were the same to all the rest, and we were then again reconducted to prison.

In a week we were ordered to prepare ourselves for a march to the fortress of *Bitche* in *Lorrain*, a wretched place well known to a number of our unhappy countrymen; a place, in whose dreadful caverns many a valuable British subject has terminated his existence in all the agony that illness and despondency can create.

There, in some wretched *Souterrain*, we were to remain during the war; nay, they even asserted, that it was Buonaparte's own decree. Lieutenant Pridham, 1st, of the late frigate Hussar, a worthy and humane officer, by some means obtained permission to visit us at *Verdun* before our march: he corroborated the information, and gave us General Wirrion for his author. He expressed great sorrow for our hard fortunes, and justly observed, that death was preferable to such a sentence. We were resolved to make another effort at all risks, and if possible to regain our liberty—cash was only wanting. I, however, procured a small supply through the interposition of a worthy countryman, notwithstanding the strict guard that was kept over us. It was effected by our shaking hands, as if to take leave.

The morning of our departure arrived. We joined eight culprits at twilight, and were placed in a large waggon, under a very strong escort of *gend'armerie*, with a brigadier to command it. We were confined the first night in a most miserable dungeon, in a village called *Malatour*. It was so very small, and there were so many of us, that we could scarcely breathe. Our allowance of straw, *a pound and a half each*, was given us to lie on; this straw was so short, that it had exactly the appearance of so many bundles of toothpicks. The following night we were lodged in *Metz* jail.* We remained here several

* *Metz*, an ancient large town, situated on the confluence of the rivers *Moselle* and *Scille*. It is remarkable for the goodness of its sweet-meats.

days. At last an order came for half of us to proceed towards our destination; two others, with us four, were accordingly commanded to get ready. We were now in hopes of having another chance of getting out of these scoundrels' clutches, but were much mistaken; our guard watched us so closely.—We were so well secured with handcuffs and with chains, that it was impossible to attempt it, and we were safely lodged in *Sarre Louis* jail.* This is a *dépôt* for seamen, and one of punishment for officers who may transgress; but it is many degrees superior to the one at *Bitche*, which we were ordered to. Several of our countrymen obtained permission to see us; and from one I received a small map of Germany, torn out of an old book of geography, which I carefully stitched in the lining of my waistcoat. We were now joined by those left in *Metz* prison, and were soon again on the march towards our destined habitation; the same precautions were taken for securing us, and but little or no hopes were left of our escaping. We arrived at *Sarreguemine*, only 6 or 7 leagues from *Bitche*, and were secured as usual in the jail. The next day we expected to arrive at our horrible abode, about four in the afternoon. In the morning our guards came with a large waggon, in which we were placed, and to my great astonishment and delight we were not chained. I considered this as a most wonderful circumstance, and as a favourable opportunity that ought to be embraced, particularly as there could be no hopes of any other chance; indeed it appeared an interposition of Divine Providence in our favour. I communicated my intentions to my companions, and after we had got out of the town we descended from our waggon, observing to the guards that we preferred walking a little. Mr. Essel remained in the waggon. Messrs. Ashworth, Tuthill, and Baker, of the merchant service, with myself, were walking a-head of the waggon. We had not got more than two or three miles, when I discovered a wood at about 150 yards from the road; our

* *Sarre Louis*, since Buonaparte's iron reign called *Sarre-libre*, is a small strong town in *Lorraine*, fortified after the manner of *Vauban*, situated on the river *Sarre*, 32 miles N. E. of *Metz*.

guards were about 50 yards behind us; they were on horseback. Although there were no leaves on the trees, we were certain our guards could not pursue us without a great deal of difficulty, owing to the branches; and if they dismounted, we were well assured we could out-run them *—The important and anxious moment arrived!—I gave my friends the word, which was a loud cheer, and away we ran—the guard in full speed at our heels. The ground being very heavy, a kind of fallow field between the road and the wood, Mr. Baker fell down and was instantly seized. We were more fortunate—crossed each other frequently in the wood, quite out of breath. I called out to them, that they must be very cautious in keeping out of pistol shot of the guards, who were now riding in all directions through the trees, exclaiming—*Arretez coquins!* † They quitted me, and I fortunately at that instant having a tree between me and them, I sat down.—I observed the guards pursuing my companions. The moment I lost sight of the former I drew towards the borders of the wood, on the opposite side to the direction which they had taken, and perceived an extensive plain, and a wood, about a mile distant. Without any more deliberation, I entered the plain, and was in a very few minutes in the next wood, without seeing or being seen by any body. Having thus far providentially succeeded, I began to consider what step I had better next take; and after a few minutes rest, being quite exhausted, I determined upon quitting this wood also, but at the opposite extremity from that where I supposed my pursuers were—being of opinion they would visit that part, after they had diligently searched the other, which was now surrounded by the peasantry, men, women, and children, it being Sunday. And 50 *livres* reward 2*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* sterling having been offered for each prisoner of war, brought a prodigious concourse of people, and left me but very little hope of remaining in safety in any place, where they could suspect a man might be concealed. On quitting this wood, I

* These fellows in general have very large heavy boots, and are otherwise badly equipped for running.

† Stop villains.

conjectured that I was about three or four miles from the road whence I had at first escaped. Immense plains, stubble ground, &c. presented themselves to my view, with the river *Sarre* close to the southward of me, but extremely rapid and no part fordable.

I next observed several people at a distance, running towards the first wood. My case appeared desperate; and, to avoid suspicion, I thought the best method would be to walk deliberately across those plains, taking a different direction from every other person in them, without appearing to avoid any. I put a night-cap on, which I had carried in my pocket, instead of the cap I usually wore—that being a common dress with the peasantry of *Lorrain*. I passed several at very short distances, stopping frequently and seeming to walk very carelessly. At length, I found myself in a small vale, through which ran two small rivulets, which formed a little kind of island that was covered with a hawthorn-bush, briars, &c, sufficiently large to conceal one man: This I conceived admirably well calculated for a hiding place; as it was so excessively small and wet, I was of opinion nobody would even think of searching it. I entered it, and was so completely covered, as to be scarcely able to discern the part through which I had first penetrated. I found it in one sense very uncomfortable, with respect to the mud, wet and dirt that I was obliged to wallow in; but, otherwise, it was a perfect paradise to me, and all I regretted was, not having my poor comrades with me—although I comforted myself, in feeling assured that they must all have escaped, even those who did not run in the beginning, as they were left with only the waggoner, the guards having pursued us. I was indeed some time afterwards informed, that not one of the remaining eight ever attempted to quit the waggoner, but were quietly conducted to *Bitche*; where, as the reader will find, I was again compelled to rejoin them.

November 1807. I lay cold and quiet enough in my wet

and muddy bed, anxiously wishing for night to arrive and dispel part of my apprehensions. I was obliged frequently to shift from one side to the other, the moisture becoming very severe; in a short time I was wet through in every part, and extremely chilly, having been in great perspiration when I entered the Islet. I could distinctly hear the alarm bells ringing in the adjacent villages, and the whistling, howling, and shouting of the peasantry in the direction I had just quitted; and frequently I heard voices close to me.

But now the much desired moment of darkness was approaching fast; the sun was setting, and, to my great mortification, with every appearance of bad weather. It already began to rain very hard, which obscured the moon, about that time eight or nine days old. Reflecting on my present state, I found it truly pitiable—with only the small old map already mentioned to direct my course; without compass or guide, meat, drink, or companion, and in the dreary month of November. The nearest friendly town to me was *Salsburgh* (in Austria), between 7 and 800 miles distant. Nevertheless, having escaped from the clutches of Tyrants and being my own master, more than compensated for a thousand severe hardships. I cut a stick out of the very bush I had lain all day concealed in, and picked a number of haws off it, which I put in my pocket, and swallowed stones and all, occasionally. About half-past seven I ventured out, shook and cleaned my cloathes as well as I could, recommended myself to a Merciful Creator; and proceeded, with great precaution, towards the wood, in which I had separated from my companions, supposing that they would return there also, to meet me. It rained very hard, and every thing was profoundly silent. I traversed the wood, about three or four miles in different directions, but to no purpose: now and then I whistled, which was a former signal established amongst us, but all without success. I remained alone—cold, fatigued, and drenched with wet.

The moon being again entirely hid, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, prevented my knowing to a certainty what course to take. The risk was too great to venture on the high road: I knew this from sad experience, and yet I was so nearly perished with cold and wet, that it was impossible to remain still. I, therefore, kept running and walking onwards during the night, frequently impeded by the course of the *Sarre*, which confused me greatly. At length, being very much fatigued, from the commons, deserts, &c. which I had gone through, and finding a convenient wood, though destitute of leaves, I got into it and concealed myself in a tolerably good part, a little before day-light. I never recollect feeling or suffering so much from cold—it had rained incessantly all that day. I swallowed a few of my haws, and endeavoured to comfort myself by imagining that the ensuing night might be fine, and that I might possibly fall in with my comrades; which would, indeed, have been the greatest consolation. I also felicitated myself on not being much more than 15 leagues from the *Rhine*; that being the distance when I quitted my companions: admitting that I had been going in the opposite direction all night, I could not have increased the distance much.

On the 16th, I was very much annoyed all day by moles, rats, and other small animals, somewhat like squirrels; the rats often approached so near, as to lick my shoes. Their tricks and advances rather amused me, and abated in some measure the lowness and disquietude of my mind. At the close of the evening, a swineherd passed by conducting his hogs near my hiding place—I saw him very distinctly. One of them took flight exactly towards me; he sent his dog in pursuit of it, which providentially turned the hog; otherwise it would have absolutely ran over me. I need not observe how much I was alarmed, especially as I could not have been far from the place whence I had escaped.

About 8 o'clock I quitted my retreat. The night was

again very bad; it kept raining and blowing very hard. I was equally at a loss which direction to take, not being able to see either moon or stars. About 9 o'clock, I discovered a hut; and imagined that would be a good opportunity to endeavour to procure a morsel of food of some kind. I reconnoitred it very attentively, and approached most cautiously the door: The struggle between the desire of procuring some sustenance (which I so much wanted) and the dread of being arrested in the attempt, is easier conceived than described. After deliberating some length of time at the door, agitated alternately with different sensations, without coming to a determination (so powerfully did the fear of being again brought back, operate)—the want of sustenance at length preponderated, and I knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman. I asked for some bread in German, which is the language spoken by the peasantry of *Lorrain*. She made signs for me to enter, which I did. There were three men and another woman in the house; an elderly man, who was the only person that could speak French, instantly told me, that he was certain I was one of the Englishmen who had escaped from the guards the preceding day; one of whom had just quitted the house, who had been on the look out all day, and came, in his way home, to give them information. Pleasing intelligence!—I did not dispute who or what I was. He dwelt upon the 50 *livres* reward for arresting a prisoner of war. It was an object, he said, to poor people like them. I understood him perfectly; and observed, that, although his government had promised that reward, he was not certain when it might be paid; besides, what honest man would prevent a poor prisoner of war, who had been guilty of no crime whatever, from revisiting his wife and children after an imprisonment of four or five years, for that paltry sum? He explained what I said to the others—I found the women were advocates for me. Upon which, I addressed the old gentleman again, and said, "As you appear to me to be very worthy and honest people, accept of this trifle amongst you;" giving him a *Louis d'or*, and presenting the women with

six *livres*, as a mark of my respect for them; which they received very graciously. I saw that matters now bore a more favourable aspect, and, accordingly, took an opportunity of observing, how sorry I was at not having more to present them with. I now begged they would supply me with a little bread, but they had none baked. I then requested they would shew me the nearest way to *Bitche*, as I had friends there who would find means of supplying me with a little cash, to enable me to proceed on my long journey. After a long discussion in German, during which I perfectly discovered their uneasiness at not receiving more than 30 *livres*: the old man observed—"*As there is but one of them, it is of no great consequence; but if they were all here, it would have been well worth while.*" Meaning the other eleven of my companions. I again repeated my wish to be directed towards *Bitche*. I knew there was a direct road from thence to the *Rhine*, which was my motive to go that way. The women again pleaded in my favour, and the two young men offered their services. They accordingly equipped themselves, informed me they were ready, and I took a most joyful leave of the women and old man, and followed my guides, inexpressibly rejoiced at getting out of this danger; although I did not consider myself particularly in safety, whilst I remained with these fellows.

They conducted me through very intricate ways, deserts and commons; they were generally behind me, and whispering to one another. I had no great opinion of them; so feigned occasion to remain behind a little, which time I occupied in concealing my watch, and money, and small Map that hitherto had been in the pocket of my pantaloons. I then again advanced, but never went before them. The inclemency of the night, the melancholy state of my mind, with the awful aspect of the mountains and forests I passed through, together with the discordant screaming of the screech owl, filled my very soul with horror. My white thorn club was my only weapon; I regarded it with secret comfort and was determined to use it,

should I have occasion, to the utmost of my nearly exhausted strength: Yet, perhaps, my opinion of these fellows had been ill founded. About midnight they left me, on a pathway to the road to *Bitche*, and took their leave. I felt much pleased at so happy a deliverance, and continued in that direction until about 3 o'clock; when, supposing myself near enough to that Unhappy Mansion (*Bitche*), I directed my course (as I thought) towards the *Rhine*. Sometime before day-light it ceased raining; the stars shewed themselves, and I had the mortification of discovering that I had been going diametrically opposite to my proper course. What added to my miserable situation, there was neither wood nor any place in sight to cover me for the ensuing day.

In this unhappy dilemma, I still kept advancing, being confident I had no secure retreat behind me. When, at length, some time after day-light, I discovered a very thin wood, on the side of a hill, which I immediately betook myself to and there I remained until night. There was a drizzling rain the whole of the day, the cold was extreme. I did not feel hungry, but excessively weak. During the preceding night I had taken several draughts of water, which satisfied my appetite. The only annoyance I had this day, was a man, who was cutting wood below me in the valley. I could see every motion of his; but it was impossible he could see me, in consequence of my breaking small branches and sticking them close round me.

At night, about the usual time, I commenced my journey, and took the direction back which I had followed the preceding morning; and I confess, notwithstanding my disappointment, I felt some consolation in knowing I was at length in the right track. During the whole of this night, my escapes from being dashed to pieces, by repeated falls down precipices which the darkness concealed, were quite incredible. About 11, I felt very much harassed from crossing fields, morasses, &c. and happening to

hit the high road, I resolved to follow it for some time, especially as I thought it led my way, but could not be certain as the moon and stars were still obscured. I supposed it was too late for travellers to interrupt me: However, after quitting a wood on the side of the road, when I had to crawl up a sort of gravel pit to get on it, imagine my astonishment!—I had no sooner stepped on the road than I was challenged, *Qui Vive** in an audible voice, by a *gend'arme* on horseback. I need not point out how ready I was to quit the highway at that moment, I shall only say, that I made but one jump down the gravel pit, and crawled thence back into the wood; where I remained for some time to gather strength, being quite exhausted. I then proceeded along the wood without having any idea where I was going, the night being very dark, wet and inclement. The weather was very much against me, and added greatly to a despondency which fatigue and hunger had increased—I, however, was resolved to struggle against it to the last. I fortunately fell in with a cabbage garden, close to a cottage near the wood, and eat plentifully, and I stowed a good supply in my pockets for the ensuing day. Afterwards I re-entered the wood, in which I remained all day At night I recommenced my journey, still embarrassed in consequence of the weather to know which way to go. This was the most severe night (if possible) I had yet experienced—the roads, pathways, and fields were deep and heavy from the constant rains; rivulets had become dangerous rivers, and I had to wade through several. I had an opportunity again this night of feasting upon cabbage stalks, leaves, and turnips, and filled my pockets also. At about 11 o'clock, whilst advancing along the skirts of a wood, I observed four men walking very fast, in a different direction to me. I immediately supposed they were four of my comrades, and they, I thought, were going into Holland; which accounted (admitting I was going right) for the course they were taking. I stood up close to a tree and whistled an

* "Who comes there?"

English tune; on hearing which they quickened their pace from me. I then whistled (our usual signal), and they instantly ran away as hard as ever they could. I felt very unhappy, as I still imagined they were my old companions, and I even regretted that I did not call to them; but the sequel will inform the reader how wrong I should have been.

My feet now began to get blistered, and very sore. I was also becoming excessively weak, it being my fifth day of living upon cabbage leaves and stalks. About half past 2, in the morning, I perceived a lonely house on the side of a wood. I imagined I might approach it and thus endeavour to procure some refreshment; being of opinion, that after so long a ramble (even allowing for the traverse I must unavoidably have made) I was still a great distance from the place whence I had escaped; I was therefore tempted to try. Accordingly made towards it. Saw a light in the window, got close to the door, peeped through the key-hole and window alternately, and at last saw a woman spinning by a rousing fire. How anxiously did I wish to be seated by it! Twice had I the knocker of the door in my hand, and as often did I drop it; so great were my apprehensions and fears of approaching any dwelling place. My last rencontre had greatly heightened them, and not having plenty of cash to purchase myself off, was another powerful reason for alarm. Notwithstanding all my fears and all the embarrassments I laboured under, I at last seized the knocker the third time, and rapped. The door was opened by a man, who surveyed me from top to toe. I was covered all over with mud and dirt, and dripping wet. He could clearly perceive from my appearance and miserable aspect, that I had been secluded for some time from any fellow creature, and had been doomed to associate or rather herd with the animals that inhabit the forests; indeed the voice of the screech-owls, during my night wanderings, was the only one I had heard for some time, which had become quite habitual to me. Whilst this fellow remained with his eyes rivetted upon me, I assured him

in French, that I was very thirsty, and asked him if he would have the kindness to give me something to drink?—He could not speak French, but made me understand he had nothing whatever to give me.—I discovered a pail of water and pointed to it, upon which he brought me a ladle full. I then took the liberty of sitting down by the fire, though this inhospitable boor never asked me. I did not much like the appearance of the place, nor did it offer any thing that could be of the smallest service. I asked him the road to *Strasbourg*—it was close by. I was about to quit his fire side, when a tailor arrived, to work for the family; and he also began to survey me very closely. I heard him whisper to the man of the house, and mention very distinctly the words *Englander* and *Bitche*. He then addressed me, and asked, If I were authorised to travel? whether I had a passport? and several other impertinent questions. I replied, he must be a very impudent fellow to ask such inquisitive questions, that I should not gratify a gossipping rascal of his description, and that I wished to know by what authority he could presume to interrogate any stranger in so unhandsome a manner—The scoundrel smiled. I then observed to the landlord, that the inclemency of the morning was what had occasioned my stopping at his house, particularly as I had seen neither village nor public house contiguous; but as there were no hopes of the weather becoming fair, I should continue my road to *Strasbourg* which was 12 leagues off, and *Bitche* I was given to understand, was only three leagues; which mortified me greatly, to find what little progress I had made in so many days. But to return,—They sat down, tailor and family, to breakfast, without asking the unfortunate stranger to partake. So he of course took his leave, and pursued his solitary journey.

SECTION VII.

NOVEMBER 1807. To prevent suspicion I walked boldly on the road.—It rained excessively heavy, and I was sure that nobody who had any possibility of remaining under cover would interrupt me. After advancing a short distance, on turning back I observed my friend, the tailor with all the rest, watching which way I went. I therefore continued the road, until I lost sight of the house, and proceeded hungry and wet, tolerably well pleased at getting so well off. I now discovered a high mountain with rocks and pines, contiguous to the road ; and I imagined I might find a more hospitable retreat in some cavern amongst those rocks, than in the hut which my fellow creatures occupied—not wishing to remain exposed any longer on the highway, I scrambled up, and reached the summit. There I found an excellent dry Cavern under an immense rock. I crept into it and shortly fell into a profound sleep ; in which state I remained, until I awoke from the grunting of hogs that came to banish the unfortunate and forlorn usurper, who had so illegally taken possession of their habitation. I found it quite dusk, and about the time I should recommence my journey. So after looking at these animals, grateful for the benefits I had received in their cave, I descended and got on the *Strasbourg* road, and kept running with little intermission the whole of the night, notwithstanding the excruciating pain I felt from my blistered feet.

About midnight, having halted to listen if there were any noise, or footsteps to be heard on the road, I plainly discovered, by the cracking of whips, that a coach or waggon was advancing.

I therefore retired a few steps from the road side, and lay close down. It passed, and appeared to be a diligence, or the heavy travelling coach. I then resumed my route; kept running on, and passed several villages, until a little before day-light, conjecturing that I could not be far from the *Rhine*. I secured my lodging in a wood for the ensuing day; and seeing another snug cavern under a rock above me, on the top of an immense precipice, I resolved to endeavour to scale the alarming height; notwithstanding it was still dark, which greatly added to the peril of the attempt. I was obliged to climb on my knees clinging to roots of trees, which had they given way, I must have been dashed to pieces: however I at last reached the summit, and after regaling myself with a few cabbage stumps, which I had procured in passing the villages, I fell asleep.

My spirits were extremely agitated during the whole of this night.—I awoke frequently, talking quite loud and naming the gentlemen that had been my former companions; holding conversation with them as if they were actually present. Some time after I had experienced a short and disturbed repose, I started up all of a sudden, and desired my companions to rise and renew their journey: When, on looking round, to my inexpressible amazement, I discovered, that I was actually at the bottom of the precipice, and that it was quite day-light. This precipice was very steep and dangerous even to a man in the day time, broad awake; and how I came again to the bottom of it alive, I am utterly unable to explain. I consider it as one of the most providential and extraordinary events, that was ever known—I do not recollect an instance of walking in my sleep prior to this. After collecting my scattered ideas, which was no easy task, I hastened into the wood again, for it rained very heavily. During this day I crossed several mountains covered with trees, and at length found a very comfortable cave full of nice dry leaves, on the declivity of a hill; which appeared to be the residence of some animal. From the continued chain

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of wild and barren mountains, I had very serious apprehensions that the cavern might be the den of some wild beast. I however entered it and found it spacious enough to sit upright in; took my coat off, squeezed the water out, and after refreshing a little with my usual fare, I lay down on the earth, covering myself with the leaves and my coat over all and went to sleep, well sheltered from the wind and rain that beat with great violence against the entrance of the cave.

About dusk, I was awakened by the chattering of a jay at the opening of the cave; but for this I might have slept on, until the ferocious tenant of the cavern had returned. The image of this bird is still fresh in my recollection and will remain so whilst I live. I crawled out, shook myself, and put my coat on. It had every appearance of a fine night, rather inclined to freeze. I calculated at being about three leagues from *Strasbourg*. After descending the hill, I discovered a peasant's hut in the vale, and I determined upon ascertaining at this place, my distance from the *Rhine*: accordingly entered, found a young man, woman, and infant, by a fire side; they could speak nothing but German. Just as I was going away very much vexed at not understanding their language sufficiently to gain any intelligence, an old man came in—who stared at me with wonder in his eyes: "*Pray*" said he, in French, "*are you a Frenchman?*" I answered, "*Yes*;"—that I had missed my way in crossing the adjacent mountains, and should be glad if he would direct me on the *Strasbourg* road. He accordingly did so, giving me the names of the villages I had to pass, and told me I was twelve leagues from it. I could not account for this distance, unless I had been directed wrong by the former inhospitable wretch. They had nothing to give me to eat, which they appeared sorry for. I took a little brandy and water, paid them, and departed. After proceeding about two miles, I met two men with fowling pieces; they saluted me, and passed on. I could not bear my shoes, my feet were so very sore; but kept my stockings on until they were worn out; even then I found

them of great service in the frosty weather. The brandy and water made me very ill.

I now repassed several villages, which I had gone by the preceding night; and this convinced me that I must have taken a circuit, instead of going directly onwards. About 11, I recognised a village which I had passed through the night before, and here I supposed I had made the deviation and turned to the left instead of the right: not being quite certain, I stopped to consider a moment; when I saw a woman, whom I asked, she had the kindness to direct me, and I then perceived that my mistake, the night before, was exactly as I had suspected. I thanked her, and just as I was leaving her, the door of a small public house on the road side opened. Out came a French military officer!—he passed the woman, and I dreaded very much lest he should inquire who I was, and what I wanted with her; but he did not prove so inquisitive. He also passed me without speaking. I fortunately had to go a different direction from him, and immediately made the best of my way.

The grateful idea of being at last in a fair way of succeeding and overcoming all difficulties, began now to be cherished by me. I found myself on an excellent road; got a supply of very fine turnips out of an adjoining garden, and discovered regular posts on the road side. I kept running all night, with very little intermission, resolved at all events to get near the *Rhine* before morning. The road continued for about four leagues, through a wood; on leaving this wood, I was brought to a stand all of a sudden, by the walls of a town, which, according to the names I had received from the old man, was *Hagenau*; but I had never supposed that the road led through it, and that it was walled in; it was also surrounded by a river, which appeared an insurmountable barrier to my proceedings. It required much resolution (owing to the frost) to take to the water—however, "necessity has no law:" So I stripped and

fortunately got over one branch of it. Upon the other branch I observed a mill, with the house arched so as to admit the water to flow under it. Upon a strict survey, I perceived, that if I could pass this branch, I should be able to make a tour round the town, and to get clear. I approached, saw the mill doors open and the road on the opposite side. I retired a little; dressed myself and advanced again, and passed through the mill, hearing no noise but that of the works.—Indeed this appeared to be a thoroughfare for the people who brought their corn to grind.

Thus easily I surmounted what I had deemed but an hour before almost impracticable. I returned Divine Providence my devout thanks, and congratulated myself upon the occasion. I now walked on towards *Strasbourg*, well assured of being on the proper road. At about half-past 3, I heard a man cough at a little distance behind. I did not alter my pace; and, to avoid suspicion, rather slackened it. He soon overtook me, saluted me in broken French, and expressed his surprise at my being able to get out of town so early. I told him that I believed I was the first out that morning; feigned to think it was past 5 o'clock and that I thought it was usual to open the gates about that hour. He said, he thought it was about 3, and wondered to see me bare footed. I told him I was a soldier; and that after the severe campaigns we lately had in Prussia, and against the Russians, we were insensible to cold. He agreed that my observations were very just. I added, that I had been on leave to see my friends, my regiment was at *Strasbourg*, I had been of a sudden ordered to join, and had walked day and night almost, from *St. Quentin*, my native place, lest they should march without me. He commended my zeal, and said, we were wonderful fellows! He informed me he was a butcher, going to purchase cattle, and that he would continue with me about two miles farther—*Strasbourg* was about three leagues from me. At the distance mentioned, he parted, wishing me to take a dram at a little public house on the road side.

I excused myself, observing that I never had been accustomed to drink so early.

The day was breaking fast, and I was approaching a large town which made it necessary to get off the high-way; so I took the first path to the right, determining to leave *Strasbourg* on the left; as it was my intention to proceed to Switzerland, if I found considerable obstacles in attempting to cross the *Rhine*. I advanced about two or three miles through the fields; then sat down, wiped my feet, and got my shoes and the legs of my stockings on, though with great difficulty as my feet were very much swelled and the skin had peeled off. I limped on in great pain, the morning was very hazy and disagreeable, and I felt excessively weak. The heat of my feet parched the upper leather of the shoes to that degree, that I was frequently obliged to stand in a wet place to cool and soften them. I could perceive the upper leathers of my shoes turn white, as if they had been held over the fire, yet I could not go barefooted without exciting fresh suspicions. Thus roving about in the open fields in excruciating pain and dejection of spirits, without being able to discover a hiding place, I remained for some time.

At length I heard a bell ring, and conjectured it must be in some small village. The fog was so thick, that I could not see any distance. I directed my course towards the sound, and found what I had supposed—the village appeared to be a very poor one. After a great deal of hesitation, I resolved to approach the next house to me. My pretext was, to inquire my distance from the road to *Strasbourg*. This I accordingly did. I found two young women spinning flax, dressed genteelly after the German manner.—They could not understand me. I made signals that I was thirsty; when one of them brought me some milk, which I swallowed with great eagerness. I offered payment but she would not take any, and made me understand, how sorry they were that they could not speak French. After this, one went out and shortly returned with a man, who spoke

a little broken French. I could have willingly declined her goodness on this head. He saluted me very kindly; told me the direction I so very much wished for, assured me the mayor of the village was the only person that spoke my language correctly amongst them; that the young woman had been in search of him, but he was not at his house, he was however expected every moment and would do himself the pleasure of coming and conversing with me. I returned them many thanks for their extreme goodness, wished the mayor at the devil in my own mind, expressed myself infinitely indebted to them, and regretted very much that I could not wait to be honoured by the mayor's visit, as I was in great haste to reach the above mentioned town; and I then took my leave of these very polite folks.

I limped on through the fields, with my feet become more painful from a small heat in the house of these good people; every now and then looking behind, to see if I were pursued. I have since been of opinion, that they really meant nothing but civility, although at that time I thought very differently. The weather was still very thick and hazy, which favoured me greatly in the open fields. I was obliged to take off my shoes and what remained of my stockings, as the pain increased so much. I then advanced carefully, avoiding the fields in which I saw people at work. I had an opportunity this day of getting an excellent supply of turnips; that part of the country abounds with them, they feed their cattle on them, and the peasantry were employed putting them into heaps, and covering them with earth.

After a long state of suspence, I descried a kind of shrubbery about a mile off, and I instantly bent my way towards it. It was a thick enclosure, and well adapted for a hiding place; though wet, I immediately began my preparations for the night. My feet were getting so bad, that I could not put my shoes on. I, however, managed to put the upper leathers down, and fasten the shoes on with strips of my shirt, so as

to form a kind of sandal; and I then tried to walk, but found it very awkward. However, I thought I might be able to limp on by some means or other to the *Rhine* that night. At my usual time I hobbled forth; the night set in with incessant rain, and I found myself, in a short time, surrounded with marshes and rivers, and in total darkness. The linen fastenings of my shoes gave way, and I could not make out whither to direct my course, the night was so thick. After wading through a multiplicity of marshes, I, at length, found myself in a tolerably clear country, and my feet felt better from the moisture. It was, however, useless to keep walking on, as I might increase the distance I had to go, instead of decreasing it. I therefore resolved, if I could get a convenient place, to halt, until it should clear up. I espied a house at some distance and made for it, hoping to find shelter near it,—it proved to be a large farm house. It was now about midnight. I got into the yard, and could hear the cattle in the stables and cow-houses feeding. I felt excessively weary and ready to sink down; and it appeared wonderful that my exhausted strength with nothing but turnips to support it, could bear up so well. I was several times tempted to go into the stable and lie down under the manger until day break; but I dreaded lest I should not awake in time, and be detected in the morning by the farmers or their workmen. I could not help envying the cattle who were so comfortably asleep: my fears deterred me from attempting it, and I proceeded to some distance from the dwelling, into the open fields, where I discovered a few willow trees by a large dyke, one of which was of a tolerably good size, and its trunk offered me shelter. It was close to a pathway, which was no small encouragement, as I expected it led my way. I sat down by the willow, and earnestly prayed that the clouds might disperse, the stars shew themselves and guide me out of the misery I was overwhelmed with. Being excessively faint, I fell into a kind of slumber; and some time had elapsed, when, on a sudden, I was startled at hearing the footsteps of a man. I gathered myself close in under the willow, saw him pass very near, and did not just at that moment know how to act. It was an unseasonable

hour for any traveller, and I feared it might be a *gend'arme*, or custom-house officer, who was on the look out.—However, this was only a surmise.—I wanted information, and might not have so good a chance again; besides I thought if he proved a scoundrel I should be able to get away from him. Possessed with these ideas, I got up and pursued him. He walked so exceedingly fast, that I had to run some distance to overtake him. On coming up with him, I accosted him in French, and he answered me very civilly; he was in a peasant's dress, but I much feared it was a mere disguise. I asked him my road to *Strasbourg*; he informed me I was then on the direct one; that he was going that way and would accompany me. I expressed great pleasure and satisfaction at this intelligence, and enquired the distance *"About three leagues"* he replied. Although he spoke French tolerably well, I discovered he had the German accent, which I was pleased to find. I was of opinion that by devising some tale, and feigning to make him my confident, he might be so much flattered as not to betray me, even if he were one of the above-mentioned fellows in disguise.

I therefore began my story, and observed to him, that as he appeared to be a friendly honest kind of man, I was about to disclose to him, who, and what I was, where I was going, and how I was circumstanced—and that I earnestly begged for his advice. I then told him, "That I was an unfortunate conscript, a native of Switzerland; that I had lately received an account of my parents death, in consequence of which I became possessed of a small independence, and that I had applied for permission to go and settle my affairs, but had been refused; which had induced me to desert, and to determine never more to serve the French nation. That I should feel quite secure, if once on the other side of the *Rhine*; that I relied upon his goodness to direct me, and had three crowns which were at his service, if he would procure me a passage across." How fertile does necessity make a poor mortal's genius. He heard my recital with apparently great composure, every now and then stopping and looking at me very

earnestly. At last, he desired me to be of good cheer; that my confidence in him was not by any means misplaced; there could not be much risk in crossing the *Rhine,* and he would direct me how to proceed and where to obtain a boat. We had now walked on about a league, and the day was breaking fast; it was Sunday morning, and the eighth since I had escaped from my conductors. We had passed a small village about a mile, when he halted quite short, felt for his tobacco box, and exclaimed, *My God! I have lost it!.* He thought he recollected where he must have dropped it. I wished to know if it was of any value, otherwise it was not worth turning back for. He answered *Yes, my friend, it cost me twenty sols* (ten-pence).—I endeavoured to dissuade him from going back, but all my intreaties proved useless. The fact was, I dreaded this was only a pretext to return to the village, in order to give information and have me arrested; to so high a pitch were my suspicions of the treachery of mankind now arrived. He advised me to remain in a place which he pointed out, until he came back. I informed him I would; yet, at the same time, I had no intention to keep my promise. He then quitted me, and I directed my course towards the appointed place; but when I had lost sight of him I changed my position, and after a severe struggle, in the most excruciating pain, I got on the legs of my stockings, my old shoes, and an old pair of gaiters which I managed to button over all. I then placed myself in a tolerably good thicket, where I could see him, without being seen myself. Here I remained in a state of uncertainty very near an hour; when, to my great satisfaction, I saw him returning by himself. I therefore regained my appointed place before he arrived, lest he might discover my suspicions. He had not found the box, and regretted very much the loss of it.

He now began to survey me very closely, and remarked that I was very curiously dressed for a recruit. I answered, that I procured these clothes for a deception. We were now approaching the ancient and well known city of *Strasbourg,* and could very plainly see its steeples; the principal one of

which is allowed to be the most beautiful and highest in Europe.

The stranger now began his own history; and informed me that he was a Russian by birth, had been a long time in the French army and had deserted. He dwelt greatly on the timidity of young deserters. He at first thought he should be arrested if he but saw the top of a steeple, and advised me to advance boldly to the part of the *Rhine*, that he would point out, where there were fishermen that would instantly put me across for a mere trifle.—I wished him very much to accompany me so far, offering him two crowns, which he had before refused. This he would not accept of, but declared there was no danger. At about half past 7, we were on the high road, close to the gates of the city. He told me he must now quit me—I therefore begged of him to accept of one crown, which he received with great pleasure. I then shook hands with him, and proceeded onwards in the direction which he had pointed out. I have always considered my meeting with this kind stranger, as a providential interference in my favour, at a moment when I was quite at a loss to direct myself and did not know which way to turn.

I had proceeded about half a mile when, from the number of country folks I met with going into the city, and from the singularity of my appearance and dress, particularly on a Sunday, I thought it most prudent to retire from off the highway. I accordingly got into a garden hard by, and seated myself by a brook; in which, cold and unpleasant as it felt, I washed off the mud and dirt and scraped and cleaned myself in the best manner possible. I then advanced, passing through two or three small villages, and crossed the river *Ill* in a fisherman's small boat, for two *sols*—this success emboldened and encouraged me wonderfully. I afterwards proceeded eagerly towards that part which had been pointed out to me by my providential guide, not forgetting his counsel with respect to my possessing more assurance and composure.

SECTION VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1807. At about 1 in the afternoon, I arrived on the banks of the *Rhine*, which I had been so long anxiously striving to reach. The pleasure I should otherwise have felt on this occasion, was greatly lessened by my not being able to discover the fishermen's huts mentioned by my guide. This part of the bank of the river was entirely covered with trees and long grass. I met with a man riding through one part, from which there was a bye-road; he saluted me, and passed on. I had traversed the bank in different directions without success, the stream was very rapid, when I suddenly perceived a small Punt hauled into a creek, without sculls or paddles, chained to a tree and locked. This was a resource, in case of not finding any better means, though, by the bye, a dangerous one; for as the river was excessively rapid, and interspersed with shoals and islands, and I was not above three or four miles above the bridge of *Khel*, I might be drifted to nearly that distance in endeavouring to cross by myself, and thus in all probability get detected.

I, therefore, hesitated and rested myself in a thick cover, contemplating this celebrated river, eagerly watching and ardently wishing for an opportunity to quit a country in which I had suffered so severely, and which in consequence I so much detested.—Thus considering what steps I had better take, I remained in a state of suspence. However, in the mean time, I refreshed myself with a suitable quantity of turnips, of which I had discovered an abundance in the neighbourhood of this city and consequently was not very sparing of my vegetable diet. After a little time I recommenced my search; and in a little boat at

a small distance, I observed two men pulling down a narrow creek. I was quite elated at this discovery, as I made sure they were fishermen; and I, therefore, advanced towards them without any hesitation whatever.—I then called to them. On discovering me, they instantly made towards the bank on which I was standing. I need not say how happy I felt at that moment, expecting in a few minutes to be on the German side. But, my God! what was my astonishment, when as these men approached, I discovered they were armed with muskets and sabres.—It was too late to attempt a retreat; and, as I had called them, I imagined that might in a great measure do away suspicion on their part. I therefore waited the result of this rencontre.

One of them immediately jumped out of the boat, and advanced towards me. I appeared quite pleased, and although I plainly saw he was going to interrogate me, I very deliberately asked him, if he would give me a passage across in his boat? He could not answer me, as he did not understand a word of French; but the man in the boat heard me, and replied, "*We cannot, but we are much at your service.*"—I perceived he was a real Frenchman, and having said thus much, he jumped out also.

"*I suppose, Sir,*" added he, "*that you have a passport, and proper papers to entitle you to quit this country?*" I made answer, "Certainly—But who authorised you" replied I, "to demand so impertinent a question?" *I am authorised by the mayor of Strasbourg; and unless you can produce them, I shall be under the necessity of conducting you into his presence as a prisoner.*" I told him, I was very willing to go with him, though it would be certainly a little inconvenient. "I am a *Bourgeois**," said I, of that city, and am under no apprehensions about what his worship may do. I have friends on the opposite side, whom I promised to visit this evening; it would be

* A Citizen.

too late if I had taken the round by the bridge; and this was my motive for wishing to get across where I now am."

This man appeared to be a very acute sort of fellow: "*I suspect,*" added he, "*that you are a deserter from the Army, and I must conduct you to Strasbourg.*" I shewed him my dress, and the quality of the cloth that I wore; though a little the worse for the late usage, it was superfine; and I asked him, when he had seen a French soldier wear any thing to be compared to it? "*Aye, aye,*" cried he, "*French soldiers know how to disguise themselves in a superior style, so you will have the goodness to come along with us.*" I remonstrated on the hardship of being thus prevented from going to see my friends. He stamped and said, "*Come along.*" The German, more cool and phlegmatic, appeared to mutter something to the other. I embraced this opportunity of altering my tone and plan altogether; and I addressed the Frenchman nearly in the same words I had done my late Russian guide in the morning, with respect to my opinion of his honesty, goodness of heart, &c. &c. but differed widely in regard to my native place.

I was now come from *Wirtemberg,* not far from the banks of the *Rhine* and had been educated at *Paris,* where I had relations. At the age of eighteen I had been removed to *Hanover,* when a friend of mine had obtained for me an an ensigncy in the King of England's service. At the time the French took that place, I had escaped into Prussia, where I got a lieutenancy, and had been made prisoner at the late battle of *Jena.* I had recently received an account of the death of my parents, who had left me a tolerably good property, and I felt anxious to revisit my Native Country, from which I had been so long absent. Being close confined at *Chalons* (our *dépôt*), I had made my escape, and had now no obstacle to surmount but what he could easily remedy (meaning the River),—I concluded, by requesting him for a moment to consider himself in my situation, and to judge of mine by an appeal to his own feelings. I saw this reasoning

began to operate powerfully. I then produced six *livres*, which I had already offered the German, and requested they would accept of it, and put me across. It was a mere trifle, but I could not afford any more at that time. The Frenchman spoke very feelingly; declared it was utterly impossible for them to put me over, as they ran a risk of being arrested on the opposite side, for landing any body clandestinely. They desired I would hold up my hand, and declare solemnly that I had committed no crime against the State, which I readily agreed to. He then desired me to be off, and to conceal myself in the wood—*Get over how you can, said they, we will not molest you.* I insisted upon their taking the piece of money. They then embarked, and I entered the wood, not a little pleased at this very narrow escape. After I had got secured in an excellent hiding place, the whole appeared as a dream or vision; nor could I help repeating to myself, "What a fortunate fellow! what a miraculous escape!" I remained concealed until dark, and then turned my steps towards the city, hoping I might be more successful in getting a boat; but in this I was disappointed. At day-break I discovered myself on the very entrance of *Khel* bridge; the bridge was thronged with oxen bellowing and making a hideous noise, together with the drivers cracking their whips, whistling and shouting. Being quite harrassed, and weary of such a state of suspence, and too much fatigued to continue much longer on turnip and cabbage diet, which I certainly should be obliged to do if I pursued my route on the right bank of the *Rhine*, into Switzerland, a great risk also appearing of my being arrested in the course of the day on its banks, by custom-house officers, and above all, a good opportunity now offering of intermixing with the cattle, and thereby eluding the vigilance of the Centinels, induced me, after an address to Divine Providence for protection, to seize that opportunity without delay. I therefore advanced on the bridge, and in a very few minutes had passed by the major part of the oxen, and also two French centinels who were muffled up in their boxes. In a quarter of an hour I had the heartfelt satisfaction

of being safe on the German side of the *Rhine,* having passed between eight and nine French and German sentinels without being spoken to by any one of them. The fact was, the morning being excessively raw and cold, they had kept within their boxes, and the noise and confusion of the cattle, in passing, prevented their taking any notice of me. I shall not attempt to describe the pleasing sensations I now felt.—I passed, with a light heart, through *Khel,* a small town, and took the road towards *Friburgh.* After walking nearly three leagues, I stopped in a small village on the high road to refresh myself, having lived nearly nine days on raw vegetables. I felt quite bold and confident, and intended now to pass for a Frenchman. I had one great consolation, which was, that I was pretty well out of the reach of the French *gensd'armes* and French laws, to me an astonishing change. At the public-house I went into, I got supplied with bread, cheese and a pint of wine, which though of an inferior quality surpassed at that moment any thing I had ever tasted, it appeared so delicious and good. I remained there about an hour, and the people were very civil. Though so near France, I could scarcely make them understand a word of the French language, and I found the greatest contrast imaginable in their dress.

I was about nine leagues from *Friburgh.* At 2 o'clock I took my leave, and proceeded, keeping the high road. In consequence of my feet, I could advance but very slowly. During that day, I passed several small villages. At night I was greatly at a loss how to act, dreading lest the laws of *Baden* and *Wirtemberg,* might be the same with the French respecting travellers, which require that they should produce their passports, and papers, to the host; and they are then taken to the Municipality, prior to their being provided with beds. I did not much like travelling in Germany by night; from the inferiority of their police it appeared more than probable, that the roads might be infested with footpads and robbers, and I was little able in my present situation to make any resistance.

One advantage there was (if it could be termed so) I had little or nothing to be deprived of. After deliberating a long time, I came to a resolution to enter a small poor looking village then before me: A place of that description appeared the best to try the experiment in. At about half-past 7, I got directed to a public house; every thing appeared to favour me. So I entered, and asked if I could be provided with a bed? The landlord answered in very good French, in the affirmative, and supper also if I wished. I soon began to be apprehensive of this fellow. However, in order to save appearances as much as possible, I ordered some supper and wine. After making a hearty meal I insisted on this fellow's taking some wine, and then expressed a wish to go to bed, as I observed I was a little fatigued. He ordered the servant to light me to my room, without any farther inquiries. The servant, after giving me a night cap, retired, and I then secured my chamber door. My feet were in a most shocking condition, not a bit of skin on the greater part; it literally stuck to the upper leathers of my shoes, which I was under the necessity of moistening with water, before I could get them off. I then tore a couple of strips from my shirt (which by the bye was now greatly reduced) put some candle grease on, and applied the strips to the sore places. My feet being thus dressed, although in a very imperfect way, I took off my clothes and went to bed. I found it a very good one, though peculiar in its form, which was strange to me; it being the custom of this country to sleep between two feather beds,* the largest in general uppermost: however I had sheets and a counterpaine as in other countries.

Notwithstanding the excruciating pain of my feet, I never in

* This reminds me of an anecdote which a late naval officer once mentioned. That on being shewn into his bed-room in Germany, he was asked, when between his feather beds, if he wanted any thing? *"No I thank you,* replied he, *"only pray tell the gentleman who is to sleep on the upper feather bed, that I hope he will come soon, as I am very tired."*

my life felt so happy as at that moment. It is true, the pleasant sensations I felt in the morning, after crossing the bridge of *Khel*, were of such a nature that no pen can describe; but I really thought that the present greatly exceeded them. I found myself now lying on a bed, softer to me than down, with a tolerably easy mind; which had been of late a very rare thing: after the many nights and days that I had been the sport of the elements, stretched on the bare ground, under the great canopy of heaven, without food or raiment.—In a word, to feel the delight I then did, it would have been necessary to have suffered as I had done.

I need not say, that, after offering up my most sincere thanks to the Almighty God for his goodness and protection, I fell into a most profound sleep; nor did I once open my eyes until day-light the next morning, when I found my legs exceedingly stiff, and my feet very sore. It was impossible for me to walk; yet I did not like remaining so near the land of tyranny; and the Confederation of the *Rhine* amongst which I now was, was probably too much attached to it. Amidst these thoughts I dressed myself, rubbing the dirt off and making every thing as spruce as possible. At last I got my shoes on after a great deal of pain and difficulty; then went down stairs, and ordered some breakfast. The landlord was very civil. I observed, that I was very stiff in my joints, not having been much accustomed to walking, though I had taken it in my head to perform the journey from *Frankfort* this last time on foot; that I was going to *Basle* in Switzerland, and wanted to get to *Friburgh* that evening, and should be glad if he would procure me a conveyance. He replied he would send to inquire, and added, "I can guess what you are." I asked him, what? He said, "*A cloth merchant, travelling to procure customers.*" I admired his penetration! And he was very much pleased at thus discovering what I was. I paid him my bill, which was pretty moderate He provided me with a kind of *Voiture*, which could only go with me six leagues. This was exactly what I wished, as there

was no place of consequence, that I could learn of in that distance. Had I been obliged to take it on to *Friburgh*, I intended to have made some excuse and to have stopped at some village nearer.

We soon agreed about the price, and I got into this substitute for a carriage, the proprietor was postillion ; it was an open machine made of twigs woven together basket fashion. The morning was thick, with a drizzling rain. I borrowed a great coat from the landlord, and off we set, a great change this in my mode of travelling ! I had several turnpikes to pay, and I confess I was alarmed, fearing they might ask to look at my passport at some of those places ; but I was agreeably disappointed, my honest driver observing to them, that I was, *ein Franschose, going to Basle*, which proved sufficient for them and very gratifying to me. At about 4 o'clock, the driver stopped at a public-house in a small village, to refresh his horse; but nothing particular occurred there. Some Germans, however, who were drinking, who possess a natural detestation of a Frenchman, made several remarks on the strange Frenchman. The very graceful bow I made at leaving the house, excited a roar of laughter from every one therein, and *Franschose !* was vociferated throughout the room.

At about 6 o'clock, in the evening we stopped at a very respectable looking village ; my conductor made me understand he was going to leave me there, and that I was but three leagues from *Friburgh*. I discharged him, and went to a genteel tavern. They sent for a man who could speak French, to inform them what I wished to have. A very gentleman-like person made his appearance, and I apprehended in the beginning it might be the mayor, but my fears were without foundation ; owing to this gentleman's goodness in explaining matters, I got a private apartment and a good supper, and went to bed, very happy and comfortable at not having been asked any question. In the morning I arose betimes, went through a

similar process with respect to my feet, and ordered breakfast, when the interpreter attended; he wished to know, if I wanted a carriage? I replied, as I had but three leagues to go, I preferred walking.—Although my feet were very stiff, yet my finances were low, and I might find it a difficult matter, perhaps, to pass so large a town as *Friburgh* in a carriage. My breakfast was now ready, coffee, toast and eggs. It was quite a novelty to me, to have any before me fit for a human being to eat. The man, who kept me in conversation the whole time, observed—*That is a kind of breakfast, Sir, which Englishmen in general like; they only differ from you in dipping their toast in the coffee.* I made answer, that I believed people of all nations liked what was good. I had myself been in England some time, but was fond of a good breakfast prior to visiting that Country. The conversation being terminated, I settled my account, took my leave of this man, and proceeded towards the above-mentioned town of *Friburgh*. I frequently repented not confiding to him, who and what I was, as he had afforded me so good an opportunity: and I might thus have procured a passport.

About noon I discovered the high spire of *Friburgh* Steeple, * it resembled that of *Strasbourg* very much. I now advanced towards the town with the greatest precaution, endeavouring, painful as it was, to avoid the appearance of being lame. It is surrounded by a large chain of mountains which appear almost inaccessible: I therefore was obliged to approach *Friburgh*, since from the miserable state I was in, a circuit of it was to me impracticable.

I reconnoitred the place on all sides, and approached the

* *Friburgh* is a large town, the capital of *Brisgau*; its steeple is deemed the most beautiful on the Continent, except *Strasbourg*. There was a famous University here formerly. The inhabitants are remarkable for polishing crystal and precious stones. It has been several times taken and retaken. The French demolished the fortifications in 1744. It formerly belonged to the House of Austria, but at present is subject to the Elector of Baden.

western gate of *Friburgh* with every caution; being very uncertain how to proceed, I did not think it prudent to enter; the appearance of a huge grenadier at the gate, walking up and down at his post, made me turn short on my heel and relinquish every idea of passing that way. I walked back nearly half a mile; and fortunately discovered a pathway leading round by the northern side of the wall, or rather ruins, as there are few vestiges of the former to be seen. In advancing that way, I suddenly came into an old square, where a few recruits were exercising, and in a few minutes I was on the outside of the eastern gate. I had still a sentinel and guard-house to pass. However, I accomplished that without experiencing any difficulty; they supposed, no doubt, that I came out of the town. I now felt peculiarly happy, since another great obstacle I thought, was surmounted. As I found myself so successful on the German side, I determined not to go into Switzerland; particularly as my course was to *Salzburgh*, and from there to *Trieste*. I knew the French influence was great in Switzerland, and that *gensd'armes* were frequently despatched from France to look out there for deserters. I therefore took my direction for *Constance*, a town of Suabia, seated on a lake of the same name. The little map I had, gave only the names of large places, which perplexed me very much; and after leaving *Friburgh*, *Constance* was the next on the line I wished to take. I found the road very mountainous and irregular; I met several waggons. As I got warm, my feet became more easy and supple, and I advanced apace. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I had passed *Friburgh* two leagues, it was getting dark fast, no house in sight and a very lonesome solitary road; I kept still advancing, very weary and exhausted. At about 8 o'clock I discovered a mill on the road side, and to my great joy a dwelling house quite contiguous. I made out a sign also, projecting over the door—rapped and received admittance. I made them understand that I wanted a bed, and they bade me sit down. I thought this a good omen. I wanted something to eat very much, and they brought me a dish of boiled milk with bread

broken into it, and a quantity of pepper; this they styled *milk soup*, and was the only thing the house afforded. Not having tasted any thing since my English breakfast in the morning about 7 o'clock, I was not very nice. They appeared poor and miserable in the extreme; their light came from *deal chips* dried and stuck in a sort of stick, made on purpose for that use. I was shewn to bed, and was agreeably surprised; for it was a much better one than I had any reason to expect in that place. In the morning I had some of the same kind of soup, and my bill was very reasonable. I was informed that *Constance* was 19 leagues distant, and away I limped; my feet were very sore and stiff at first. I met several people on the road, none of whom appeared to take the smallest notice of me. About 6 in the evening, the weather became very inclement; and finding myself close to a small village, I purposed taking up my abode there for the night.

I accordingly went into a public house, and was shewn up stairs into the coffee room; in these places the public sitting room is generally on the second floor. There I found a number of people drinking, and a respectable looking priest at their head. I made my *entrée á la francoise*, as near as I could, and asked if I could have a bed? I could get no answer, but the landlady called aloud for her domestic *Pestre* or *Peter*, who, she said, was a Frenchman, to explain. He at length appeared, and asked in very good French what I wished to have? Before I gave him a direct answer, I appeared to rejoice at finding a countryman (as I still wished to appear as a Frenchman) so unexpectedly in that remote part of the world. I declared to him that I should be anxious to have some conversation respecting our old country presently; but wished first to know, if I could have a bed and something for supper? he replied *Certainly, and I shall take care that you are well attended.* This poor fellow was certainly very attentive. I supped heartily on soup and *bouilli*; after which, I insisted upon his giving me his history, which he did without any hesitation.

"I was born, Sir, in *Nancy* in Lorrain, and it is now 11 years since I quitted my native place." Here I interrupted him, and observed (in order the better to guard the disguise which I had assumed), that I had remarked the moment I heard him speak, a vast difference in his accent, and consequently conjectured, he must have been a long time absent; although, I added, that the *Lorrain* accent was very different in general to ours in France. He said, that he had forgotten a great deal of his mother tongue; "and I assure you," continued he, "I was going to make the same observation with respect to your accent; but you have saved me the trouble and have accounted for the reason. But to return: what has happened to me, Sir, was in consequence of my being drawn for a conscript; it went against my grain to serve Buonaparte. I am by trade a weaver; I knew I could get a living in any country, and, painful and disagreeable as it was to quit my family, I took French leave, crossed the *Rhine*, and have been 8 years with my present landlord. He keeps a kind of manufactory, where I have worked until very lately. Wishing to have a trusty person in the house, he made me drop my business as weaver, and attend here in my present capacity."—I asked him, if he had ever been in Normandy, which was my part of France? "Never." He wished to know what trade or occupation I had; so I gratified him—"I am a *marchand de draps*, am going to *Constance* to receive orders, and finding myself exceeding weary, I rather wish to retire to bed." He conducted me to my apartment, and took his leave, I slept very sound and comfortable. In the morning, at day-light, I settled with my pretended countryman, shook hands and parted from him. About 2, I met with an armed man, in a very retired part, he appeared to be a police officer: however he asked me no questions, which pleased me much. At the close of the evening, I discovered a number of houses at some distance, and was highly elated, imagining it was a village. When I reached them, it proved to be a nobleman's house; but one of the servants had the kindness to direct me to a village, where I arrived late: how-

ever I got a supper of milk and eggs. It being Friday, they would not cook meat, and I had also a bed. The people of the house were young, and had sixteen children, chiefly twins; they appeared very happy.

In the morning I quitted them, and walked on towards *Constance*. I had not gone above a league, when I descried the beautiful lake of that name. The town of *Zurich* was in view. The high mountains of Switzerland, the summit of which was covered with snow, the variegated beautiful plains at the bottom interspersed with corn-fields, vineyards, &c. struck the eye with admiration, and afforded a prospect truly magnificent. At about 5 in the afternoon, I was close to the town of *Constance*.* It appeared large; a number of buildings, representing monasteries and steeples, presented themselves to view, and reminded me of its ancient splendour; but its present state indicated that it had been a long time neglected. The lake† looked very beautiful and was a little agitated, as it blew pretty strong.

Lindau, at the lower end of the lake, was the next large town in my direction. I was deliberating on the best method of acting for the night, whether I had better take up my abode in the vicinity of the town, or proceed on further towards *Lindau*, when I met with two young men, genteelly dressed. I saluted them, which they returned very politely. They both spoke French. I inquired what distance I was from *Lindau?* They

* *Constance* was formerly a large strong town, in the circle of Suabia, with a Bishop's See, whose Bishop was a Prince of the Empire; it is famous for a council held in it in 1514, when there were three Popes; but they were all deposed, and Martin the Fifth was elected in their room. The council caused Jerom of Prague to be burnt, though the Emperor Sigismund had given him a safe conduct: In pursuance of this maxim, that no faith was to be kept with heretics—they condemned the doctrine of Wickliff, and ordered his bones to be burnt, 40 years after he had been dead; the inhabitants now are mostly Protestants.

† The lake of the same name runs between Suabia and Switzerland; it is 30 miles in length and 8 in breadth; it is crossed by the river *Rhine*.

informed me, 14 leagues, that I had a branch of the lake to cross, which before I was ignorant of, in consequence of my map being so very small and confined. As it blew rather strong, they advised me to wait until the next day. I did not intimate being ignorant of having to cross this part; but replied, that I had particular business at *Lindau*, and should cross if possible that night, as I was obliged to be there early the next day. They had the kindness to direct me to where the ferry boats set out from, and we separated.

I now had to learn, whether there was any risk in demanding a passage; therefore went into a public house close to the water, where I saw several people who appeared to be waiting for one. I mixed carelessly with the multitude—called for a small measure of wine, as I saw others do, and, in a short time, I observed two boatmen come to give notice the boat was ready. No passports, or papers, to my great satisfaction were demanded, although quitting Wirtemberg to go into Bavaria. I addressed myself to the boatmen; my fare was two florins, though I observed the others paid but half a one, and they insisted on it instantly. I disputed the point, until the owner of the boat, a very old hump-backed man, made his appearance. He observed very kindly, *that if I did not chuse to pay, I might remain where I was;* and added *you are a Frenchman, your friend Buonaparte robs and plunders every body, so its all fair to make Frenchmen pay.* I confess I paid the peevish looking fellow with less repugnance, in consequence of this remark, and embarked, which was a novel thing. Behold me now, under sail! We had to go about the distance of 4 miles, and I had very nearly discovered myself; for a sudden puff of wind coming on, they handled their boat so clumsily, that I snatched the sheet out of the man's hand, and kept it in my own. They looked astonished, but said nothing. In half an hour we were on the Bavarian side, but still had to meet with misfortunes and disappointments. They were going to land at a small fortified town; and it struck me very forcibly, that they would examine the pas-

sengers on leaving the boat. I consequently felt very unhappy. The sound of drums saluted my ears in all directions, and I feared it was for the shutting of the gates. Being landed, I continued with the others through the street, and inquired, without causing suspicion, what time the gates would be closed? They replied, *in three quarters of an hour.*—To my unspeakable joy, no person appeared to inspect papers. My brother passengers went to an inn, and I asked for the nearest way out of the town on the *Lindau* road. Was accordingly directed—found the gate open, and very soon passed it. I met several military men in the streets, and there was a sentinel's box at the gate. However the darkness of the night, and inclemency of the weather favoured me.

I proceeded about two leagues, without falling in with a living creature, or seeing any thing like a habitation. I at length saw lights, and soon arrived in a small village. I was not certain whether there might not be different regulations in Bavaria, from those I had experienced in Baden, Suabia, and Wirtemberg. Necessity, however, urged me on, and I went into a public-house—got a bed and supper. Several people were drinking in the room where I was,—they laughed heartily at my Frenchified bows and scrapes, and wished me to drink with them, which I declined. I was anxious to go to bed; the servant came to light me—and I endeavoured, in wishing them a good night, to display my French politeness as much as possible. Therefore drawing my shoulders up to my ears, I made each of my half intoxicated friends a most graceful, or rather graceless bow—they set up a horse laugh, and I retired; the fellow, who conducted me, laughing also the whole way. I slept tolerably comfortable, and felt happy at amusing those fellows, at the same time that it answered my own purpose.

At day-break I got some breakfast, and proceeded towards *Lindau.** My feet were healing very fast, and I advanced

* *Lindau* was formerly a free and imperial town, but now belongs to the King of Bavaria. It is situated on an island, on the lake in the circle of Suabia The inhabitants are chiefly protestants.

with great glee. After passing through several villages on the banks of the lake, at about 5 o'clock I saw the town nearly four or five miles off. I halted at a small village to refresh myself, conjecturing it was too early to pass the town of *Lindau*, as it appeared a very large one, and it was Sunday; which gave me reason to expect that I should meet several people in the environs. I therefore entered a public-house, and found two women and a man eating their dinner. From the landlady, who was an old woman, I got some wine, bread, and sausages; and amused the time until nearly 7 o'clock. I then supposed it was proper to proceed; so paid the old dame, and sat out, little suspecting what was about to befall me.

I had not advanced many hundred yards, before I discovered several soldiers walking fast behind me. I at first supposed they were afraid of being shut out: I therefore quickened my pace to avoid being overtaken by them. I continued for about three quarters of a league to walk in this manner, until I discovered, on rounding an angle of the road, that I was close to the gate that led to the town. I also saw the town itself at a considerable distance, on an island, and found this was the bridge gate. The soldiers were close up in the rear: I therefore did not think it prudent to turn back, particularly as I saw my road led on to the left, after leaving the gate on my right hand. I continued onwards—passed the gate and a sentinel without being asked a question—and then thought I was clear. But, alas, I was very much mistaken. I was accosted by an elderly man, who it appeared had followed me from the gate, who asked, *if I had a passport ?* in German. I told him I was a Frenchman, and did not understand his language: he immediately explained, in excellent French, *that he wished to see my passport.* I assured him, I had lost the whole of my papers, and most of my money, with several other things, the last evening, in crossing the branch of the lake, my pocket-book having dropped overboard. That I was going to *Inspruck,** where

* *Inspruck*, the capital of the *Tyrol*, with a strong castle, is very populous, and was formerly the residence of the Archdukes of Austria. It is seated in a pleasant valley on the river *Inn*, 62 miles south of *Munich*.

I had some friends, and thought I could get so far without any trouble, it being only two or three day's journey.—The soldiers, on this, advanced from the gate, and as I supposed through curiosity. The keeper of the gate said, the town was farther off than I imagined; that it would be inconvenient to continue my journey without papers; that it was then late, and the difference of one night would be nothing to me. That on the next morning the commandant of *Lindau* would give me other papers, and I could then proceed without any apprehension. All this was certainly very reasonable, but it did not by any means suit me. I was very thankful for his counsel, but preferred continuing my route, as my affairs required the utmost despatch. He then said, *I am under the necessity of detaining you*; and he called the soldiers to assist him. I calmly replied, "you need no assistance, my good friend—it is putting me a little out of my way—but I am ready to accompany you wherever you please." O cruel destiny! I repeated to myself. How different were my feelings at that moment, from those I had experienced after my nine days wandering through woods, mountains, marshes, &c. and crossing the bridge of *Khel*. After the misery and excruciating pain I had endured, to get thus far and have all my hopes nearly blasted. Only one resource was left—which was, to make out a good tale for the commandant; and that I set about forming, as I advanced to the town with my escort. At about half past 8, I arrived at the commandant's, and was ushered into an extensive vestibule. In a few minutes, this great man made his appearance: he was magnificently dressed, with his sword, and, as I afterwards understood, was just going to the opera. I need not mention how sorry I was, for being the cause of detaining him.

He could not speak French; therefore was obliged to wait for his secretary and interpreter, who no sooner arrived than he called for pen, ink, and paper, placed himself at a table, and with a great deal of consequence, desired me to advance, and answer the questions he should put to me: he then proceeded

thus—*What countryman are you pray?*—A Frenchman—*What part of France were you born in?*—" In Rouen, in Normandy."—*Proceed and give an account of yourself.*

" My name is *Louis Gallique*; my father was a surgeon in *Rouen,* where I have got a brother (of the same profession) and two sisters. My parents have deen dead some time. I got my reform, or discharge from the army, through my brother's interest. I am going to *Inspruck* to see some friends, thence I intend to proceed to *Vienna,* where I expect to be employed as a clerk in a counting-house.—*How did you lose your pocket book and papers?*—In crossing a branch of the lake a puff of wind was near oversetting the boat; my pocket-book must have dropped out as I was leaning over. I cannot account for losing it in any other manner. It was a very great misfortune, as I lost all my money, with the exception of a few loose pieces which I kept in my pocket; also my letters of recommendation, passport, papers, &c."—" *What are your German friends' names?*" I gave him French names, and told him, they were all of French extraction. He then began to explain the whole to the commandant; and after some minute's consideration, he informed me, *That I appeared to be a very suspicious character, and they must send me to the guard-house for the night.* In the morning I should be lodged in jail, until I could be identified by the French government, or (in the mean time) by my friends at *Inspruck* or *Vienna.* I exposed the cruelty of such conduct to a subject of the Great Napoleon, who was their Ally, and the Protector of the Confederation of the *Rhine.* I added, they might now act as they thought proper; but I had friends who would have their conduct made known. They made no reply, and I was escorted to the guard-house. In an hour after, I was brought back and underwent a similar examination. They then ordered me to the common jail, where they apprized me I should be very indifferently treated—in consequence of their suspecting me to be a spy. I disdained so opprobrious an epithet—remonstrated with them again upon

the cruelty of their conduct : but they were inflexible, and I departed the second time with the guard.

On my way to the jail, I reflected on the horrors of being thrown into prison, perhaps cast into a dungeon amongst malefactors of every denomination ; and the certainty, in a few days, of being discovered. I also imagined they might treat me with more kindness, if I acknowledged who I was. I therefore desired the chief of my escort to conduct me back to the Commandant, which he did. I then told them frankly, who and what I was, how I had escaped, &c. He said, he thought I was an Englishman ; and brought a list of the descriptions of prisoners of war, which he had lately received from France, and pointed out my name, before I told him of it. He asked me where my comrades were. I now discovered that this description had been drawn up on our first escape from *Verdun*. I assured him I could not tell where they were—perhaps in England, I had parted with them the first day. I was anxious to know what other *Signalments* he had ? He desired me not to be inquisitive; said I should be better used now, but must be confined in the Common Town Prison ; where in a few minutes I was safely deposited, and all hopes of liberty were at an end, at least for the present.

SECTION IX.

DECEMBER 2d, 1807.—I was placed in a tolerably decent well furnished apartment, with a bed, stove, table and chair. I wished to have something to refresh myself with, which they granted. They then proceeded to search me, took away the whole of my clothes, and the few pieces of silver they found on me, my knife, razor, &c. observing, that I should have them returned in due time. I prevailed on them to leave my pantaloons; and as only the collar and sleeves of my shirt remained, I consequently did not fear being deprived of the comfort of reserving it.

I begged to know the reason of this cruel usage? It was the custom of their country, they said, and they wished to prevent my getting away again. They then locked me up, and retired. I now began with inexpressible grief and sorrow to meditate upon my unfortunate destiny. It afterwards struck me, that perhaps the jail was weak, and which might have been the cause of their taking away my wearing apparel, supposing that I should not attempt escaping in that naked condition: this was at least a soothing and pleasant reflection, and I waited with anxiety for day-light, to examine the jail, determining the following night to be off, if left even stark naked afterwards.

I suffered all night the most cruel torments that can afflict the human mind. I never even once slumbered, I was so astonishingly agitated. I supposed all my companions were safe, and that I was the only unfortunate wretch of the party. The ease with which I could have avoided the gate-way to this town (had I been aware I was on the road that passed it), was

continually present to my dejected thoughts—in short, I found myself in a state of distraction. I endeavoured to tranquilize my mind with the hope of being able to get out of my present prison, or, at all events, of escaping from my guards on our march back into France; I had already got away from the most strict guards in the universe, the French *gend'armerie*. These ideas proved to be a kind of salutary balsam to my tortured bosom: It is hardly possible for persons who have never experienced any thing like the distress I had undergone, to form any idea of the dreadful manner in which the mind is agitated on these occasions.

I found myself excessively cold during the night. A severe frost and snow had set in; and in the month of December I could not expect it otherwise. In the morning, about 6, an old lady (the jailer's wife) presented me with a cup of coffée, which I eagerly swallowed; the poor woman felt very much for my distressed situation and actually shed tears. I begged she would provide me with materials for writing a letter to the Commandant; her husband brought me them, and I remonstrated with the fellow on his cruelty, in having me stripped of my clothes in a jail; which to my grief I now discovered to be too secure, when he could have no idea of my being able to get away from it; I begged, at least, to have a neck handkerchief and cap returned to me, and desired he would order the money I had been deprived of, to be laid out in purchasing a coarse shirt and pair of stockings, which I very much wanted. I also requested I might be allowed one of the military surgeons to dress my feet, that were still in a bad state: All these demands he had the kindness to grant. The secretary came and informed me, that I should be detained until they received orders from the government at *Ulm*, which would be in about twelve days; he expressed great sorrow for my misfortunes, and retired.—Great consolation this, to a poor devil without clothes.

The surgeon came and dressed my sores, and was greatly

amazed how I could have travelled with my feet in so bad a condition. After he quitted me, I went to bed, and felt a little more calm, but could not close an eye. At noon the old lady came with my dinner; it was a tolerably good one, considering the quarters I was in. She informed me, that I was allowed nothing but water to drink: This I considered very inhuman, as my miserable state required something more nourishing. I was however supplied by a Swiss gentleman, confined in an adjacent apartment, with a few books that amused me greatly. I expressed a wish to see him; but the old lady assured me it was impossible—"*They had strict orders to the contrary.*" I was at length supplied with a shirt and pair of stockings; but the latter I could not then put on, owing to my feet.

I had sufficient time on my hands, at present, to meditate. I revolved in my mind, over and over, my disasters and misfortunes. The vicissitudes incident to human nature—The vanity of the world—How necessary it was to have sufferings and disappointments, in order to be able to form a just opinion of what miseries others endure. These reveries quite exhausted me; I found myself very weary and inclined to sleep. My lassitude induced me to go to bed and indulge it. I soon fell asleep, but the perturbed state of my mind disturbed this restorer of nature, with the most disagreeable dreams and phantoms that can be imagined; and I arose, if possible, more fatigued.

At 7, my old hostess brought me supper, made my bed, and exhorted me to have patience. Eleven days passed on nearly in this manner, with the exception that I agreed with the jailer to keep back breakfast, and give me half a pint of small wine at each meal, and a candle, which I had not been allowed after the second night.

The Swiss gentleman at last managed to see me. He spoke a little English, had been formerly in the Austrian service, and had served under H. R. H. the Duke of York at *Valenciennes*,

Dunkirk, &c. He was confined for debt, had been in jail eighteen months, and did not expect to be liberated for six months longer; he appeared to be very much surprised at the Bavarians using me so harshly, and, after condoling with me a little, retired.

On the thirteenth morning, at day-break, the jailer appeared with breakfast and my clothes; and informed me, I was instantly to prepare for my journey back into France; that my escort would be at the door in a few minutes.—He begged I would keep up my spirits. I assured him, I was well pleased at the information, and in being removed from so solitary a habitation. I certainly cherished the hope of escaping on the road back, not imagining that I should be treated as a criminal going to be executed. I had scarcely swallowed my breakfast, when two military men were shewn into my apartment; the foremost holding in his hands an immense iron chain with shackles, and a large padlock. The sight of this apparatus destroyed every hope that had before presented itself, with respect to my getting off, however, I pretended to take no notice. This man spoke a little French—saluted me civilly, and asked, *If I were prepared?*—" Yes," said I, " perfectly so."—*I am sorry,* resumed he, *to be under the necessity of using these machines—It is the Commandant's orders, and, as you are an officer yourself, I need not observe how necessary it is to obey the orders of a superior.—We are brothers of the volunteer corps of this town, chosen on purpose to re-conduct you into France, lest you might have been ill treated by soldiers of the line.* I told him they were excessively kind, and desired them to proceed and do their duty; that what I suffered was no dishonour to me, it was for my Country and I gloried in it. The commandant's secretary now joined the party, and he expressed his satisfaction at his brothers being appointed to escort me. I pointed out to him the cruelty of putting so enormous a chain upon any human creature—he replied, *You have so often escaped, Sir, even from the gend'armerie of France, and those are volunteers only, that the*

Commandant thinks it very necessary—we have no small chains. There is a carriage ordered to transport you, consequently the inconvenience will not be so great. A little more palaver followed; and my right arm and left leg were chained together, with the large padlock, &c. as before observed. I was then carried to the jail door, where there was an immense concourse of people to behold the unfortunate stranger thus decorated. I took an affectionate leave of the old woman, who was crying the whole time, and of her husband; and, with the aid of my guards, was placed in the carriage, one of them on each side. It was an open kind of gig, drawn by two horses; they gave their orders to the postillion and away they drove.

In passing through the streets, the windows were crowded with spectators, wishing my guards a pleasant excursion, and safe return from France, as if they had been bound to the most remote part of the globe. We no sooner quitted the town, than they examined their pieces, primed, and loaded them. I observed they were rifle guns.

At noon we stopped to change horses at a small town that I had passed through but a few days before. They helped me out, and permitted me to lean on them as I went up stairs; from the weight of the irons, it was impossible I could mount otherwise. Our carriage and postillion were also shifted, and I found the vehicle carried letters, &c. Although, as I have before observed, one of my escort spoke French, from the depressed state of my spirits I entered into little or no conversation with him. Sometimes, indeed, I asked him a question respecting his country, merely for information.

We halted at midnight in a walled town, the name of which I have never found out; and they informed me I might go to bed for two hours. I thanked them for this indulgence. There were two police officers attended in my chamber with the others. I never closed an eye. The night at length elapsed; we were

again placed in another vehicle, and on the road I discovered they were taking a more northerly direction towards *Strasbourg*. We had three relays before 4 in the afternoon; and when we arrived at a small open town in *Wirtemberg** and stopped as usual at the post house, which was also a tavern, we found a number of very genteel people there. I attracted (of course) the notice of every body; they appeared desirous and anxious to serve me, and reprobated very much *the conduct of the Bavarians, in using a British officer so cruelly*. I was in great hopes of staying there all night, as there was at first a difficulty in procuring a carriage. However, the Bavarians did not deem it prudent I believe. So they got a common waggon, which was filled with straw, and placed me in the centre between them; and they were not wrong in doing so, for had I remained there that night, I should have been rescued.

At midnight we shifted waggon at *Rotheweil*. At day-light we shifted again, and at 4 in the afternoon we passed through *Gegenbach*;† and about midnight arrived at *Offenburgh*‡, a fortified town in *Baden*, and only 5 or 6 leagues from *Strasbourg*. Here we went to bed, my guards having first placed theirs on each side of mine.

My mind was too much occupied with the misery that awaited me, to admit of sleep. The dungeons, in which I was perhaps inevitably doomed to drag out a miserable existence, appeared with all their horrors. *Bitche* was the place that had been originally allotted for me, and I was of opinion, from

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* *Tutlingen* was the name of this small town; it had suffered greatly by fire, and had been lately entirely new built. It is situated on the *Danube*, 33 miles N.W. of *Constance*.

† *Gegenbach*, a small city in the circle of Suabia, and in *Mordenaw*, it was a free Imperial city, under the protection of the House of Austria, formerly; it is seated on the river *Kintzig*, 15 miles S.E. of *Strasbourg*.

‡ *Offenburgh* was also formerly under the sanction of the House of Austria, but belongs at present to the Duke of *Baden*; it is a strong walled town, situated on the river *Kintzig*, about 20 miles E. of *Baden*. Suffered greatly in the late war between Austria and France.

different accounts which I had received of this miserable place that my life was only prolonged to make the punishment greater, by sending me there. My guards appeared to commiserate my distresses greatly; and they very frequently expressed their regret, at its being their lot to deliver me up again into the hands of my enemies; and, in justice to them, I must observe that they anticipated as much as they could all my wishes, with respect to refreshments, &c, and made me as comfortable as they possibly could, or as circumstances would admit of.

At 8 in the morning, we quitted *Offenburgh* for *Strasbourg*. At 11 we breakfasted at *Khel*,* the last stage. We got our last shift of horses and proceeded; crossed the bridge about one, and were very strictly searched by Custom-house officers placed on the bridge for that purpose, lest we might have any smuggled goods. Those fellows, as well as the sentries, were very much enraged when I told them, they had not been so very particular a few mornings back, when I passed the bridge without their deigning to speak to me. How mad the rascals were! In half an hour I was delivered up to the French *gend'armerie*, and found myself securely lodged in the military jail.

The keeper of this prison was, thank God, excessively kind and civil. He shewed me into an apartment, where there was a tolerably good bed, and even asked me, *if I wished to have a fire?* The weather was extremely cold, with a very hard frost. I replied I should like a fire exceedingly, but had not a farthing of money to pay for it—The little money I possessed, had been nearly expended by the Bavarians in getting me a shirt and stockings; the remainder, which was a mere trifle, I saw given to the *gend'armes*, who took charge of me from them.—He replied, *In that case you shall go to my apartment and warm yourself, and shall want for nothing that I can help you to.*—This was a very different reception from

* *Keil* or *Khel*, a strong fortress on the *Rhine*, opposite *Strasbourg*, built after the manner of Vauban; it now belongs to the French.

what I had anticipated. He also added, *That he was an old soldier; had been twice made prisoner by the English last war, in the Mediterranean, and had been very well treated.* He introduced me to his wife, a German woman, who also behaved very kindly, and made me take a seat by the fire. I found myself very comfortable, after having been for several hours nearly perishing with cold. I supped with them, and breakfasted and dined the next day at their table. The lieutenant of *gend'armerie* of the *Strasbourg* district, with another officer, came to interrogate me with respect to my escape, the different directions I had taken, &c.—They appeared very much astonished at my sufferings, and wondered greatly at my being able to cross the bridge of *Khel* without interruption. They informed me, that at day-light the next morning, I should be conducted towards my destination, *Bitche,* in company with eleven Corsican soldiers, who had lately deserted from their regiment at *Deuxponts,* with arms, accoutrements, knapsack, &c. These unfortunate fellows, they observed, would be shot—They were very sorry that I should have such companions, but could not remedy it. I was properly sensible of their conduct, and assured them, I felt extremely happy in the idea of arriving at my journey's end soon. They then took their leave, and withdrew.

DECEMBER 18th.—I passed this evening similar to the preceding one, tolerably comfortable by the jailer's fire. At day-break he came to desire me to prepare for the journey; his good and hospitable wife had breakfast ready for me, and made me take some spirits, as the morning was excessively cold, snowing and freezing very severely, she also insisted upon my putting some bread in my pocket. I was only allowed the hard black ammunition bread, which was so bad that nothing but extreme hunger would induce any one even to taste it. The jailer being well aware of the disagreeable dungeons I should be placed in during my route to *Bitche,*—told me, as my funds were very low (he having received only 9 *livres,* seven shillings and sixpence sterling, which was all that the

Bavarians had delivered up), he would not deduct more than 2*s.* 6*d.* for what I had procured at his house, and he gave the remainder to my guard, to advance as I might have occasion for it. I felt very sensible of this man's generosity and disinterestedness; his was, indeed, the most reasonable bill I ever had in France, and I requested he would take more, as I was certain it must be in consequence of my reduced finances, that his demands were so moderate: however, he would not. So I took my leave of him and his wife,* and got into my place, which was by the eleventh Corsican's side to whom I was chained and handcuffed, and another chain was then passed through the whole of the party, which completely linked us together. About noon our guards were shifted. The brigade that now escorted us, were the most cruel scoundrels I ever beheld. They placed the chain round my neck, under my handkerchief; and, on my observing to them, that it must certainly be their design to strangle me by putting the chain on so tight, they took in another link, damned me for a rascally Englishman, and clapped on an immense padlock, which was dangling as an ornament under my chin the whole way; and they then screwed on my handcuffs until the skin was literally twisted off the wrists.....They knew my name perfectly, and that I had lately escaped from my guards.

At night we arrived at *Haguenau*† jail. Here I found a Swiss soldier confined; he had lately received his discharge from the British service, had come over from *Copenhagen*, was arrested in Germany, and had then been transported into France, where they accused him of being a spy; his passport, discharge, &c. were taken from him, and transmitted to *Paris*.

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* This is the person I alluded to as an exception to the jailer at *Arras*.

† *Haguenau*, a small fortified town, seated on the river *Mottee*. It was formerly imperial, and had been taken and retaken several times in the late wars between the Austrians and Kings of France. It is four or five leagues north of *Strasbourg*.

On being discovered talking to me, he was carried away to a dungeon, and not suffered to come out until I left the jail, which was the next morning at day-light.

We were placed in the same order, with this exception—The chain was passed over the shoulder and under the arm, like a soldier's belt, instead of round the neck. In quitting the town of *Hagueneau*, I had a view of the miller's house, and that part of the river which I had crossed some nights before—How different were my sensations to those I then had felt!..... At about 5 in the afternoon we arrived at an open town, whose name I have forgotten. The cold was very intense—snowing hard all day; for our comfort, we were put into one of the most filthy dungeons that ever mortal beheld—with scarcely room to turn round in it, and only a small hole in the door to admit air. The Corsicans appeared to feel a great deal for my situation; and observed, that they ought not to complain, WHEN A BRITISH OFFICER WAS USED IN SO HORRID A MANNER. They were permitted to go out of the dungeon to get some refreshments, which the charitable inhabitants sent them. But the *Sacre Anglois* was not suffered to move; and I had great difficulty to procure a morsel of food, which was handed me through the air hole, and which they charged double price for. My companions soon returned, and they placed their knapsacks for me to lie on. This air hole was so small, and there was such an abominable smell, that I never expected to survive it. Two of these unfortunate wretches were seized with a diarrhoea, which continued the whole night, and added greatly to the stench we already had. I never passed so dreadful a night. The misery I was in is beyond description, the night appeared to have no end. At last the chearing moment arrived, which was announced by the usual sounds—rattling of keys, creeking of doors, bolts, &c. A *gend'arme* presented himself, and with a gruff overbearing voice, desired us to prepare for our march; he had very little difficulty in getting this summons obeyed, but he told us we must first of all clean out our cell!

Where is the Englishman? said he, *let him do that part.* I advanced, and told him, "I absolutely would not—I had caused no accumulation of filth since my arrival, therefore was determined not even to assist." The fellow was getting into a rage, when the soldiers interfered, and assured him that what I stated was true, and they insisted upon their emptying it out; which being done, we commenced our journey as before; the two sick wretches were not exempted from fetters, although the weather was excessively inclement—blowing and snowing right in our teeth. My wrists were quite swelled and sore. However this was the last stage, and I expected at least to get clear of the handcuffs. The sick repeatedly requested to halt where they saw a frozen rivulet, to endeavour to procure some water; but to no effect. Those flint-hearted brutes would not suffer them, and the poor creatures ate handfuls of snow, to try to extinguish their burning thirst. The guard would not even condescend to unchain them on any occasion, and they were consequently exposed on the high road to every one. Their cruelty and savage behaviour were really beyond description.

On the 21st, at noon, the high turrets of the gloomy mansion I was going to inhabit, presented themselves to my sight. The outward appearance was of itself sufficient to strike the mind with horror. The idea of being shut up in that detestable fortress for, perhaps, the remainder of my existence, was not of the most pleasing nature: however, death was much more preferable than a continuation of my persecutions, and I sometimes wished to be at rest. In an hour I was in the centre of the fort of *Bitche*—stared at on all sides by my unfortunate countrymen, who happened to be out of their *souterrains* at this moment to respire.—Some I could hear arguing whether I was a British subject. *He must have been,* said they, *at the head of some Banditti—perhaps he is the officer who commanded the soldiers he is chained to—it is impossible that any prisoner of war could be loaded in such a manner with fetters.* Others, who recognized me, shook their heads, and dared not

approach near enough to ask a question: but I could perceive they imagined I had committed some atrocious offence. Indeed it struck me, that they thought I had killed somebody, which I afterwards found was the general opinion.

It was not many seconds before my old friends and companions, Messrs. Ashworth and Tuthill, found means to get to me. I never was more thunderstruck in my life, as I supposed they were (by that time) on their passage, or had safely arrived in England. Mr. Baker, of the merchant service, and, in a short time, all the others, except Lieutenant Essel, who had been lately dashed to pieces in endeavouring to get over the walls, came to see me. Messrs. Ashworth and Tuthill had been arrested, about two hours after they had parted from me in the wood. It had been so suddenly surrounded by soldiers, peasantry, &c. that it was impossible to attempt escaping from it. They never could account for my getting clear. The others, whom we had left with the waggon, never attempted to escape.

The melancholy intelligence of my poor old fellow-sufferer's death, was an additional pang to my anguish and misfortunes. I was anxious to know the particulars; but was prevented by my companions being driven to their respective prisons, whilst I, with the Corsicans, was conducted to a different part of the fortress, called *La Grosse Tête*.

I shall not attempt to describe the fortress of *Bitche*; to give a minute detail of its strength, souterrains, &c. would fill a volume; therefore I shall only observe, that it is reckoned the strongest fortification in France, is built on the summit of an immense rock, out of which all its subterraneous caves are hollowed. It has three ramparts; the first from 90 to 100 feet high; the 2d, from 40 to 50; and the third from 25 to 30; with redoubts, entrenchments, &c. innumerable. It appeared at that moment a moral impossibility to escape from it, and I

was filled with despair on beholding its works. Being now arrived at the wretched dungeon I was to inhabit, my handcuffs and chains were taken off; and the Corsican deserters were conducted to the condemned cells. They were, I believe, soon afterwards shot. I found a Mr. Worth, midshipman (son to the late Admiral Worth and brother to a post captain in the service), and a Captain Brine, of the merchant service, here. The latter was one of those who came from *Verdun* with me. They were on a door, which they had managed to unhinge, and which lay as a platform to keep them out of excrement and wet, which was more than ancle deep.—They had a little straw and a blanket. They informed me they had been companions of the unfortunate Essel, in the late attempt to get over the ramparts; six in number had broken out of their cave—had got a rope made of sheets, and were on the point of lowering themselves down, when they were discovered, and the alarm given; which made them all clap on the rope together, that was only strong enough to lower one at a time, or two at most; the rope, in consequence, broke. One was dashed to pieces, and the three others so severely mangled and bruised, that little hopes were at first entertained of their recovery: however, they were then improving fast, and they expected them in the dungeon in a few days, the moment the surgeon had reported them well enough; after which they would have to remain therein thirty-one days, which was the usual time of being buried alive in the first and most horrible gradation of our captivity. It was about fifty deep stone steps under ground, for I have often counted them, and the most dark and intricate passages led from it to the jailer's house, who had the watching and superintending of the prisoners, in conjunction with a guard. I had not been more than half an hour in this dismal abode, when a *gend'arme* came, and desired *Le nouveau arrivé* to follow him. I imagined it was to liberate me (that is to say from this dungeon), and to place me with my companions, Messrs. Ashworth and Tuthill, in one of the caves, which was deemed a kind of indulgence—they having a bed and fire allowed in the latter; but I was greatly in error.

I followed my guide through all the before-mentioned passages, and at last arrived at the jailer's house; where I was accosted in the following words, by a man who wore a leathern cap and frock coat—*You, Sir, are the person who has given us so much trouble, and been the cause of the gend'armes having been transported to the galleys.*—"Not to my knowledge." —*You are, Sir, and merit the greatest severity that can be inflicted.*—This induced me to request to be informed what he meant?—*I mean, Sir,* revociferated he, *that you deserve the severest punishment, for not resting quiet with your guards, and for being accessary to the punishment of them* —I replied, "I was conscious that I had only done my duty, in endeavouring to escape from slavery, tyranny, and oppression, and every other cruelty that could be invented." I shewed him the marks I then had on my wrists and different parts of my body, expressing very warmly (at the same time) my detestation of a country that could countenance such treatment.—*Pray,* said he, *do you know who you are thus accosting?*—"I really do not."—*Then, Sir, I would have you to know, that I am commandant over all the prisoners confined in this fort; that I have very great power invested in me, and could place you in a moment where you would never be seen or heard of.*—I replied, "That I was not aware he was commandant—I had not the smallest doubt with regard to his power—was far from having a wish to give him the smallest offence—that I was entirely in his power—he could, therefore, act by me as he thought proper".—He listened with great attention; became quite soft and mild, was extremely sorry, but could not avoid punishing me. He, accordingly, ordered me to be conducted back to the dungeon I had just left. My companions procured me something to eat; and I absolutely felt happy, although in so miserable a place, at being with my own countrymen: I had nothing now to fear, but the guillotine, or slavery in the galleys.

Thus my mind being a little at ease, and my spirits somewhat recruited, I gathered together a few of the scattered

straws, laid myself down on a part of my comrades' in adversity platform, and fell fast asleep. When I awoke it was well advanced in the night; my companions had procured a tinder-box and candle by some means, and we struck a light. They were anxious to hear a part of my misfortunes; which I indulged them with, and heard in return a part of theirs. In this manner we spent the remainder of the night.

There were three *livres* of my money still remaining; with this we procured some brandy from the jailer, through bribery. This was extremely necessary, the effluvia being very strong and offensive, nearly as much so as in the last dungeon I was in with the Corsican deserters. We had recourse, also, to smoaking tobacco, which counteracted in a great degree the effect of the fetid smell.

I could not help remarking to my comrades, my astonishment at the strength and security of our dungeon. It surpassed every thing I had ever seen; and it really appeared wonderful how men could construct such places for their fellow creatures.

It was some time the next day before we could procure any thing to recruit nature; although the jailer's name, La Roche, had been re-echoed a thousand times over from the bottom of our cell. We were nearly exhausted (having taken it by turns to call out) when this fellow came to the bars of the small hole that admitted air; and, after soliciting and praying, we prevailed on him to procure us some refreshments, which he passed through the triple bars of the hole, not being entrusted with the key of the door, and which we very eagerly devoured.

I inquired of my companions, if they were never permitted to breathe the fresh air? They informed me, they never had enjoyed that indulgence. It appeared to me an impossibility to exist many days without it, and I thought it would be advisable

to solicit that indulgence by a joint letter to the commandant, stating our situation—At the same time requesting death, if it were his intention to deprive us of health and to cause us to linger away by degrees.

This application had the desired effect, and we were allowed to breathe the air every day, between the hours of eleven and one: but no intreaty whatever could procure us any more cleanliness. We were literally worse off than hogs.

We now again began to devise and meditate upon plans for escaping. One of us proposed undermining the dungeon, I saw no prospect whatever of succeeding in this point; I however was willing to try every means to regain my liberty. Hammers and chisels with great difficulty were procured, and we carried them always about us, as the dungeon was ransacked every day in our absence. We hung an old coat up against that part of the rock which we intended to begin upon. Rope was necessary to descend the ramparts with, after we had got out of the dungeon; we accordingly through some friends, who had obtained permission to come and see us, contrived to purchase some stout linen for shirts (which we really much wanted) and from the shoemakers amongst the prisoners, we got now and then a ball of twine. We procured needles, bees-wax, &c. by degrees, and made a rope of four or five fathom for each, which we *marled* with the remainder of the twine, and passed tight round our bodies underneath the shirt—Our working time was immediately on being locked up after breathing the fresh air. Night would not do; as it would be necessary to have candlelight, and we might have been seen through the bars by our sentinels.

The undermining business was found impracticable and was consequently dropped. Having a rope, we flattered ourselves we might some day whilst allowed to breathe the fresh air, be able to elude the vigilance of the sentinels and scale the walls:

however, it was a thing difficult to be accomplished; and our best hopes appeared, when we should be liberated from our present dungeon, at which time we expected to have an opportunity of using the rope if not before. These ideas were very consoling to us; the prospect of once more getting out of their clutches was cherished by each of us, and we entertained one another with the pleasant sensations occasioned by such thoughts, with the direction we should next take, and how we should act in case of being again enlarged. These were the subjects of our constant conversation.

On CHRISTMAS NIGHT we were reflecting on our miseries with nothing to soothe them. The pleasure and hospitality common in our native country on this night, frequently occurred to me; at length I got weary, and fell asleep. In a short time I was roused by my companions, and dragged into a corner of the cell. Upon enquiry, I found this was done in consequence of the sentinel, who had burnt priming through the bars at Mr. Worth, and had snapped his piece again before I was apprized of it; which if it had gone off, must have passed through my body, as I was point blank opposite to the hole. He desired Mr. Worth to put his candle out, who refused; and this scoundrel (perhaps intoxicated), without saying a word more, took the above-mentioned method of enforcing his orders. We were soon placed out of his power, and the candle was still burning; he begging one of us would put it out, with his musket levelled the whole time at the candle. We knew the principles of such rascals, and kept out of his way. At midnight he was relieved; we made known his conduct to the corporal of the guard, who rebuked him and gave us permission to keep our candle burning.

We determined to report this fellow the next day, and endeavoured to compose ourselves for the night, grateful to Divine Providence for this escape from being murdered.

Accordingly during the time we were out, I made what had happened known to the *Maréchal de logis*, who was second in command. I observed to him the inhumanity of this wretch endeavouring to deprive poor prisoners of war of their lives, who had been placed already in the most horrible state imaginable, for having an inch of candle burning on Christmas night. He replied with a vast deal of *sang froid—But his piece did not go off; none of you were hurt; and where is the use of taking any more notice of it?*"

JANUARY, 23, 1808. We were, at length, conducted from the Dungeon to a miserable hole under ground, to which I descended by thirty steep stone steps, where Messrs. Tuthill and Ashworth, with fifty of our countrymen were already buried alive. Here I remained, planning and scheming every thing possible to effect my escape, but in vain: I, however, wore the rope constantly round me; yet the guards were so watchful, that I had very little hopes of being able to make the intended use of it.

This continued during the months of *February*, *March*, *April*, *May*, and *June*, at the expiration of which the commandant had the kindness to allow me to go up into a room, where there were already twelve more. This indulgence he had the courtesy to say, was in consequence of my good conduct.—Messrs. Tuthill, Ashworth, and Brine, were of the number; the latter wore his rope as I did, and was the only person of the party, then in the room, who knew I had one. We became daily more intimate from this confidence in each other; and after a vast number of fruitless endeavours, on the 17th of JULY 1808, the term of our slavery appeared to be drawing to a conclusion: I was on that day told in confidence by one of the seamen, that a party had thoughts of breaking out that night from the *Souterrain*—that he was one of them, and he informed me who the other principal people were. I began to regret having ever left the Cave. However, I imagined there was a probability of getting down to them for the night. I accord-

ingly waited on the heads of the party, during their breathing time, and requested they would have the goodness to allow me to visit them that evening, without intimating my motives. They stared ; and it immediately struck them, that I had a knowledge of their project. I therefore did not hesitate telling them the truth. They assured me, they could not permit my coming down to them, as it had been already fixed, that none of those upstairs were to be admitted: Their reason was, that they supposed it might cause suspicion, as it would be necessary to obtain the *Marèchal de logis's* leave, before any of us could get below. I felt greatly mortified at their resolution. They were locked down at the usual hour (6 o'clock), and I told them at parting, that I had still hopes of spending the evening amongst them. After they had been locked down, the *Marèchal de logis* generally quitted the fort for some time, and I watched until I saw him go out of the fort, which was about half-past 6 :—At 7 * we were to be locked up in our room. I therefore lost no time—went instantly to the *gend'arme*, or guard, whose name was *Buché*, and told him, I had been invited to celebrate the anniversary of a friend's birth night in the *Souterrain*, and that he would oblige me greatly by allowing me to descend. He hesitated ; but when I observed—*What apprehensions can you possibly be under? am I not more secure below, than up stairs?* he then granted it. I immediately apprized Messrs. Tuthill, Ashworth, and Brine, my companions in the above mentioned room, of what I had done ; when they also persuaded the guard to allow them to join in celebrating the birth night. I was afraid that their applying would cause suspicion, and prevent even my being allowed ; however it did not. As we approached the cave, the noise which was made to prevent the working of saws, chissels, and other tools from being heard, convinced me they had already commenced their operations. Some were singing, others shouting, dancing, and their dogs barking. Before 7

* In summer they allowed us to remain until seven.

we were amongst them, having taken a few necessaries with us for the night, which could not be observed, in our pockets. They received us with open arms, and admired our perseverance. I found they were getting on rapidly; the miners were very active. One door was already forced; the second door was an immense iron one, it was impossible to break through it, the miners had therefore worked away the earth and rock under it. It was half-past 10 before we got a hole large enough for a small man to creep through, which enabled him to force the bolts and bars at the opposite side, and to open the door. This man whose name is *Daly* is a navy agent, at present living at *Greenwich*. The principal obstacles were now removed in every one's opinion, and there remained but two slight doors more to impede our advancing to a subterraneous passage that led out of the fort. This was a very intricate passage, and we had to feel our way to those slight doors, as it was dangerous to have candlelight. Some unfortunate English prisoners, owing to treachery amongst themselves, had been sabred in the same passage about two years before, in a vain attempt to escape during the night. How valuable would a dark-lanthorn have been at that moment. Every body, except the few that were appointed to force the doors, were preparing for their escape. It was now nearly midnight. Our over-eagerness in forcing the third door, shot the bolt back, which caused a noise and alarmed the sentinels outside. This occasioned a general alarm to be instantly beat—all hopes were then at an end. *What unfortunate wretches!* were the only words that could be heard, every body endeavouring to get to his respective place before the guards entered. Those who were all over dirt, trying to strip and hide their clothes: the confusion was great in all parts of the cave; people running against one another, mistaking each others beds, and clothes. The visitors were of all others worst off, their friends, whom they came to spend the evening with, had no beds to offer them. The doors were now opening, the guards entering; and I, who was all over dirt, was rambling about without being able to find any place to creep into. By accident

I stumbled over a bed, and I immediately crawled under the blankets, with my boots and every thing on. The guards passed close by me in going to the spot whence they conjectured they heard the noise. Every thing was silent, and you would have supposed that all the prisoners were in a sound sleep, some even were snoring. By the guard's light, after they had passed, I discovered I was in a servant's bed; the fellow was quite intoxicated, and I was some time before I could make him understand who I was, and what brought me to partake of his bed: However this being done, he desired me to cover myself over, and assisted me as well he could. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to bed with an idea of getting sober by the time we should be ready to be off. On discovering the first door opened, the commanding officer observed, with a sneer, that he would give them weeks to get through the next, meaning the iron one; but on advancing a few paces, one of the guards attested with an horrid oath *that the second was also opened.* This made the officer swear vehemently at the *Sacres coquins,* that he would find out the *chiefs of this horrible conspiracy! Where are those visitors,* cried he, *"who, I understand, prevailed on the gend'arme to be admitted down; they must be the heads of this business?* They then called over the names of Tuthill, Ashworth, and O'Brien. I was too old a man of war's man to answer the first call. The two former answered; who were stripped and by this time in bed: However, this did not protect them; they were desired to put on their clothes instantly, and ordered to be conducted to my former habitation, the dungeon. They again repeated my name; Mr. Brine, through mistake, answered; and he was immediately ordered to join the other two. I remained close covered, whilst the servant sat up in the bed, and declared (when they were advancing towards him), that there was only himself there. This they took for granted, and passed to the next bed. I saw no prospect whatever of escaping from being discovered (as they were certain of my being below) and I was frequently on the point of jumping up and joining my comrades, who were now marching out

for the dungeon. The servant (though intoxicated) observed it would be time enough to join that party, when I was discovered, and that I ought to wait patiently the result. I found a good deal of reason in what this man said, and remained quiet. There were three or four more ringleaders (as they called them) discovered by the clay and stuff found about their garments, and the whole were escorted to the dungeon. The doors were then again locked, having placed sentinels on those that had been broken open : I expected that the guards would return to search for another set of ringleaders, and I remained full of anxiety waiting for them. In the mean time I was of opinion, it would be as well to take my boots and clothes off also; I, accordingly, stripped and concealed those that were full of earth and dirt in different parts of the *Souterrain*. Some time elapsed, yet no return of the guards. I then composed myself as well as I could ; my bed-fellow left me full possession, and I fell into a profound sleep.

When I awoke it was day-light. The usual hour for allowing the prisoners to breathe the fresh air arrived; but the doors were not opened as before, and they were soon informed that they would be kept locked down, until they thought proper to deliver up the names of all those who had intended to escape on the preceding night. The prisoners laughed at such a proposition, since there was nothing more certain, than that all who had been capable of walking out of their dungeon, would have embraced so excellent an opportunity of regaining their liberty. On second consideration, it was agreed to give only the names of those already in the dungeon, as they were certain of punishment. The commandant would not credit the assertion of so small a number of names, and the *Souterrain* was kept locked. At all events I was now certain of being missed from my room, as there was no possibility of getting back to it : At 11 o'clock they generally mustered—the *gend'arme* who gave us permission was confined ; and it appeared that he had not given the correct names in the beginning, and had not been interrogated particular-

ly afterwards, which accounted for the mistake between my name and Mr. Brine's: however the moment, which left no hope of avoiding detection, was approaching fast. The commandant and all the other officers of the fortress of *Bitche*, descended about 9 o'clock, to see the havoc that had been made the night before. They were all astonished how we could have made so much progress in so short a time, and with so few tools; having found only an old piece of a saw, a hammer, and a couple of old chisels. I had a great deal of difficulty to conceal myself while below, but effected it; although it seemed to be of little consequence, as I imagined that 11 o'clock would decide my fate.

At about 10, a waggon of wood came for the prisoners. Permission was then asked to have the doors opened, that they might come up for it. This was denied, and the prisoners in the rooms were ordered to throw the billets down into the dungeon, through the bars of the air holes; but, fortunately for me, the wood was too large. They were then compelled to open the *Souterrain*, and allow a certain number up to take it down, a strict guard being first placed on the door. I got some clean things conveyed to me through the bars, and concerted a plan with one of those who was bringing the wood down: he was to make a particular sign when the guard's eyes were off the door; which he did, and I that instant jumped out. The sentinels seized me, and desired I would descend again. I asked, why they had just before permitted me to pass them and go down? That I did not belong to the *Souterrain*, and went merely through curiosity, to see what the prisoners had been about the last night. I reminded them (who had been in the habit of mustering the room I belonged to) of the mistake they were making. They were convinced, and supposed they had actually let me pass a few minutes before; begged my pardon, and suffered me to return to my apartment, where I was in a few seconds *indisposed*, and snug in bed:—Thus did I avoid being sent to the galleys, since I had often been informed that my next attempt to escape would be punished in that severe and horrid manner.

There was no danger of my now being discovered, until the *gend'arme* who gave us permission should be liberated. In the afternoon I obtained leave to go to the dungeon, to see my poor comrades and condole with them. They were much rejoiced at my good fortune, but feared it would soon be found out. Eight days passed on—I frequently paid those poor fellows a visit during the time. The *gend'arme,* Buché, was then released, and I was obliged to keep constantly in the room when he was on duty; and, when he came to muster us, I was covered over in bed. They never call the names, to count heads is their method, which suited me admirably. Five more days had passed away in a similar manner, when we received orders to prepare for a general review, which usually takes place once a month.

August 4th. On this day we were all placed in ranks and minutely inspected. It appeared to my friends and myself, that I could not avoid discovery on this day, as all the *gend'armes* attended. There is no exception or excuse of sickness to be made; if a prisoner be able to crawl he must attend, and frequently they are carried. I took my station in the ranks, expecting in a few minutes to be lodged with my old companions in limbo.

The *gend'arme,* whom I had so long avoided, rivetted his eyes upon me. I had received information that he was going to make known to the commandant or general, that I had importuned him more than the rest, and was the person who prevailed on him to let any down. He was astonished at seeing me, having been informed that I was in the dungeon. Shortly afterwards he passed me, and I saw him go and speak to the above-mentioned officers; I was then confident he had completed the business. The review took place; every one was inspected, and some were asked several questions. I was passed over with very little notice. I could not account for it—yet was of opinion, they would have said something on the subject

had they been made acquainted with it. We were all dismissed and the officers retired.

I was confounded at my additional success, yet feared there was some mischief brewing.

Whilst I was walking to and fro, in a kind of dilemma, I was accosted by the *gend'arme* Buché, in nearly these words:—*By what miracle have you escaped from the dungeon? and how did you get up out of the Souterrain? I have seen you walking about some days, although, perhaps, you did not see me.*—"Pray, Sir," I replied, "why should I be put in the dungeon?" *My God!* exclaimed he, *Were you not the person, who was chiefly the occasion of my letting the other three and yourself down to visit your friends, as you called it?*—"You must certainly, Sir, have made a mistake, it was not me."—He replied, he was certain it was me; but added, that it would afford him no satisfaction to have me punished, since his own punishment was over. It had been his intention to tell the general and commandant; but his wife had persuaded him not to do it. I assured him that he should lose nothing by what he had suffered, and that I knew the generosity of the gentlemen on whose account he had been confined. The fellow laughed—we became good friends, and he took me to the dungeon that afternoon to see my companions. Nothing could astonish them more than my appearing with this man whom they had imagined it impossible to appease, or to prevent from reporting me. I gave them the history of what had passed, and they congratulated me, observing, *That I was very fortunate.* I had however, been indebted, like other victims of tyranny and oppression, to that humanity and kindness which so uniformly prevail in the female heart.

SECTION X.

AUGUST, 5th 1808.—The next day my poor comrades received orders to prepare for a march to *Metz;* whither they would be escorted to take their trial as conspirators, and the *gend'arme* Buché, to go as prosecutor. I now deemed myself fortunate indeed. I had the mortification to see them loaded with irons, after being a number of days in a most abominable dungeon, and they were to proceed nearly 25 leagues, being accused of a conspiracy. In a few days I received aletter from Mr. Ashworth, giving me a detail of the trial, &c. and stating, *that himself, Mr. Brine, and several others, were sentenced to remain as slaves fifteen years in the galleys—Mr. Tuthill only nine.* I was so shocked at this intelligence which filled the first part of the letter, that I threw it away, and related the contents to my companions; who, with myself, exclaimed against the cruelty and tyranny of a nation that could suffer such a sentence to be executed.

I was in the greatest agitation and dejection imaginable.—One of my friends proceeded to peruse the letter; and, on reading a little farther, he found their sentence had been repealed. This comforted me greatly; but I had the same opinion of the nation. The letter also informed us, *that two of our seamen were actually condemned for six years, and had been sent to the galleys a few days before, from Bitche.* I knew them. One was an Italian by birth, the other an Englishman. The former, John Gardner, alias Italian John, was accused of making out a false passport for the latter, Henry Hudsell, alias Quiz. He escaped with this passport, and travelled several leagues before the imposition had been discovered. This was the only crime

they had been guilty of, and their severe punishment was to the eternal disgrace of a nation that styles itself civilized.—If the reader will only consider the horrible treatment which our prisoners have endured, with no prospect of having an exchange during the war—and that although this said crime may be termed forgery, it was not done to molest or injure any person whatever, but was simply planned to liberate the bearer; I have not the smallest doubt but the reader will agree with me in opinion, that it falls very short of a punishment equal to six years, with all denominations of malefactors, in the galleys.

There was an Englishman lately arrived from the galleys, who had served in our army on the continent, under His Royal Highness the Duke of York; his name, to the best of my recollection, was Barnes. He stated, that he, with some others, had been made prisoners, and by some accident, one of their guards was killed. The whole of the prisoners were accused and sentenced to twelve or thirteen years slavery, I am not confident which; however, he was the only survivor. His time being up, they conducted him to the *dépôt* of punishment, still to be considered as a prisoner of war. Another proof of the strict justice of the French nation. Several most curious occurrences took place during my confinement, too tedious to state here; all of which have served to corroborate me in my opinion of the wretched country I was in: it was truly become a nation of savages, governed by a fiend. It surely behoves our government at a peace, to direct strict enquiry to be made, whether any of our countrymen may be still suffering in the galleys?

SEPTEMBER, 1808. I had by this time another plan of escaping in contemplation, and with every hope of success. The arrival of a Mr. Hewson * and a Mr. Butterfield, midshipmen, (who in March last had escaped from *Verdun*, and had got down

* Brother to the present Captain Hewson of the royal navy.

to the gulph of Lyons, in the Mediterranean where they had been arrested and brought back to *Bitche,*) favoured my plan very much. Mr. Hewson being an intimate friend and very old acquaintance, I communicated it to him, and he rejoiced exceedingly at an opportunity so soon offering for another attempt to escape. However it was necessary to wait some time, as he was placed in the *Souterrain.* In a few days he contrived, owing to real indisposition, to be moved up stairs into a room appointed for the sick. I now hoped to be soon able to execute our project, and had procured keys, with which I could at any time get out of my own room; it then only remained to open the hospital room door, and the wished-for meeting between us would be formed. This I attempted two nights successively, but without effect.—I found it was impossible.—As I only waited for the worthy Hewson, it was necessary to endeavour to get him up into my room—no other prospect was left. He made application by letter, to the commandant; and on the 11th of September succeeded. We wanted nothing now but a favourable moment. The next day Dr. Barklimore, an acquaintance of ours, also received permission to reside in our apartment. This gentleman is at present a surgeon in High street Bloomsbury. We were, fortunately, only seven in number, in consequence of the poor fellows who were at *Metz;* and of these seven, three were confined to their beds. The fourth was a Mr. Battley, a dragoon officer of the East India Company's service; who had been a long time in the room, and informed me that he had conjectured what we were about, and requested to be allowed to join and partake of our danger,—which we agreed to. No opportunity of getting by the sentinels yet presented itself. Our friends arrived from *Metz,* but were put below. I communicated the business to them, they thought it a very dangerous and hazardous plan: however, they would have willingly run the same risk with us, if they could; but that was impossible.

It was now the 13th of September, and the third night since my friend Hewson had joined. Our poor friends were secured,

after taking an affectionate leave of us. The night was very inclement and proved much in our favour. Every thing was put in readiness; our rope made into a ball, and tied up in a handkerchief. Darkness at last set in. It rained—blew—thundered—and lightened, I never recollect a more desperate night. We unlocked our door with the keys already mentioned, and remained at the bottom of the stairs, waiting to see the sentinels go into their boxes: it was about 8 o'clock, and we continued in this position until midnight, without any success. The sentinels were on the alert during the whole time, and without their great coats. It was then agreed to return to our apartments until the ensuing night, and to deposit all our apparatus in places that had been fixed on; but, upon second consideration, we imagined, that the relief at midnight might not be so very active, and therefore continued in expectation until two in the morning, when we returned, having secured our door, &c. and went to bed. The *Souterrain* was opened at the usual hour and our friends came running up, imagining, from the inclemency of the night, that we must have succeeded; but were greatly disappointed at finding us all in our beds. I related the circumstances to them; and they, with ourselves, were not sanguine at our being able to pass in fair weather, if we could not in such a night as the last had been. I never saw soldiers more on the alert, than the French sentinels.

Doctor Barklimore had recently recovered from a severe fit of the ague, and was still very weak: I was much afraid, even if we did succeed in getting out of the fort, that he would not be able to perform the very long journey we were going to take. However he was resolved to try.

On the 14th, we dined early, that we might have the pleasure of our *Souterrain* friends' company at a farewell dinner, during their breathing time. We got a good large piece of beef and had it roasted, we had also bread, vegetables, and beer. They stated the number of difficulties we should have to surmount

in passing the guards; the danger that would attend it; and expressed the anxiety they were under for us. We, however, were determined not to relinquish our undertaking, and to be ready every night, until an opportunity offered. We parted as we had done the night before. They did not suppose we should have any chance that night, as the weather was moderate and fair. At our usual hour (6)* we were locked up, and immediately re-commenced our preparations. We thought, perhaps, the sentinels might be more careless early in the evening, that is to say, before 8, which was the usual time to set the night watch and give the necessary orders.

We were now all ready—Our door was opened, and we could see the the sentinel, whom we had most to fear, walk up and down before our windows. His box was in front of the door, in the yard through which we had to go; but as our guards lived underneath our apartments, we thought he would take any body's moving about so early, for one of them; and it was unusual to challenge any one before 8 o'clock.

At about 7, the fellow entered his box. I instantly descended the stairs that led into the yard—It was just dusk; and I was to take six minutes on the forlorn hope, as it might justly be termed, to fix our rope to a palisade and to descend the first rampart, before Mr. Hewson followed, who was next on the list. I passed the sentinel quite close, and could see him leaning over his musket. He never moved, though I met his eye, probably taking me for one of the guards; and I arrived providentially, at the spot fixed upon to make fast the rope, which I very soon accomplished, and was just in the act of descending when my friend Hewson arrived. In a few minutes, to my inexpressible satisfaction, all four were at the bottom of the first wall. Our principal object being now accomplished, we felicitated each other. We had two walls yet to descend, the

* As the winter regulation had now commenced.

heights I have already mentioned in a former page. We all clapped on to the rope, in order to break off as much of it as would enable us to descend the other ramparts; it soon gave way to our weight, and, left us an abundance. We made it fast to one of the upper stones of the embrasure, and again descended,—then clapped on again, and broke enough to go down the third rampart. We had taken the precaution of providing two long boot hooks to stick in the wall, to make our rope fast to, in case we had no other means; and these we found of the greatest service in descending the last rampart, as there was nothing whatever besides that we could fasten our rope to. Having now descended three walls, we had only to pass the outside sentinels, who were few, and which we fortunately succeeded in doing: after descending the third wall, we remained in a large fosse or ditch, and had to watch the turn of a sentinel whom we observed walking just above us.—As soon as his back, was turned we rolled on our sides down the glacis. In a short time, we were on the high road to *Strasbourg*; on which we continued, running as fast as we could for nearly half an hour. We then halted to put on our shoes, which we had hung round our necks; and also to take a last view of the *Mansion of Tears.** We returned our thanks to God, and shook hands with each other, replete with joy at this miraculous escape. Each took a little spirits out of a cantine procured for the journey; and which, from experience, I knew was necessary to preserve health when lying in the woods, dripping wet, in the day time. The transactions of the last hour actually appeared to me like a dream. I wished only that our three sick comrades who were in the room, had been with us; but we had left our door locked, and the window open to deceive the commandant and save our friends.—I could hardly suppose I was again free and my own master. I frequenly stared at my companions, and said to myself, *My*

* This is the name *Bitche* goes by when mentioned by the prisoners; some of whom have shed an abundance.

God! is it then possible, that we are clear of the tyrants of the world, and are delivered from abject slavery? I now addressed them, and observed how much it behoved us to proceed cautiously. It was Messrs. Hewson's and Barklimore's second attempt, Mr. Battley's first, but my third. I, consequently, had most reason to be on my guard; and, of course became the leader. I, therefore, candidly observed, that I should run no risks that could by any means be avoided—the moment they should attempt any thing that I deemed rash or imprudent, I would quit them. They expressed the utmost satisfaction at my observations, and ardently desired to conform to them. We unanimously directed our course (by the stars) due east, which would take us directly to the *Rhine*, and a considerable distance to the northward of *Strasbourg*.

At day break on the 15th, we entered an excellent wood on a mountain's side, close to the high road, got well up into the wood, and had a full view the whole day of those who passed underneath, without a possibility of being seen. We saw some of the *gend'armes* from our late mansion, in full gallop towards the *Rhine*, and were certain they were in pursuit of us, to give our description as they advanced to their brethren, who were quartered in the adjacent villages.

Dr. Barklimore, to our mortification, began already to feel strong symptoms of a relapse of fever: however unfortunate this was, we were determined not to quit either him or Battley until we had piloted them across the *Rhine*. At about 8 at night, we descended from our lurking place, and proceeded cautiously along the above-mentioned direction. A little before day-light (the 16th) we halted; Mr. Battley's feet became exceedingly sore and painful; and, having a secure hiding place, we thought it most prudent not to advance farther until the next night. Our refreshment was a little ammunition bread and *sausage*, with what other things* we procured in

* Cabbages, turnips, &c. &c.

the fields. When it became dark we again commenced our journey; our two companions found themselves very weak and weary, and we were therefore obliged to proceed slowly. On the 17th we halted and remained in a wood, similar to the two preceding days. At night-fall again pushed forward, expecting to be in a few hours at the much desired river.

However, the morning of the 18th brought no appearance of it; and, what was much worse, there was no wood in view to screen us. It was Sunday, and we were contiguous to a village which exposed us greatly. We advanced about a mile, when we discovered a vineyard, which we hastened into and entered—it was very thick, and well hung with grapes. We were apprehensive of being discovered by the guard, which is always set to watch the grapes; and we, consequently, kept creeping forward, until we supposed ourselves about the centre. The ground was very uncomfortable and wet, from the dropping off the vines; however, we were highly pleased at being so secure. About an hour had elapsed, when we heard a man whistle at a short distance; it struck us this was the guard, and we were certain, if he saw us, he would suspect that we came (at all events) to pick the grapes which were almost ripe, and is a serious offence in this country. Not many seconds afterwards we heard the report of a musket; the small shot rattled through the vines over our heads, and a huge fox, with dogs in chace, instantly passed us; a fellow shouting at a small distance behind, who fortunately did not follow the dogs in a direct way, or he would have come right upon us. How to act we could not tell; to quit the vineyard would have been extremely dangerous, as we should have been exposed to the inhabitants of the village passing and repassing—so we agreed, after some deliberation, to remain where we were. About 10 we were again alarmed by voices approaching us fast. Mr. Battley had lost one of his shoes on entering the vineyard, and we feared that might have led to our footsteps being discovered, and that these voices, which we now plainly perceived to be men's, were from

persons in search of us.—We lay close down on our faces, with no hopes of escaping from being seen—the voices still drawing near—We then found they were at a stand, but close to us. I lifted up my head to peep through the vines, and saw the legs and thighs of two men close to me, the skirts of their great coats almost touching where we were; but their backs were turned, and they were moving in an opposite direction—in a few minutes we lost sight of them.—I need not observe what pleasure this gave us. I proposed to move to some other place, as we had been in a constant alarm since we chose the spot where we then remained; and I was of opinion we were near a pathway. We, accordingly, crept along in another direction, to a place where we were pretty certain of not being annoyed until dark; but had been scarcely an hour there, when we again heard a rustling amongst the vines—Each of us much alarmed lifted up his head, and looked towards the place whence we heard the noise—Mark our astonishment! We discovered a woman with an infant in her arms, leading a little girl about seven years old, and she came directly upon us.—The woman could not see us at first, but the child did, her little head being considerably under the branches—she immediately screamed and seized the woman by the hands, upon which I stood up and saluted her in German. She was dressed in her country garb, appeared much alarmed, and made no reply; but proceeded onwards, and we agreed to quit the vineyard before she could get to the village to give an account of this occurrence. Our motions, as may be imagined, were exceedingly quick, and in a few minutes we were upon the high road, which, from its immense breadth and good repair, convinced us it was a public one. At that moment there were only two women on it, and they seemed coming towards us. We advanced very deliberately. I had studied German a little in *Bitche*, and found it now of material service. I asked them, what distance we were from the *Rhine? Three hours*, they replied. We parted, and continued our route, eagerly wishing to find some

place of concealment. After a very short time we discerned a man advancing towards us, who appeared to be a traveller, having his coat on a stick over his shoulder. We accosted him, and repeated the same questions; he told us we were very near the *Rhine*. He surveyed us with astonishment, covered as we were, in spite of every effort to avoid it, with earth and mud—Batley was hardly able to crawl along on account of his feet.—We must have appeared most singular beings. We still advanced, and observed the man turn back frequently to look after us. We at length discovered a shrubbery, about a quarter of a mile before us, and soon got to it; and about the same time lost sight of this man—two most fortunate occurrences! We were soon snug and concealed again—it was one of the best hiding places we had as yet been in, close to the road; the time about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and not far from the *Rhine*. We hoped, thus circumstanced, to be able to cross it that night at all events. Our conversation was now on the difficulty that attended our getting a boat, and the danger of approaching a house on the French side; our provision was nearly exhausted; however we became very sanguine, and anxiously wished for night in order to proceed.

The desired hour arrived. We set forward in great spirits, at the same time with caution. As those parts were infested with smugglers, it was natural to suspect there would be also a number of custom-house officers, which kept us greatly on our guard.

About 11, we made the circuit of a very large town; and at midnight, to our unspeakable joy, we descried the long-wished for river; and were soon on its banks. Each washed himself and with reverence in the *Rhine*, for which we all at that critical moment felt a sort of veneration, and rested a few minutes. There was an excellent wood hard by; this we fixed on to retreat into, in case of not falling in with a boat that night, and

we agreed to proceed, at least for an hour, towards the northward, which course we commenced, prying into every little creek and nook of the river. The morning was star-light, beautiful and serene. We could hear the cocks crowing and dogs barking on the German side. A beautiful river flowed before us, about a mile in breadth, with not an island to impede the view, which is not a common thing on the *Rhine*.—My God! how we longed to be conveyed across. This anxiety prevented our enjoying the delightful prospect before us—it appeared to be a terrestrial paradise. We continued nearly an hour admiring and advancing, when the Great Ruler of all human affairs, whose Providence had so much favoured us throughout this attempt to escape, gave to our view a boat made fast with a chain to a stake driven into the bank, close to a heap of wood, which I supposed she was to have been loaded with at day-light. We were all struck with the secret impulse which had directed us to this very spot; and from that moment I felt an inward support and conviction that I should now succeed. On examining further we found the chain of it locked. The doctor and myself got hold of the stake and with little difficulty drew it out of the bank. Mr. Hewson an old sailor, and myself, soon constructed a pair of paddles out of a couple of pieces of the wood. We then embarked our two comrades, whom we placed in the bottom of our little boat; and, in about twenty minutes, we were safe landed on the opposite side, having drifted nearly a mile and an half with the rapidity of the flood. We drove the stake in the ground, that the owners of the boat might find her at day-light, and proceeded into the country as fast as possible.

At day-break of the 20th it was excessively thick and foggy; poor Batley almost knocked up, the doctor very much fatigued, and ourselves rather weary. We discovered a village on the river *Merg*, and after surveying it strictly, we agreed to enter it and to go to the first public-house we should see, for the pur-

pose of getting ourselves refreshed and put a little in order. We might pass there as Frenchmen, and, from my former knowledge of the German small villages, I was not in the least apprehensive. This was the sixth day we had remained under the open canopy of heaven, exposed to all the elements, without having even once approached the dwelling of any human being. They *who are clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously every day*, can form no idea of what we endured.

SECTION XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1808.—About seven o'clock we got into a sort of tavern, a servant maid and child were the only people up.—We gave ourselves out as French travellers from Prussia going to France, who wanted breakfast. The landlady was roused—breakfast was prepared—a barber sent for who was also a surgeon and we got our cloaths brushed. Found it a well-calculated house for our purpose, and the barber, or surgeon, an intelligent sort of man. *Rastat** was but three leagues from us, and, from different questions we asked, we found we had crossed the *Rhine* close to *Dourlach*. We quitted the place about nine, having well satisfied the landlady and being well pleased with our breakfast, which consisted of coffee and some delicious bread and butter; we thought we never should have finished.

We now directed our course towards *Rastat*; Batley was very lame, every body we met took great notice of him, and it was impossible he could continue the journey many hours longer. As I have before observed, we had intended to leave him, and the doctor, the moment we got across into Germany; but his state rendered him incapable of proceeding, and we now agreed not to quit the other: the great point was, where to place the invalid so as to ensure his safety until he had recovered the use of his limbs; he regretted not having remained where we breakfasted. We found *Rastat*, though an open

* *Rastat*, a town of Germany, in the marquisate of Baden. It is seated on the river *Merg*, four miles north of Baden.

town, too dangerous to pass through ; therefore made its circuit and struck off the road to a small village, about two leagues distant, where we went into a public house. They could not speak French, nor could we sufficiently explain, in their language, what we wanted respecting our sick friend. An old man was sent for as interpreter, who happened to be a shoemaker. We began by ordering a pair of shoes for Batley ; and then observed, that we were Frenchmen from *Prussia*, going to *Strasbourg* ; that our comrade was knocked up, and we wished it explained to the people, that we meant to leave him with them a few days, until he had gathered strength : we requested he would pay every attention, and explain matters. They agreed to our wishes ; a bed was immediately prepared for him ; we dined together, and then took our leave of this poor fellow, and a painful leave it was. He, of course, felt for the miserable situation he was then in ; and we, in being compelled for our own safety to abandon him ; but there was no alternative, and our engagement had been fulfilled with both those gentlemen, who had accompanied us.

We continued our pretended route, until we lost sight of the village, and then changed our course. We commiserated greatly the misfortunes of our poor companion, and feared that even the shoemaker would discover what he was, as he spoke French so very indifferently. The day was closing very fast, and it behoved us to look out for a lodging for the night. We were at that time in the great Duchy of *Baden* ; and, as this was the northernmost part of it, we feared there might be different regulations from those I before had experienced to the southward.

We advanced towards a large village, situated in our direction. It was quite dusk. We passed through it to the opposite extremity, by which time it was about eight o'clock. We were undecided how to act, and it began to rain very hard. We were met by an old man genteelly dressed, walking on very

fast, to avoid getting wet. He stopped, evidently with a design to speak to us. We accosted him in French ; asked him what distance the palace of *Baden* was from us, and if we were likely to fall in shortly with any place we could put up at for the night, in the direction we were then going to take. He replied in broken French which we were pleased to hear, that it would be midnight before we could arrive at any sort of place that would answer our purpose ; as the weather was bad, and the hour so very late, he advised us to turn back with him to the village we had just passed, where there were excellent accommodations ; and he would take upon himself to shew us to a decent tavern, where we should be well attended to and made comfortable.

The desperate state of the weather, our wearied and fatigued state, having been six nights without any rest, together with the kind and disinterested manner which the old gentleman displayed, and almost an assurance of running no great risk—induced us to accept of his services. He accordingly, conducted us to a genteel house, close to a glass manufactory, where all the workmen lodged. We ordered supper, invited the old gentleman to partake of it, which, after some hesitation, he agreed to. I began to apprehend they might demand to see our passports, which lessened my enjoyment until nearly bed time ; but I then made myself quiet upon that head. We spoke to each other, and conversed with such of the workmen as could speak French. I am certain they took us for Frenchmen ; which was a fortunate circumstance, and, perhaps, prevented their making any further inquiries. Shortly after supper our good friend departed, and we were shewn to our chamber, where each had an excellent bed. When in bed the servant retired, and our happiness was great, in fact impossible to be described. The hail and rain beating against the windows, convinced us of what we should have suffered had we not taken the old man's advice. This was the first very bad night since we had quitted the *Mansion of tears*.

We agreed to be off from this place very early, lest any accident should prevent our proceeding; and then, in a few minutes, we were lost to every idea of danger, in the arms of Morpheus; nor did I open my wearied eyes until I had been repeatedly called by my comrades the next morning. The weather was still very bad. However, we got breakfast and proceeded, without asking to be directed to any particular place, that they might not suppose us unacquainted with the country. I knew it was necessary to keep to the southward, in order to avoid a chain of inaccessible mountains, that would prevent our advancing into the interior; but owing to the heavy rain and bad weather, the sun did not shew itself, and we had no other means of directing our course. We were now surrounded by woods and deserts, and could not tell which way to turn or proceed, when we saw at a distance a peasant and a little boy, loading a cart with wood. We made towards them, but could not make him understand, for a long time, that we had lost our way, and wished to be directed towards *Fribourg*, as we knew that was to the southward of us. At length we succeeded. He left his boy and cart and went nearly two miles, to put us in the right road. We paid this honest and good creature for his trouble, and had some difficulty to make him accept of any thing.

About noon we passed by the palace of the Grand Duke of Baden; and, owing to the intricacies of the mountains that surround it, were obliged to border it closer than we wished. It had a romantic appearance. In one of the avenues we had to pass, we discovered two officers on horseback. We immediately quitted it, and got concealed amongst some adjacent trees until they had passed. We soon got on an immense high road, where we perceived a number of horsemen dressed in scarlet, going before a carriage; they were in full speed. We turned off towards some huts close by, and barely avoided being met by them. The peasantry were all uncovered as the carriage passed. On inquiry we found this was the Duke of Baden's

son, who had already assumed the title of king. We were informed that we were in the proper direction, and proceeded in great spirits.

On the 20th, we had to pass through several respectable villages on the highway. About 6 in the evening in going through one, Barclimore being a good way in the rear, I heard him call out to us to stop, as there was a man who wanted to see our papers; but we were in too great haste to be retarded. The man whom he alluded to, we saw standing at his door, which was the last in the village. He certainly was looking very hard; but if he had been a police officer, he would not have hesitated in pursuing us. When we had got to a respectable distance, we halted for Barclimore to join. He assured us, that he was confident the above mentioned person asked for our papers, but could not account for his conduct.

About 7, we discovered another village in the direction we had to take; and from the above recent circumstance, we were fearful of entering it, much more of attempting to stop there for the night. We withdrew into a field on the road-side to deliberate, and waited there about an hour. It was then dusk, so we proceeded on the road again, and entered the village, which was much smaller than we had imagined. We approached a public-house, called for some beer, and enquired if we could be supplied with beds? "No."—But they could direct us to another house; where all the beds happened to be occupied, and they then sent us to a third, with no better success. We did not know what to do, and regretted much at not being able to remain in this little village for the night, as, from its appearance, we had no reason to be under the slightest apprehension. A person, apparently a publican, seeing us in a state of suspense, addressed us in French, and said, "*Gentlemen, you appear to want lodgings; there is a small town, about two or three miles on, where you can get good accommodation.*" We returned him thanks, and appeared pleased at the intelligence; though, in fact, we dreaded being accommodated

with lodgings *gratis*. I asked him if he did not suppose the gates would be shut before we should arrive? He assured us it had none and that it was an open town. We were not sorry for this last piece of news; and agreed to walk on cautiously towards it. As it was late, we could reconnoitre it; and, if it appeared dangerous, we could continue our route the whole night, although we were extremely fatigued.

At about half past 9 we arrived at the town, and it did not appear to be a place that we had much to fear from. We looked out for an inn, and resolved, if possible, not to go to the first; at length we discovered one and entered it, were shown into a very genteel coffee-room, and, from the appearance of the guests, landlady, &c. were certain we must be in the very inn we had wished to avoid, however it was now too late, and we were under the necessity of putting a bold face on the business; so called for some wine, and my friends ordered supper. I was indisposed, and requested the chamber-maid to light me to bed; informing my companions, if they should discover any danger they would find me instantly ready, and we would immediately decamp. One very fortunate circumstance was the landlord was much intoxicated; he often looked earnestly at us, as if he wished to ask some question; but could not articulate a syllable. I took my leave (as was the custom) of every body in the room, and withdrew. I then lay down, not without some anxiety, particularly from what Dr. Barclimore had asserted, relative to the man asking for our papers.

After their supper my friends came to bed. They informed me they did not suppose we were in imminent danger, nor did they think we were particularly safe; our security chiefly depended on the state the landlord was in. We were, therefore, determined to rise before this fellow became sober, to pay our reckoning and be off. At twilight we dressed ourselves, and awakened the servants, who instantly went to inform their master that we were preparing to go. He appeared, but could

scarcely open his eyes, and demanded where we were going so early?—*To Strasbourg.* He observed we should be there very soon, it being only five leagues distant. We were aware of that, and wished him a good morning. By ten we were in sight of *Offenburgh*; made its circuit, and got on the road to *Gibenbach*, which we saw about six o'clock. It was dangerous to approach the town so early, therefore got into a wood, where we lay concealed until dark; and then passed round under the walls of the town. Crossed the river *Kinzig*, on which it is situated, and proceeded on the direct road towards *Tutlingen*. I now perfectly recollected our route, from having so recently passed it with the Bavarians. At midnight we halted in a small poor village; got supplied with refreshments, and a sort of bed. The doctor had a severe fit of the fever and ague.

On the morning of the 22d of September, we got some breakfast, and proceeded. We made the circuit of several small towns that day. At about 6, we discovered a kind of fortress on the side of a mountain, over a small town. We advanced with all possible precaution; but as we approached, it appeared to be a place of little consequence, therefore walked forward boldly. What we took for the entrance of the town, proved to be only a few straggling houses in the suburbs. When we had passed them, we found ourselves close to the gate of a snug little town; and seeing no military or police officers, we advanced without much hesitation, and proceeded right through. After passing the opposite gate, we stopped at a wine house, refreshed ourselves, and were informed the name of the town was *Hornberg.** The next halting place was *Kriemshieldach*, where there was a post house; it was about three or four leagues off, and on the verge of the Black Forest, which we had to march through before we arrived. All travellers they informed us, preferred stopping at *Hornberg*, to going through so lonely

* *Hornberg*, a town of Suabia, in the Black Forest, seated on the *Gutlash.*

and disagreeable a place at a late hour; however we were exceptions to this general rule, and so marched on.

Black Forest is a name very applicable to that dreadful place. I never remember seeing a more dismal, barren, mountainous country. It was formerly infested by banditti; and the Germans, lying concealed there during the late wars, committed great depredations on the French troops in passing through. I was told, that a French general, whose name I forget, had been shot in his carriage in the forest; and that the postillions who had heard the report, never discovered his death until they arrived at *Hornberg*.—We met with two or three people only before we got to *Kriemshieldach*. The road on each side was covered with trees, admirably well calculated for robbers.

At about eleven we reached the post house, and surveyed very attentively the yards, coach-houses, &c. There were no carriages, except a kind of cabriolet, which made us conjecture there were not many strangers within; we therefore rapped at the door, and were asked, *who we were?*—"Three French travellers who wanted lodgings." The door was opened, and we were shewn up stairs into the public room. The appearance of the guests there inspired us with confidence. We called for supper, and desired they would prepare our beds, which they did. Dr. Barclimore had been very much indisposed all day. The family and strangers began a dance. Our music was what the Germans called *doodle-sack*, a kind of bag pipe. Waltzing was introduced. The doctor forgot his illness, engaged a partner, and danced with great glee. They all observed what a lively merry people *the French were!* My other companion joined the dance; I however remained an exception, and never moved from table until we withdrew to go to bed.

In the morning the doctor was scarcely able to move. I then

found the benefit of having remained quiet, when they were dancing. However, weak as the doctor was, we payed our bill and pursued our route. We had to make the circuit of several large towns. Early in the afternoon, having fallen in with a small village, we halted, refreshed ourselves and went to bed very early. The doctor was extremely ill, and sorry for having so strenuously supported the French character.

At day-light we proceeded, passed round several towns, and at 8 in the evening stopped at a small village, and got refreshed. The people were particularly attentive, speaking often in praise of the French nation—they had very frequently some of our countrymen billeted on them. We found we were within three leagues of *Guisingen*. Left *Rothweil** upon the right, and were told we should be early the next day at *Tutlingen*, where I was in hopes of being favourably received. We were in great spirits, passed the evening pleasantly, and imagined that our principal difficulties had been surmounted.

At daylight the next morning, Sunday the 25th, we breakfasted, and passed on towards the much wished for town. At eleven, we were in sight of it. I proposed to my companions to remain concealed in an adjacent wood, while I went into the town to try what could be done; they agreed to it, and we only regretted not having our companion Batley with us.

I entered the town about noon, and went where I expected some assistance, from my former knowledge of the place when conducted thither by the Bavarians; but to my great mortification, I could obtain none. I returned with these doleful tidings. My companions had been much alarmed for my safety. I assured them there was no danger, and went back again to use every effort to procure passports. I met the

* *Rothweil*, a city of Suabia, lately an imperial city. A mile and a half from it is a famous abbey, where they receive none but noblewomen. It is seated on the *Neckar*.

second time with some people, who promised to assist as much as they possibly could in promoting my wishes: so I returned to the wood after dark, and conducted my poor companions into the town, and placed them up stairs in a friend's tavern; and there we remained concealed, in daily expectation (from promises) of being supplied with what we wanted, until Tuesday, October the 4th; when with depressed spirits and a light purse, we were conducted, before day-break, on the direct road to *Memmingen*,* as we had determined to take that course to *Salzbourg*. During our stay in this last place, we procured an old German map, which we found of material service. About noon, we made the circuit of *Maeskirch*, keeping about two miles to the right of it.

At one we halted at a small village for some refreshments, and were informed that *Pfullendorf*† was about four leagues off. We continued our route, and, by great exertion, passed it by 9 o'clock at night, having numerous rounds to make. We crossed the river *Andalspach*, and determined to stop at the first proper place we should meet. We soon discovered a house on the road-side; it appeared to be an inn. We entered and called for some bread and wine, which was all the house afforded. A light-horse man acted as waiter—I did not much approve of his services; he spoke French. We, of course, expected to have beds; but the moment we asked for them, they declared they had none, the light-horseman, however, had the goodness to say, there was some clean straw, where he and his comrades slept every night, and we were welcome to partake of part—*he was excessively kind*. We returned him many thanks, and proceeded on, having been previously informed, that the next village was about a league distant. I was pleased at having quitted this place—the military waiter, I thought, was much too inquisitive. We pursued our route at least a

* *Memmingen*, a town of Suabia, defended by art; it has a considerable trade in linen, fustian, cotton, paper, salt, and hops; and is seated on the river *Iler*.

† *Pfullendorf*, a town of Suabia, seated on the river *Andalspach*.

league through the centre of a forest. The road was a very good one. At last we heard a prodigious shouting a-head, and could not account for such a noise at so late an hour; however it announced the proximity of a village, perhaps the one that had been described to us. We advanced apace. The shouting, singing, &c. &c. still continued.—We shortly discovered an immense concourse of people of both sexes on the road, coming towards us. They passed us decorated with ribands, and cockades, from which we concluded it was a festival, or wedding. We now saw the village very plain, and soon arrived at it; went to the first public house we could discover, but it was so thronged that they could not receive us. By a great deal of persuasion we prevailed on them to direct us to another, where we got beds and refreshments. There were a great number of police-officers, soldiers, &c. in the first house, but they were so much elated and amused, that they could not attend to make any observations.

We paid excessively dear here for every thing; and in the morning we quitted it, and proceeded on towards *Waldsee*.* At about 6 in the evening we passed it, leaving it at a respectable distance on the right. It appeared to be a snug compact town on the edge of a lake. At eight we stopped at a small village, where we got beds and supper. At day-light we commenced our journey, and at about four in the afternoon we discovered the river *Iler*, which we had to cross. We were quitting the territory of *Wirtemberg*, and entering *Bavaria*. We saw a bridge, but imagined also that we could distinguish a look-out house or turn-pike on it, which alarmed us greatly. We tried to find another passage, but failed; so concealed ourselves in a wood until dusk, and then advanced and crossed the bridge without any difficulty. There were several houses on each side, but, fortunately, we saw no police officer, or any person that could cause the least apprehension. We continued our route above a league, when we saw a small village, in which we halted for

* A town of Suabia, with a castle.

the night. The tavern was thronged with waggoners; we got a private room, and went very early to bed. Our landlady was a mellow old lady and a friend to Bacchus.

The doctor had a severe fit of fever here; and, as it behoved us to be very circumspect whilst in Bavaria, we were fearful we should be under the necessity of quitting our sick companion. In the morning we were happy to find he was much better and felt able to attempt the day's fatigue. We walked slowly, to prevent fatiguing him. Stopped at eight o'clock, and breakfasted at a small village, about four miles from *Memmingen*. About noon we passed a very fine palace, on our road towards *Kaufbeuren*. We halted during the night at another village, the people in which were very civil, and our landlady got each of us a shirt washed. The landlord who was in the last stage of consumption, was a well-informed man and very inquisitive. We told him we were French travellers going to *Kaufbeuren*, where we had many friends; and from thence, perhaps, we should proceed towards *Salzburgh*.

I fear I am too circumstantial in my narrative; but it is difficult for me to know exactly what to omit, when I wish to narrate with simplicity, and in truth, all that occurred unto us.

SECTION XII.

OCTOBER, 8th, 1808.—At day-light we took leave of our consumptive landlord, left *Kaufbeuren** to the left, crossed the *Wardach*, and directed our course towards *Schongau*. At about 6 in the evening it began to snow so very hard, that we took shelter in an adjacent village for the night. It was small and suited us very well. At the public house there was a shoemaker at work for the family, and they had the kindness to allow him to repair our shoes.

The next morning we proceeded on our journey, though the weather was very severe, snowing and blowing right in our faces. The doctor was much better, and we did not deem it prudent to remain long in one place. At noon finding an excellent halting house, in consequence of the severity of the weather and being wet to the skin, we stopped at it; this little public-house supplied us with an excellent fire. We dried our things, got refreshed, and went to bed early. At day-break we recommenced our journey; and, at about eleven, we saw *Schongau*,† which appeared to be a very strong place, consequently to us a dangerous one. We could discover no possibility of crossing the *Lech* without passing close by, if not through it, at least from the spot we then were on. The weather was still very bad. We consulted what was best to be done; and, without hesitation, decided upon turning to the left and keeping on the banks of that river, until we could find some other place to cross over. We, accordingly, continued to the northward about eight miles, when we perceived a ploughman at work with some strong horses in an adjacent field. It immediately struck me, that by

* *Kaufbueren* is in the territory of *Kempten*, and is seated on the *Wardach*.

† *Schongau*, a town of Bavaria, with a castle, seated on a mountain, by the river *Lech*.

mounting, we might be able to swim them across; and I accordingly endeavoured to make a bargain with the ploughman, who appeared thunder-struck at the temerity of the proposition: At length, after repeating frequently the word "*schiff*," he pointed to a ferry on the opposite side. We came close down to the river, and, after waving some time, had the satisfaction of seeing a man embark in the boat; and, notwithstanding the flood was very rapid from the late falls of rain, he conducted himself across in a very masterly style, and then ferryed us over. We paid him the usual fare, which was, I believe, about a penny each, and proceeded back the eight miles on the opposite side, to get into our direct road; this we compleated by eight at night. *Weilheim* was the next large town in our route. We halted in a small village, very much fatigued; got something to eat, and went to bed.

In the morning we proceeded onwards; about 10 we made a circuit passed *Weilheim*,* and crossed the river *Amper*; and then directed our course for *Tötz*. At night we halted in a peasant's hut, at the foot of the mountains which separate Bavaria from the Tyrol.—I must observe, that, in consequence of having nothing to direct us but an old incorrect map, we made a number of circuits that might have been easily avoided had we possessed a knowledge of the country.

In the morning we continued our walk, and, about 11, espied the town of *Tötz*, in a valley, upon the above-mentioned river. It appeared to be a very difficult place to pass. We turned to the southward, and after marching several miles over mountains and through forests and morasses, we discovered a bridge, which we crossed without any difficulty. I observed a number of floats or rafts of timber, admirably well constructed, and steered with the stream which was excessively rapid. After crossing the bridge, we stopped at a public-house and procured

* *Weilheim*, a town of Bavaria, with a castle on the river *Amper*.

some fish, bread, and beer, for dinner. There were a number of both sexes intoxicated in this house, they all appeared to be employed in conducting the timber down the river, and reminded me of Billingsgate and ballast-heavers. Although it rained excessively hard, we were under the necessity of proceeding. Dr B got a lift in a waggon for three or four miles, and the waggoner declined receiving payment for it. Shortly after dusk we halted in a small village on the road-side, a little bread and milk was the only refreshment the house afforded. The landlady got our clothes dried for us; we were very happy at being so well situated, and went to bed, felicitating ourselves with the hope of being in the Austrian territories after two days.

On the 12th, at day-light, we recommenced our route towards *Neubeuren*; and, in the evening, at 8, we stopped for the night at a small village, where the inn was a very decent one, and were well entertained. In the morning we parted from these good folks, who were apparently, *not very partial to the French.*

At 11, we espied *Neubeuren.* It is a fort, situated on the side of a hill, on a branch of the river *Inn*; we were on the opposite side to it, and were very much confused and at a loss how to get across. There appeared a small town also, which I suppose bore the same name. We approached the banks of the river, and discovered a ferry-boat on the opposite side. On each bank sheers were erected, with a stay or rope from one side to the other, to which the ferry-boat was made fast with a long rope and traveller to traverse upon the stay. It was constructed in such a manner that (let the current be ever so rapid) one man was sufficient to conduct the ferry-boat across. There was, on our side, a shed with seats for passengers to rest themselves and wait for the ferry-boat. In this place we found an old gentleman, who, from his garb and apron, we supposed to be either a hatter or dyer. He spoke nothing but German; he lived (as he made us understand) in the opposite village, and

was a hatter by trade. He informed us that the ferryman was getting his dinner, and would not attend until after one o'clock. We enquired if the fortress was strong? "*Only a few veterans.*" This old man was rather curious and inquisitive, and wished to know if we were going to *Salzburgh*? We answered in the affirmative, and asked what distance we were from it? "*Fifteen leagues,*" he replied.—Pleasing intelligence this for poor wearied travellers.

We now dreaded lest there should be a guard at the ferry-boat to inspect passengers, passports, &c. as is common on the greater part of the continent, and most particularly so near a garrison. We endeavoured to sound the hatter; but could make no discovery that in the smallest degree justified our suspicion.

One o'clock at last arrived. We saw the ferry-man accompanied by a soldier approach his boat; the feather of the latter was so immense, and wove so conspicuously in the air, as to render it impossible to be mistaken. What to do we knew not; we were loath to ask the hatter any more questions, lest it might cause suspicion.—They were soon embarked, and coming towards us; 'tis true we had sufficient time to make off, but the difficulty we might find in crossing this river, and an idea that our suspicions were ill founded, rendered us unsettled. We hesitated—considered—first proposed one thing, then another. All were in the utmost consternation; when, at length, we came to a resolution to walk into the fields, in an opposite direction to the road that led to the boat, and there wait the result of the soldier's landing. If he made towards us, we were to decamp in different directions; if towards the road, he was only a passenger, and of course there would be little or no danger. The critical moment arrived. The son of Mars jumped out, and, to our inexpressible satisfaction, pursued his direction towards the highway. We embarked, in company with the old hatter; and, in a few minutes, were

safe landed on the opposite side. The fare was a mere trifle. We had to change a *florin*; and, although we would willingly have paid five times the sum to be clear off, we waited to have our change regularly made out; which took some time, as the pieces were so difficult to be comprehended, and the ferry-man had to borrow some from the hatter. But we dreaded, if we had not been thus particular, they might have suspected us, and given information at the garrison. Matters being arranged, we continued our route carelessly, until we were out of sight of the fortress; then pushed on as fast as we possibly could, to make up for the delay of the ferry.

About 7 o'clock in the evening, we halted at a very convenient house on the road side; got beds and supper; and at day-light, recommenced our walk. We were now on the high-road to *Reichenhall*, the last Bavarian town we should have to pass. Each of us was in excellent spirits, and almost confident of getting clear, from the success that had lately attended us. We exerted all our force to get as soon as possible into the Austrian territories, and walked at least twelve leagues this day.—Passed over a very large bridge, that leads across a branch of the lake of *Kempzee*, and found we were still five leagues from *Reichenhall*. Being very much fatigued, we agreed to proceed to a village about a mile off the road, on the borders of the lake, and to stop there for the night. We soon made out a public house; got supper, and retired early to bed. The people were civil and not at all inquisitive. There were several boats on the lake, which, to us, was a most pleasing prospect.

We rose early and pursued our journey. At about 11, we halted in a village and got breakfast. We there met several people (being Sunday) but none very curious. We found out that we were still three leagues from *Reichenhall*. Advanced a pace, but with precaution, knowing how particular they generally are on the frontiers. We also agreed, if we could

get safe into Austria, to take the direct course for *Trieste*, and not to go to *Salzburgh*. The doctor was getting very weary, the road rough and intricate, no public-house or village to be seen. Drawing near *Reichenhall* fast, we overtook two waggons going to that town, and prevailed on one to allow our weak companion to mount, which proved a very fortunate circumstance; for he had scarcely secured himself, when two Bavarian *gend'armes* passed. Hewson, and myself, were on different sides. I imagine they supposed we belonged to the waggons, for they took no notice whatever of us.

I had observed for several days past, that the directions, notices, &c. on the posts, as we passed, were in French as well as German. Our present road was quite new, and appeared to have been made since the battle of *Austerlitz*, for the purpose, no doubt, of entering the Austrian territories with more facility at a future period. It must have cost an immensity of labour and treasure, being cut through immense rocks and mountains. It was one of the finest military roads I ever beheld. We also observed an aqueduct for a number of miles along the road; and were informed it was to conduct water from the salt springs which that country abounds in, to *Transtein*, where there is an extensive salt manufactory. We were now within two miles of the town, and begged the waggoner to stop and allow the doctor to descend; which he did, offering him at the same time to carry him into the town, if he pleased. We thanked the waggoner, but declined it, telling him we were not certain but we might remain at a friend's house in the suburbs that night. The waggoner then proceeded onwards, and we halted to consider how we were to act.—*Now, what was to be done?* was the general question. It was too late to attempt making a circuit of the town and getting into Austria, which was at least four or five miles farther on: besides from the intricate appearance of the situation of the town, surrounded by immense mountains, it was impossible to get round it in the dark.

All matters having been deliberately weighed and considered, we resolved to take our abode up in a public-house, at a little distance on the road side; and this we trusted would be our last night in Bavaria. We accordingly entered it, there were several decent looking people: I made our host understand our comrade had been taken suddenly ill, that I wished to get him to bed as soon as we could, and that we preferred remaining with him to going into town, as it was then late—he politely told us we should be instantly accommodated.

At about half past 8, we were shewn to bed, and were in great spirits. The next morning would decide our destiny, and we were very sanguine. We knew it was necessary to be cautious also in Austria, but considered the great point attained, when out of the power of the *Rhine Confederation*. I confess I sometimes thought, how unfortunate we should be, if arrested in the vicinity of the last Bavarian town, and again conducted back to the horrible *Mansion of Tears*.—I frankly declare I would sooner have suffered death. These ideas prevented my sleeping much; however, I did not disclose them to my companions.

At the dawn of day on the 17th, we rose, ordered a cup of coffee each, and pushed forward with great circumspection for the town of *Reichenhall*, and saw very few people moving. Every thing, we imagined, favoured us as yet; but the next moment we discovered a bridge, which we inevitably must pass; at the end of it was a turnpike and the Bavarian barrier, blue and white, which we were *tolerably well acquainted with*. There were two men who appeared at a short distance from the turnpike. We were advanced on the bridge.—The two men entered a house close to the turnpike.—We advanced rapidly.—Supposing it to be a most favourable opportunity, we passed the turnpike very fortunately, and turned short round to the right, which led us directly as we wished, and also clear of the town. We then passed another barrier, where there was

no house, and I supposed, as they were so contiguous, that both were attended by the same people. We then imagined ourselves to be in Austria, and had advanced nearly a mile. I do not pretend to describe our feelings, or the sensations we experienced.—The road was getting excessively dirty, and a pathway led through the fields in the exact direction we intended to take. —I pursued it, whilst Mr. Hewson continued in the road; and, on looking back, I found the doctor was following me at some distance. In a short time I lost sight of Hewson. We had made a kind of obtuse angle in quitting the road. I soon got on it again, but could not see my friend Hewson: I conjectured that he had walked faster than me, and consequently was farther advanced. When to my great astonishment I soon espied a house close by, with the Bavarian arms, and a turnpike; the door was most fortunately shut, and I passed it without being really sensible of my narrow escape. I then quickened my pace, and observed the doctor equally successful. I had been mistaken with respect to our being in Austria; yet this was certainly the last Bavarian Barrier. I now became very uneasy for the safety of my friend, and dreaded that some accident might have retarded him, not expecting that he had another Bavarian barrier to pass, he might unfortunately have fallen upon it, at the moment the door was opened. I stopped, replete with these ideas, to wait the doctor's coming up, that we might consult one another how to act, and in a few seconds I had the unspeakable joy to behold him a-head, making towards me.—How he could have got so far was to me inexplicable. I made towards him, expressing my astonishment at being thus separated at so critical a time: he retaliated, and said, he thought we must have been ahead, as he imagined, by crossing through the fields, we had cut off a considerable angle of the road; and, added he, "I should have continued to think so, had I not been prevented from advancing any further, by an Austrian officer, who is placed with a guard at yon turnpike: He demanded my passport, I told him my companions who were coming on had it, he desired me to wait until they arrived; but I thought it more advisable to return and give you the information. About this

very spot," added he, "I met the man's wife who looks out at the Bavarian turnpike; she was going towards her house, and asked me, if I had shewn her husband my papers? I answered yes?"—This I considered as critical a situation as we had yet been placed in. We now were (as one might say) between the frontiers of two nations; one would not allow us to advance without the proper documents, and the other, if we remained a moment, would pursue and arrest us for having passed theirs, without shewing them what entitled us to do so. Well knowing which power we had to apprehend most, I proposed to endeavour to avoid the Austrian officer, and to get into their territory as soon as possible. We accordingly chose a pathway that led into a wood, on the side of an immense mountain, expecting to be followed instantly by the Austrian guard; but also calculating, in being too far in their dominions, for any one to return us to the Bavarians. I need not say that we advanced very briskly, until we got into the wood quite out of breath, tolerably sure that we were now in Austria, and astonished that we were not pursued. After stopping some little time to breathe, we again proceeded. It was impossible to cross the mountains, they were quite inaccessible. We therefore kept the wood as long as it led in the direction that suited us; and, in a short time, we saw the high road, and found we were about a mile within the Austrian barrier. This was an inexpressible consolation.

We proceeded with confidence to the road; when, just as we had stepped on it, four men sprang up from behind a rock where they had lain concealed, and presented their pieces at us. The headmost of them took his hat off, and asked us for our papers. I shewed him an old pocket book, pretending to look for mine: The man said, we must accompany him to his officer—(he was no judge)—pointing towards the Austrian turnpike. "With a great deal of pleasure," we replied, and asked "if we were not in the Emperor's dominions?" he answered, "*Yes.*"—We accompanied these soldiers to their officer, who

was a young man, and spoke no other language than the German. However, we comprehended perfectly that he was displeased at our attempting to elude him and the guard. He examined us; and we made him understand as well as we possibly could, "That we were American seamen, who had escaped from the Danes at *Altona*, and were making the best of our way to *Trieste*, where we expected to procure a passage to our native country." He desired one of his soldiers to go, and inform the Bavarian at the next barrier that he wanted him. This circumstance occasioned me much uneasiness. I endeavoured to learn from him, if he intended to send us to *Salzburgh*. He said we should be conveyed there immediately. We were much pleased at this, as we dreaded being given up to the man at the next barrier; who now had arrived, and was astonished, when the officer observed that he had let us pass without examining or interrogating us. My *friend* the Bavarian was excessively nettled at the information.

SECTION XIII.

OCTOBER 17th, 1808. Our escort for *Salzburgh* being appointed, we proceeded once more in bondage. Every hing now depended upon the disposition of the Austrians with respect to America and England. We resolved to persevere in our American tale, unless we had some great inducement for acting otherwise. At about 2, we arrived at *Salzburgh*,* and were instantly conducted to the town house. We were interrogated by the Director of Police, a very civil gentleman, who spoke several languages fluently. He asked us in French, what countrymen we were? We would not understand him. He then asked the same in Italian and German? we were equally ignorant. At last he asked us in English, we then perfectly understood him, and answered, *Americans.* "How have you contrived (said he) to enter the Emperor of Austria's territories without regular passports? You will be considered as spies."—"We belonged," said I, "to an American ship taken by the Danes, in consequence of being boarded by two English frigates in the English channel, on her passage up the Baltic. Our names are Manuel, alias Hewson, chief mate; Henderson, surgeon, alias Barklimore; and myself, Lincoln, who happened to be then a passenger."

The Director requested we would each make out a regular declaration, who and what we were; and bring it him the next

* *Salzburgh* is a fortified city of Germany, the capital of a Dutchy of the same name, with a strong castle on a mountain. It has a university and two noble palaces. It is situated between three mountains, on both sides of the river *Salza*; was taken possession of by the French in 1800, and 1805. It has a number of remarkable buildings.

morning.—He should send us to a tavern for the night, and requested we would not stir from it without his permission. He expressed also his astonishment at our having crossed the Continent, without being able to speak any other language than English ; and added, *That if we were even Englishmen, we had nothing to fear from the Austrian government.* My God! I never felt more happy than at hearing these words—how they soothed my mind!—I however feigned not to comprehend him perfectly, that my ears might again hear those words. He repeated the same expressions; which caused me so much emotion, being confident that a man in his station would not tell an untruth, that I was actually on the point of declaring myself. However, I governed myself and restrained my desire to relate the truth, although I am at a loss to explain how I was able to do so; and, turning to my companions, I observed, that we had better proceed to the tavern, as we were very much fatigued. The Director ordered a serjeant to shew us the way. We took a cordial leave of this worthy old man, and followed our guide. So delighted were we with the last news, which I still heard re-echo in my ears, that we had arrived at the tavern, which was at a considerable distance from the town-house, before we thought we had advanced a hundred steps towards it.

Here we were received as American gentlemen, and had an excellent supper and good beds; we felt superlatively happy. What a vast difference between our present situation, and that in the morning when between the two barriers.

The next morning (Tuesday, the 18th), we rose early, and endeavoured to adjust ourselves as well as we could, at least as well as our tattered garments would admit of; so procured a shift of linen, and prepared to wait on the Director. We agreed to continue the American story, until we could be well assured of the disposition of the Austrian government. For my own part I would not have hesitated a moment to tell the whole

truth, so fervently did I rely upon this gentleman's veracity; but the others were more cautious, for which I commended them. At ten, we visited the Director; who again expressed great astonishment at our travelling with such success so great a distance, and wondered that we had nothing whatever to certify that we were Americans. Mr. *Manuel* was at the same time writing his declaration. The old gentleman again observed to me, that there were frequently Englishmen passing through *Salzburgh,* who had escaped from France, and who always found an asylum in Austria. I paid very great attention to this conversation. The chief mate had now finished his declaration; and Mr. *Lincoln, passenger,* was to begin next.—I really could not bring myself to begin so false a declaration, especially as it appeared that we ran no risk in declaring ourselves; and I therefore again pointed out the consequences that such a step might occasion, with the certainty of being found out, as no doubt the court of *Vienna* would make every necessary enquiry through their consul at *Altona,* before they would pay any credit to our statement: The result of which would of course be detrimental to us, as we should be found impostors, and perhaps not be believed when we declared what we were in reality. They all agreed that my remarks were just; and I was requested by them, to take the old gentleman aside, and make him acquainted with the whole circumstance. I accordingly did so, and proved to him by a certificate which I kept always sewed up in my clothes, that we were British officers. He said, it had appeared to him at first sight, that we were English prisoners of war, who had escaped from the French. I related the whole of our history. He regretted much, that he could not grant us instantly passports, since it was necessary to acquaint the government at *Vienna,* and have their sanction. But we should have an answer in fifteen days at most; and he jocosely added, *You have been five years nearly in France, so you cannot have any objection to remain amongst us for a few days.* He was excessively kind; and I

could not avoid observing, that our finances were greatly reduced —Upon which, he very handsomely removed the difficulty, by saying, *that the government would allow us a certain sum per day, agreeable to our rank, &c. whilst we were detained by them.* We all felt very sensible of his goodness, and returned him our warmest thanks. He requested we would make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and keep at our tavern, until we heard from him. We took our leave, and returned to the inn. Mr. Hewson wrote the same evening to Mr. Concannon, in *Vienna,* to assist in forwarding our wishes there. The Director sent daily to know, *how the American gentlemen did?* We sometimes stole out in the dusk of the evening, to reconnoitre and survey the town, and we had fixed on a part to get out at, in case of receiving unfavourable news.

It was on the eleventh morning, before we were out of bed, that a police officer rapped at our door, and informed us that the Director wished to see one of us. Hewson dressed himself and waited on him. During our friend's absence, the doctor and myself were in a most perplexed state. Hope and fear alternately took possession of us.—It was impossible to have had an answer from *Vienna* in so short a time. I dreaded lest the French or Bavarian governments should have demanded us. Yet still I concealed my fears from my companion, who was again very ill with a fever and ague.—Hewson shortly returned; and dissipated all these apprehensions, although he endeavoured to suppress his joy on the occasion. He had composed his countenance, and entered the bed-chamber very grave and pensive, informing us, he was fearful we should again be sent back to France. We were not so ignorant of physiognomy, as not to be able to discern that he had no such apprehension; but had, on the contrary, received some joyful intelligence. He then congratulated us upon being once more free-men, and informed us, that the Director had received an order from the Austrian government, to grant us passports to proceed where we pleased;

and that we might quit the town that day if we wished. Good God! what intelligence to people who had been nearly five years in slavery! We sprang out of bed, fell on our knees, and greeted each other as free people. It is impossible to describe our joy and happiness at that moment. We instantly agreed to wait upon our old and worthy friend, the Director, and shew him how grateful we were for his attention and kindness. He received us in the most handsome manner, and appeared as much elated as if he had been in our situation. He wished to know how we meant to travel to *Trieste*? We answered on foot, as our finances were low; though we dreaded the doctor's incapacity, on account of his late indisposition: His last fit having been so severe, that he was under the necessity of employing medical assistance; and had been bled and blistered several times, but he was then somewhat better, though weak.

Our passport for *Trieste* was all this time making out, and in half an hour we were to return for it. In the mean time we went back to the tavern to make the necessary preparations, and get some breakfast. It was a luxurious meal. The moment we entered, the landlord presented us with an answer to Mr. Hewson's letter from his friend at *Vienna*; and what joyful news did we receive in that letter. It informed us of the success that had attended our application at that city, with respect to our passport, and contained an order on his banker at *Salzburgh*, to supply us with what money we might deem necessary to defray our expences, and enable us to travel with ease and comfort; a mode of conveyance that we had hitherto been strangers to. Providence appeared too bountiful. We waited on the banker, got the sum necessary, and called on the worthy Director, to give him the intelligence. He appeared much pleased, congratulated us on our success, and ordered our passport to be made out to go by the diligence. This proved very fortunate for our sick companion, who feared much we should have been separated had we been obliged to walk.

We proceeded to the coach-office, and arranged every thing. The diligence was to set off at 4 in the afternoon of the ensuing day. We easily amused ourselves until that time, making a few purchases of articles for the journey, and taking a view of the town.

The wished for morning at length arrived; we took a grateful leave of the Director, and placed ourselves in the diligence. It held but four; consequently we had but one stranger to travel with, who was one of *Carniola* and was going to *Laubach*. The first night we had a most intricate and difficult road to pass, through immense mountains covered with snow. The inhabitants of those places appeared most eccentric in their dress, and actually looked wild. Nothing particular occurred. The guard, who conducted the diligence, was inclined to be insolent, and assisted the innkeepers to extort from us; however, at the fourth stage we fortunately got clear of him, and were placed in a waggon that took us to *Villach*,* and thence to *Clagenfurt*.† This was a most disagreeable vehicle, it almost jolted us to death. We were eight in number. The others were boys returning to the university, after the vacation, who annoyed us with their Latin all the way. We were the subject of their conversation, but we found they supposed we did not understand them.

In the morning, about 9, we arrived at *Villach*. Our passport was inspected, and our route made out for the next stages. The same evening we arrived at *Clagenfurt*, our passport was demanded at the gates and taken instantly to the minister of police. It was not until this moment, that we found we had gone out of our direct road to *Trieste* some leagues, owing to

* *Villach* is in *Carinthia*, and near it are medicinal baths: it is seated on the confluence of the *Geil* with the *Drave*, surrounded by mountains, sixteen miles from *Clagenfurt*.

† *Clagenfurt* is a town in Germany, the capital of *Carinthia*; it has a strong wall, it was for a short time in possession of the French, in 1797. It stands on the river *Glan*.

those who had inspected our passport at *Villach* not giving us the necessary information. At first, we were informed we must go back again to that town, to have the business rectified; but upon explaining the difficulties and hardships that attended it, and how necessary it was for us to proceed forward with all possible expedition, they very kindly did away with every difficulty, and we retired to the Golden Sun Tavern, where we had supper and beds.

There we were apprized that we had better perform the next day's journey on foot, as the mountains were so excessive high, that if we had a carriage we should be obliged to walk the greater part of the way. This information made us determine to proceed on foot the next morning, and we accordingly rose at day-break (Sunday, 30th), and commenced our journey. Such mountains as we passed this day I never before beheld. We walked twelve leagues before 7 in the afternoon, six of them almost ascending perpendicularly, and the rest descending in the opposite direction; we at last arrived at a small post town, at the foot of this prodigious precipice. After undergoing a strict inspection, and getting some refreshments, we took post for *Laubach** and travelled all night. At day-break we entered the town, and immediately proceeded to a tavern, where we got beds and retired for a few hours to rest. Our passport was taken to the director of police to be inspected. At about 9 he sent for us, asked us a few questions, and returned our passport.

I was much pleased with the appearance of this town. It is exceedingly neat and clean; the inhabitants very genteel and well dressed, the fair sex beautiful. Every thing appeared to flourish here. A great deal of trade is carried on between it and *Trieste*. I almost wished I might with propriety have remained a little longer in it.

* *Laubach*, a strong town in Germany, the capital of *Carniola*; it has in addition to the above good qualities, manufactures of silk, leather, and excellent cloth, and is seated on a river of the same name.

On the 31st, at 10, we took post and departed for *Trieste*, where we arrived on the morning of Friday (NOVEMBER 4th 1808), at about 8 o'clock; after a most harassing journey.

On the night after quitting *Laubach*, about 8, having an immense mountain to ascend, and our horses not being very strong, I preferred dismounting. Accordingly did so, and took the shortest cut I could to get up the mountain. About 11, I discovered a great blaze, resembling a bonfire, at a short distance from the road I was on.—I could not conjecture what it was. Observed a number of people round it. The carriage with my companions was, at least, four miles below me; they having to descend in a serpentine direction. I advanced a few paces, and stopped to consider—not a house any where in view. I hesitated, and again advanced a little; and, by this time, I was discovered; when two men ran toward me very fast. I perceived they were military men. On coming up, they asked me very abruptly *Who and what I was?* in German. I could not sufficiently explain, in that language, what they so much desired. I asked them if they spoke French? *No.* Do you speak Italian, then? *No.* I at length asked them if they could speak English? Both answered they could perfectly well. I own I was not a little astonished at this reply. After informing them who I was, they told me that one was an Irishman, the other a German, who had been several years in the British service. That they were placed with a party in that mountain every night, to prevent robberies and murders, which had been very common in that part of the country. The carriage with my companions now joined, and we proceeded onwards.

Every part as we advanced appeared busy and full of commerce. The roads were covered with laden waggons going to, and returning from Trieste, which implied that city was open to commerce; and that consequently we should have an opportunity of procuring a passage to some island in the Mediterranean, whence we should be able to proceed to our native country again.

I need not dwell on the pleasure we felt this morning at beholding the gulf of Trieste, and the ships and vessels lying in the harbour; amongst which were a Russian squadron, consisting of four sail of the line, one frigate, and a store-ship. We also discovered a ship at anchor, some leagues out, which (to our very great satisfaction), we were informed, was his Britannic Majesty's frigate, L'Unite, Captain Campbell, who, they said, blockaded that port.—This was the most welcome news imaginable We were now certain of being able to get entirely away from the clutches of tyranny and oppression.

We waited on the director of police who received us with great politeness, and had us conducted to the first tavern in the town; requesting that we would still say we were Americans. A Borea, or N. E. wind, which in the Adriatic is most violent, was then setting in: he assured us, it would be impossible to get embarked, until the gale abated, but that he would render us every assistance in due time; we took our leave, greatly rejoiced at this reception, and proceeded to the inn; thence we went and waited on the American consul. He received us civilly, and informed us, there was a gentleman named Donolan (who was formerly the English vice consul) then in town. We waited on this gentleman, and he proved in every sense of the word a real friend; he engaged to get us embarked, supplied us with cash, and offered us to remain at his house if we wished; his wife was equally polite and attentive. The inclemency of the weather was the only thing at this moment that prevented our happiness being complete.

We returned to the tavern, and passed our moments as comfortably as possible; dined at the *Table d'Hotel*, with the Russian officers of the squadron, who at first supposed we actually were Americans; but afterwards from a number of insinuations thrown out by them, and the marked attention they paid us, I am confident they discovered what we were.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, Mr. Hewson

and myself used to walk out to an adjacent height, to contemplate the ocean, and to see *our little frigate,* that lay violently tossed and agitated on that boisterous element. Not another British vessel was to be seen; and the idea of this single ship, blockading, as the inhabitants termed it, so superior a force increased our admiration. It was highly flattering to us to feel at that moment, that we belonged to so superior a country, and to that service which ruled so triumphantly, feared and admired by the whole world.

On Monday night (November 7th) the weather became moderate. The frigate got under weigh, and I feared she might, perhaps, be quitting the station. We waited instantly on our friend Donolan, who assured us we should be embarked that night, and he kept his promise. Every matter was arranged, the boat, &c. in readiness; and at about half past eight we embarked, and were in a very short time clear of the harbour.

Our crew kept rowing towards the point they expected to find the frigate in; but to our mortification we were disappointed. They then agreed to get close in on the coast of *Istria,* until the moon rose, and to come to a grapnel, which was executed. The moon being up, we weighed and rowed out in the offing again, in the hope of discovering the frigate; but with no better success. I protest I thought she had gone off the station, and felt very unhappy, but did not disclose my ideas to my companions, lest I should make them also miserable. In this kind of manner we kept rowing in different directions until day-break, when we discovered a man of war's boat pulling right down for us. We concealed ourselves in the bottom of our little boat; and imagined it might, perhaps, be a boat sent after us by one of the Russian ships; and thought that the Russian officers' attention to us, had been to enable them the better, to discover the time of our departure from *Trieste.* I must here remark, that I have been since frequently sorry, I ever harboured so bad an opinion of them, they behaved

so very kind. The boat ran alongside of us, and asked in English what we were. I sprang up at hearing the voice, and with inexpressible joy saw, that it was a British ship of war's boat. I answered that we were three British subjects, who had escaped from a French prison. Having been informed it was the AMPHION's boat, I assured the officer we should be very happy to quit our present one, and take a passage with him to the frigate. He replied, *The ship is at present at a considerable distance off, I shall not return until* 8 *o'clock.* I answered, that was of little consequence, two of us belonged to the navy, and we would willingly take a cruise along the coast with him, if he had no objection. He said, *Very well.* So we paid our people, dismissed them, and had the happiness of being once more under our proper colours, and on our own element.

Upon turning round and looking at the officer who commanded the boat, I immediately recognized Lieutenant Jones, who had belonged to the Amphion in 1802-3, when I had the honour of serving as midshipman on board her. I made myself known to him, and he had the goodness to say, that he felt very happy, in being the fortunate person that had picked us up. I was astonished at finding the Amphion, instead of the Unité, which we had been informed was the frigate lying at anchor during the gale off *Trieste.* But Lieutenant Jones cleared the point up, by informing us, that they only arrived that night. The Unité had stood lower down the gulf.

NOVEMBER 8th, 1808. This day I shall never forget. We felt in perfect security, and were amusing ourselves relating some particulars respecting our escape, &c. until nearly 8 o'clock, when we discovered two sail under *Capo d'Istria.* We supposed them to be enemy's merchant vessels stealing along shore. Lieutenant Jones made instantly towards them. We soon perceived one was full of men, pulling in shore from the other; it had the appearance of a row-boat, the other was larger and was rigged like a tribacolo, or schooner, under

Venetian colours. We imagined that the major part of the crew had abandoned the latter, and were endeavouring to get on shore. Fired several muskets to bring them to, which the tribacolo returned with a four or six-pounder at intervals. Our gallant officer in the yawl (which is but a small boat) did not hesitate a moment, but rowed directly towards her. We could not discover many men upon her decks; but those that were there, kept up a smart fire upon us, until we got close alongside, when upwards of twenty shewed themselves, and fired a volley of muskets and musketoons into us, which killed our bow-man, and another, and wounded three; one of whom died the next day. Lieut. Jones and myself were also wounded. The conflict was severe. The other vessel seeing how much we were inferior in strength, and observing the loss we had sustained, made towards the tribacolo, with twenty-two men. We had no alternative, but were under the necessity of sheering off, and it was only to their cowardly and dastardly conduct, that we remained indebted for not being again made prisoners. The frigate was not in sight, and the confused state of our little crew two killed and five wounded, including our brave and gallant officer, would have rendered us no difficult conquest to so superior a force, had they but persevered.

This officer never made the slightest complaint, nor did he let any one know he was wounded, until we were well clear of them, although it proved to be a most painful and dangerous wound which he had received; he had also several musket balls through the crown of his hat. My wound was from a musketoon shot through the right arm, which entirely disabled it then; nor do I ever expect it will recover its former strength.

At about half-past noon, we got alongside my good old ship.*

* It is a singular circumstance, that I had quitted this very ship, when in Portsmouth harbour, in 1803, to join H. M. S. Hussar, in which I was wrecked in 1804. And afterwards, when I had remained so long in captivity, I was picked up, off *Trieste*, by my old shipmates, and conveyed on board the very same Amphion.

We were hoisted in, in a chair, with the utmost care, the captain and officers attending with the greatest kindness. The other two lieutenants, Bennet and Phillot,* had been on board her also, in my time; consequently I felt quite at home amongst my friends. Captain Hoste, although a stranger to us, behaved like a parent, his very great humanity will never be erased from my mind. Mr. Jeffery,† then captain's clerk, very handsomely gave me up his cabin; his politeness, and Mr. Dalling's, midshipman, I shall ever bear in memory. Mr. Moffat, surgeon, and his assistant, Mr. Argus, exerted their utmost tenderness and care: in short, they vied with one another in paying us attention, and afforded us every succour that could be expected by people in our miserable situation from their generous countrymen.

H.M. frigate L'Unité was in company, and, I believe, Captain Campbell visited on board the following day; shortly afterwards she parted company and went down the gulf to *Fiume*.

Sixteen days had elapsed, most of which time I was confined to my bed (though my arm was getting better rapidly, as was Mr. Jones's wound also) when his H.M. brig Spider, Lieutenant Oliver, commander, arrived from *Malta*, with despatches for the Unité and to return immediately. I felt exceedingly anxious to proceed and join the commander-in-chief off *Toulon*, or to go to England; I consulted the surgeon, therefore, with respect to the propriety of being removed, and he assured me there was no danger. We solicited Captain Hoste's permission to take a passage in the Spider, which he immediately granted; observing at the same time, that if we wished, we could remain with him until he went down to *Malta* with a convoy; which

* Both these officers have since been made commanders.

† Since killed, when fighting on the quarter-deck, in Captain Hoste's gallant action off *Lissa*.

he shortly expected. We explained our fear of losing our promotion, having already lost six years in consequence of our captivity: he approved of our ideas, and gave us a letter of introduction and recommendation to Sir Alexander Ball, who was port admiral and governor of *Malta*. So we took a cordial leave of all our worthy friends in the Amphion, and in a few minutes were conveyed to the Spider. We were handsomely received by Lieutenant Oliver, and in a short time got under weigh, standing down the gulf towards *Fiume*, to deliver the despatches on board Captain Campbell. We joined him in two days, and on the third parted company, and made sail for *Malta*.

DECEMBER, 1808. Off *Corfu* I had the satisfaction of seeing the French flag struck, for the first time, after a number of years: the Spider took a bombard,* laden with wool and gregos.† On the 8th, we arrived at *Malta*, in consequence of this capture, and were put into quarantine. I was informed that Captain Vincent, an old ship-mate and friend, commanded H.M.S. Trident, bearing Admiral Ball's flag:—I had a line written to him, in my name, by Mr. Hewson, my arm being too feeble. That worthy officer no sooner received it, than he came alongside to know what he could do to serve us, and how he could be instrumental in promoting my interest: nothing, however, could be done while we were in quarantine.

In the mean time H.M.S. Woolwich, was about to sail for England with a convoy. Admiral Ball, had ordered Doctor Barklimore, a passage in her; but she unfortunately got out, before we could procure him a conveyance. However he was put on board a transport belonging to the convoy, and arrived

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* Bombard, a kind of cutter rig.

† Great coats.

safe in England. His Majesty's ship Proserpine was the next day to proceed off *Toulon*, to Lord Collingwood ; and, had we not been in quarantine, it was the intention of Sir Alexander Ball to have sent us on board. The Proserpine was afterwards taken by the French ; therefore we felicitated ourselves on our fifth escape from a French prison. We were ten days before we got pratique, and on the same day the Amphion arrived. Lieutenant Oliver took Mr. Hewson and myself to Sir Alexander Ball's and introduced us to him. He received us very graciously, and mentioned how strongly we had been recommended by Captain Hoste. He advised us, as did Captain Vincent, to wait on Lord Collingwood, the commander-in-chief, as soon as possible, he would recommend us ; and enclose Captain Hoste's letter. H. M. S. Leonidas was on the point of sailing to the fleet : the admiral ordered us a passage, and every thing was arranged for joining the fleet with all possible expedition.

During this we remained on board to see our good friends of the Amphion.—Imagine our astonishment—the first person we saw, on our arrival on her decks, was our companion and brother sufferer Batley ; whom we had been under the necessity of quitting in Baden. They had picked him up off *Trieste*, a few days after we had sailed in the Spider.

The people with whom we had left him in the small village, he informed us, had behaved with great attention, as did the old shoemaker. As soon as he had got well, he quitted them and directed his course towards Austria ; but on the second or third day he was arrested near *Elsingen*, in Wirtemberg, and thrown into prison, where he remained five weeks. They had written to inform the French government that they had him in custody ; however, before an escort (which they expected) arrived from France to conduct him back, he fortunately effected his escape by breaking out of his jail. I need not observe what sin-

cere pleasure we felt at this meeting. We were the first successful party, that had attempted to escape from *Bitche*. All our friends were excessively happy to see us, and Captain Hoste did every thing to forward our wishes. We took an affectionate leave of them, and embarked on board the Leonidas; the wind, though not fair, was not a barrier to our sailing, and in four days we arrived at the island of *Minorca*. After receiving a great deal of kindness and attention from the gun-room officers and midshipmen, we were discharged on board H. M. S. Royal Sovereign, Vice-admiral Thornborough; and from her instantly into H. M. sloop, Kingsfisher, for a passage to *Gibraltar*; where they supposed H. M. S. Ocean, Lord Collingwood, was, having parted from the fleet in a severe easterly gale.

The humane and liberal conduct of the officers of the Kingsfisher, could only be equalled by those of our friends in the Amphion, and Lieut. Oliver, of the Spider. We proceeded in the former as low as *Malaga*, where we fell in with H. M. brig Weazle, Capt. Prescott, who informed us that owing to a sudden shift of wind his lordship had altered his course, and bore up for *Malta* to repair damages which he had sustained in the gale. We, therefore, returned to Admiral Thornborough at *Minorca*; received fresh despatches, and proceeded to *Malta* after a stay of 24 hours. In five days we arrived at *Malta*, joined Lord Collingwood in the Ocean, and had the satisfaction of seeing five more of our *Bitche* fellow sufferers, who had escaped in consequence of letters received from us when at *Trieste*, pointing out to them the course we had taken. Among these were my brothers in adversity, Tuthill and Brine; Ashworth had also escaped, but was not then arrived.

His Lordship received us very kindly, and asked us several questions. Sir Alexander Ball and Captain Vincent also paid every attention to us when they came on board. We did duty as midshipmen, and left *Malta* for *Palermo*. Thence we went

off *Toulon* with the fleet, which we joined off *Minorca*, where we remained until the 28th of March, 1809. I was, I confess, very much depressed in spirits : however, on the 29th, his lordship appointed me lieutenant on board H. M. S. Warrior, in a court martial vacancy. I joined her instantly, and on the 31st, we parted company from the fleet for *Malta*, where I concluded my Narrative.

A FURTHER MEMOIR

OF THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF

LIEUTENANT D. H. O'BRIEN,

(SINCE ADVANCED TO THE RANK OF COMMANDER)

From the Time of his Escape after nearly five Years Captivity in France. As a Supplement to the Narrative of that Officer

"DOOMED FOR A CERTAIN TERM TO WALK THE NIGHT."

WE feel much gratified in being enabled to close our account of the Extraordinary and Interesting Adventures of this distinguished Officer, with the following summary of his professional services since his return from Captivity.

His Majesty's Ship Warrior, under the command of Captain Spranger, to which Lieutenant O'Brien had been promoted March 29th, 1809, had been very actively employed, during the summer of that year, in the Bay of *Naples*, at the taking of the Islands of *Ischia* and *Procida*. And in the autumn of the same year, Captain Spranger had the sole conducting of an expedition, of which the Military were under the command of Brigadier-general Oswald, against the *Ionian Islands*; and they had succeeded in taking the Islands of *Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca*, and *Cerigo*.

After this beneficial service to their country had been finally adjusted, and all things relative to the security and government of those islands had been properly arranged, His Majesty's Ship Warrior returned to the Island of *Chatta* for the purpose of getting caulked and refitted, which she stood in great need of. After which she proceeded to *Mahon*, in the Island of *Minorca*, to join the fleet under Lord Collingwood, then lying there.

The Warrior had been found very defective, which had determined his lordship to give her a short cruize off *Saint Sebastian* on the coast of Spain; and afterwards his lordship despatched her to *Malta*, in order that she might take the April convoy under her protection to England. She arrived at *Malta* about the middle of February, 1810; and to Lieutenant O'Brien's inexpressible satisfaction, he found His Majesty's Ship, Amphion, Captain Hoste, and all his Friends lying at that place.

His good old ship mate, Lieutenant Jones,* lost no time in informing him, that Lieutenant Phillott first of the Amphion, had been advanced to the rank of commander, which, of course, occasioned a vacancy in that ship for a lieutenant. Upon receiving this welcome intelligence, Lieutenant O'Brien waited on Captain Hoste and offered himself as a candidate for the vacancy; which Captain Hoste had the kindness to approve of, although there had been numerous applications.

Lieutenant O'Brien accordingly joined His Majesty's Ship Amphion on the 2d of March, 1810, as third or junior lieutenant. Shortly afterwards Captain Hoste resumed his station in the *Adriatic*; where that officer's activity and the services he has rendered his country need no comment. Mr. Jones, then first lieutenant, and Mr. Slaughter second, were advanced in the course of a few months to the rank of commander for signal services, in which signal services Lieutenant O'Brien had the honour of cooperating; which gave him a right to expect the station of first lieutenant, and this his Captain (Hoste) anxiously wished: however, in this he was disappointed; for Sir Charles Cotton, at that time senior officer in the Mediterranean (Lord Collingwood being deceased), appointed Lieutenant Dunn to fill that office, who had been a friend and messmate of Lieutenant O'Brien's formerly in the Warrior, and was senior to him only about eight months.

On the 13th March, 1811, a few weeks after this circum-

* Now captain of H.M.S. Tuscan.

stance had occurred, a squadron of frigates under Captain Hoste,* consisting of Amphion 32 guns, Cerberus 32, Captain Whidbey, Active 38, Captain Gordon, and Volage, 24 guns, Captain Hornby, had the good fortune to fall in with the combined French and Italian Squadrons consisting of *La Favorita* of 44 guns; Commodore Dubordieu; *La Corona* 44; *La Flora* 44; *La Diana* 44; *La Bellona* 36; *La Carolina* 36; *Le Mercure* brig of 18 guns; *La Josephine* schooner of 8 guns; the *Xebec Logano* of 6 guns, and the *Ludola* and *Parenza* gun boats, with one gun, and forty five men each. The result of this hard fought action so unparalleled in point of unequal force, proved glorious to old England. Commodore Dubordieu was killed, and his ship blown into the air. The *Flora, Bellona,* and *Corona,* struck their colours to the English flag, and the rest made off; owing to the crippled state of the British ships it was impossible to pursue them. Indeed the *Flora* who had struck, took the advantage of their shattered condition; after drifting out of gun shot distance, she hoisted her colours and got away. Lieutenant O'Brien took possession of the Bellona during the Action, Lieutenant Dunn having been much burnt in consequence of an explosion of powder on the quarter deck. Captain Hoste, his brother Mr. Edward Hoste midshipman, and several others were also much burnt.

From the disabled state of the Squadron and prizes, after a temporary refit in the harbour of *Lissa,* Captain Hoste was under the necessity of proceeding to *Malta,* with them. Thence after being put in a tolerable state, H. M. Ships Amphion and Volage sailed on the 2d of June, 1811, for England, with the prizes. Lieutenant Dunn (now recovered) took command of *La Corona,* and Lieutenant Dickenson, first of the Cerberus, superseded Lieutenant O'Brien in the command of *La Bellona* prize. On which he returned to the Amphion, where he did the duty of first lieutenant.

* See NAVAL CHRONICLE Vol. xxv. p. 423 .430.

After a favourable passage, they arrived in England and proceeded to *Deptford* with their prizes; where, on the 12th of August, 1811, H.M.Ship Amphion was paid off for the purpose of undergoing a thorough repair. The crew had leave from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to visit their friends in the different parts of the United Kingdom, as had Lieutenant O'Brien also after an absence of 16 years. He waited on Mr. Yorke the first Lord of the Admiralty at that time, to whom he explained the great hardship of having lost his promotion by another officer being put over his head. That gentleman acknowledged the hardship, but said it had occurred abroad: However, he promised to place Lieutenant O'Brien first with Captain Hoste in his next ship.

Accordingly, on the 16th of November, 1811, he received his appointment as first lieutenant of H.M. Ship Bacchante of 38 guns, launched from Deptford-yard on the same day. She was shortly ready for sea, and on the 2d. of June, 1812, they sailed from *Spithead*, taking the Duke Del Infantado to *Cadiz;* Thence proceeded up the Mediterranean. When off *Palermo* they had taken a Neapolitan Privateer, and retaken an English merchant brig captured by her. On the 10th of August, the Bacchante arrived at the Island of *Lissa*, in the Adriatic.

The activity of Captain Hoste in that ship has been almost incredible. On the 31st of August, 1812, the boats under Lieutenant O'Brien, with Lieutenant Gostling third, and Mr. Haig, lieutenant of marines, cut out of the port of *Limo* on the coast of *Istria*, three gun boats and several merchant vessels, (see Captain Hoste's official letter in the N. C.) and, on the 18th of September, following, the Bacchante's boats under the orders of Lieutenant O'Brien, with Lieutenant Hood 2d lieutenant, and Lieutenant Haig of the marines, cut 28 vessels out, on the coast of *Apulia*, after a gallant action with 11 armed vessels included in the above number.

Copies of two Letters from Captain Hoste, of H.M.S the Bacchante, addressed to Rear-admiral Fremantle, and transmitted to John Wilson Croker, Esq. by Vice-admiral Sir Edward Pellew.

H.M.S. Bacchante, at anchor off Rovigno,

SIR, *Sept.* 1, 1812.

Having received information that several vessels were laden with ship timber for the Venetian government, at Port Lema, on the coast of Istria, I yesterday evening detached the boats of this ship, under the direction of Lieutenant O'BRIEN, first lieutenant, to bring them out which I am happy to say he completely effected, though they were lying under the protection of one French xebeck of three guns and two French gun-boats.

Lieutenant O'BRIEN received information of this unexpected force of the enemy, from two merchant vessels he captured at the entrance of the port, and who stated their force to be very superior to his own; notwithstanding this, he proceeded to the attack, and very gallantly carried them by boarding, as well as the timber vessels. At daylight I had the pleasure of seeing the whole of this division of the enemy, and their convoy of seven vessels, coming towards the ship.

I am happy to say this service has been executed without any loss on our parts, which I consider as chiefly owing to the arrangements of Lieutenant O'BRIEN, the gallantry and promptitude with which he led the boats to the attack, and the brave, determined support he received from those under his command. He speaks in high terms of Lieutenant Gostling, third lieutenant, Lieutenant Haig, of the royal marines, and the officers and men under his orders in the different boats, for their gallantry and coolness.

The enemy's force consisted of La Tisiphone, French national xebeck, of three guns, one six-pounder, and two three-pounders, and twenty-eight men; gun-boat No. 1. one nine-pounder, two three-pounders, and twenty-four men; gun boat No. 2, one nine-pounder and twenty men; intended for the protection of the trade on the coast of Istria from Pola to Trieste.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. HOSTE, Captain.

Rear-admiral Fremantle, &c. &c. &c.

SIR, *H.M.S. Bacchante Sept.* 18, 1812.

I have the honour to inform you, that, this morning, at day-break, I discovered an enemy's convoy between Tremite and Vasto, on the coast of Apulia, standing along shore to the N.W. Calm and baffling winds prevented my closing with them in the ship, and I therefore detached the boats, under the command of Lieutenant O'BRIEN, first of this ship, to endeavour to intercept them; which, I am happy to say, he completely succeeded in.

I had an opportunity from the ship, of seeing the nature of this service, and the gallantry displayed in the execution of it. The merchant vessels, on the approach of the boats, anchored, and hauled their vessels aground, leaving eight armed vessels to protect them outside, who took up an excellent position for that purpose. The crews of the convoy quitted their vessels, and lined a thick wood astern of them, well adapted for their defence, and bush-fighting, and which completely commanded the coast.

In this situation they awaited our boats, which were led to the attack by Lieut. O'BRIEN with his accustomed gallantry, and I want words, Sir, to convey to you my admiration of the determined manner in which this service was performed: the boats pushing through a very heavy fire of grape and musquetry, carried every thing before them, boarding and driving the enemy from their vessels in every direction: the marines at the same time landing, forced them from their position in the wood, leaving our brave men in quiet possession of this valuable convoy, consisting of twenty-six vessels, laden chiefly with oil and almonds from Barri, bound to Venice, a list of which I enclose herewith, with a statement of their armed force.

Lieutenant O'BRIEN was most ably seconded by Lieut. Hood, second of this ship, Lieutenant Haig, of the royal marines (who lets no opportunity escape him of distinguishing himself) and speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of the whole of the petty officers and seamen employed with him.

It is with additional pleasure I have to state, that our loss has been but trifling, two seamen wounded only, and those not dangerously.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. HOSTE, Captain.

Rear-admiral Fremantle, &c.

List of Vessels, captured by the boats of H.M.S. Bacchante, between Tremite and Vasto, on the coast of Apulia, on the 18th September 1812.

Audre Roguing, of one twelve-pounder, three swivels, and sixteen men.

Vincenzo del Mondo, of one twelve-pounder, three swivels, and sixteen men.

Nicolo Pascolicio, of one twelve-pounder and sixteen men.

Vessel, name unknown, one twelve-pounder and twelve men.

Vessel, name unknown, one twelve-pounder and twelve men.

Vessel, name unknown, one twelve-pounder and twelve men.

Vessel, name unknown, one twelve-pounder and twelve men.

Vessel, name unknown, one twelve-pounder and twelve men.

Together with a convoy of eighteen vessels, laden with oil, almonds, &c. bound from Barri to Venice.

W. HOSTE, Captain.

On the 6th of January, 1813, her boats also captured under this officer's orders, with Messrs. Hood and Gostling, 2d. and 3d. Lieutenants; Lieutenant Haig, of the marines, and Mr. Webb, master's mate—the Corfu flotilla, after a sharp contest, consisting of five gun-boats, commanded by *les Enseignes de Vaisseaux*.

On the 22d. of April, in the same year, Lieutenant O'Brien received an account of his promotion to the rank of Commander, for his services, and left the Bacchante at *Malta*. While waiting at that Island for a passage, the plague broke out on the 4th of May; and it was not until the 29th of the same month, that he was enabled to quit the Island; when he embarked on board, H. M. S. Bomb, with an old acquaintance, Captain Pell, who was charged with despatches from Admiral Laugharne at *Malta*, to Sir Edward Pellew, off *Toulon*. Adverse winds compelled them to pass the streights of *Benifaccio*. On arriving off *Toulon*, they had been very nearly captured by the French fleet, having taken them for their own until within short signal distance. However they got off, as the enemy did not wish to continue the chase, and proceeded to

Minorca, at which place they afterwards learned that the English fleet had been off *Barcelona,* on the day the enemy were out.

On the 27th of July, 1813, Lieutenant O'Brien quitted *Minorca,* in the Thunder, with convoy for *Gibraltar,* left *Gibraltar* on the 9th of August, and landed in old England, on the 4th of October, 1813, where he now remains in a state of *Ordinary,* anxiously wishing to be commissioned, before the late brilliant events in France shall have caused a cessation of our Naval Enterprise and Energy.

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